Outdoor America

MARCH, 1925

Price 15 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Ten years ago we were a noble herd of fifty thousand—today we are but a bare few hundreds. We are starving and only you and your breed of men can save us. If you let our herd die it will mean more than just one more American animal gone. It will mean that the real spirit and the real heart of our America is dying too. God forbid that that should happen—brother mine.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE . . . . ZANE GREY

R1613
Fisherman's Knife, equipped with disgorger. Has a very slender, long sharp blade—ideal for cutting bait, cleaning, scaling, etc.

R1253
Hunter's Knife —*Lock back*—heavy clip sabre blade. Stag handle, brass lined. Nickel Silver bolsters and shield. Length, closed, 5¼".

Replacement Time

—*round out the old kit with a Remington Fisherman's Knife*

TIME to get out the tackle box and take account of stock. The season's just ahead, Old Timer, and last year's campaign didn't leave your kit intact. I'll bet you lost a plug or two you'll miss! Some of the favorite flies look pretty sick.

And say! Remington makes a fisherman's knife you'll want on sight. The long, slender, pointed blade is correctly shaped to make quick work of cleaning, and the curved handle has a disgorger on the end. It's one of the outdoor patterns in the Remington line of specific knives for specific purposes—designed and built for fishermen, hunters, trappers, and campers to their own specifications. Some practical styles are shown here, and there are others in various combinations of blades and handles.

These knives are strongly built, and beautifully finished. But the steel is what appeals to critical sportsmen. Men have been asking where to get the fine cutting blades they once knew; and out of a century's experience in forging, hardening, and tempering, Remington answered by making blades with remarkably keen, durable, cutting edges—superior to the best of the old standards of pocket cutlery. The name Remington on each blade is your guarantee of quality.

Act on that impulse now. Money spent on outdoor equipment is money you never regret. Go to your dealer's today and see his tempting line of Remington outdoor pocket-knives. Ask us for a circular about them

R1123
One of Remington's popular knives designed for Hunters and Trappers. Sticking and skinning blades. Brass linings. Nickel Silver bolsters and shield. Hole in the end for thong or lanyard. Length, open, 8⅛"—closed, 4½".

R3843
Camper's and Tourist's Knife — stag handle, brass lined. Has one large spear blade, one small clip blade, a corkscrew, a leather punch or reamer blade, a can opener and a combination screwdriver and bottle opener. Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield.

Remington Arms Company, Inc.
Established 1816
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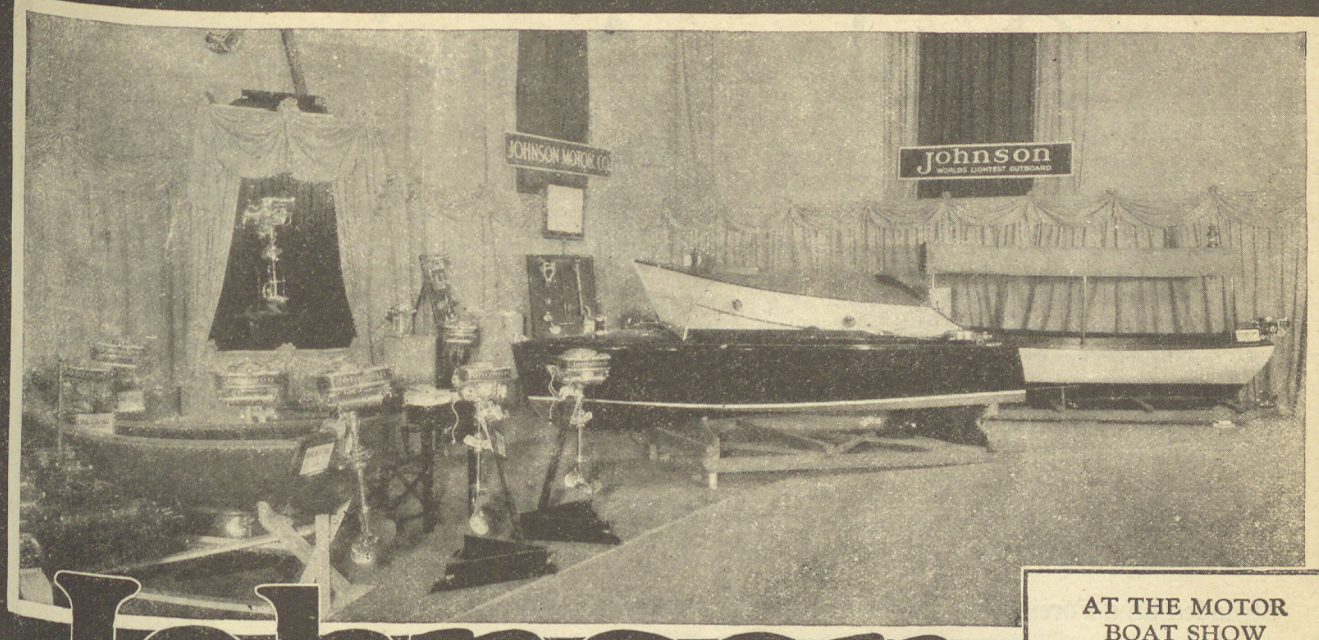
Rifles Ammunition Shotguns Game Loads Cutlery Cash Registers



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AT THE MOTOR BOAT SHOW

The Johnson Exhibit at the National Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, New York City, was one of the chief centers of interest at the show.

In addition to the big display of 1925 Johnson Outboard Motors was shown the "Outboarder", the world's first outboard motored cabin cruiser. This boat, whose only power is a standard Johnson Motor, cruised all over Long Island Sound and the Hudson, Connecticut and Thames Rivers last summer. What better proof could there be of Johnson Dependability?

The Johnson Twin for 1925 with 25 to 30% MORE POWER

and Johnson Shock-Absorber Drive

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Johnson Exclusive Universal Steering and Reversing Device
Johnson Automatic Tilting Device
Johnson Float-Feed Carburetor (with choke for easy starting)
Johnson Quick-Action Magneto

Weight Remains 35 Pounds

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Perhaps the most remarkable thing about his achievement is that he not only produced a completely dependable motor with undreamed of power, flexibility and adaptability, but he also produced a truly portable motor—weighing, complete, *only 35 pounds.*

And now—he has succeeded in increasing the already remarkable power of the Johnson Motor by 25 to 30 per cent *without increasing the remarkably low weight.*

In four years the Johnson Motor has assumed a commanding position in its field—*in 1924, dealers sold more Johnson Motors than any two other makes.*

Write for your copy of the Johnson Catalog or the name of the Johnson dealer nearest you.

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

Write A Waltonian Creed

TRUE sportsmanship, that elusive human quality upon which this universe was founded, is too big a word to describe—dictionaries have tried it and failed miserably.

It is based on the Golden Rule and finds expression in what we are pleased to term "sentiment"—a willingness to cheer an enemy who, though whipped, gamely struggles to his feet for more. It is that abstract quality which steels a mother's heart and lets her smile as she watches her only son leave her, knowing he may never return. It is the apotheosis of unselfishness.

Sportsmanship with some of us is a religion—a creed and a title too sacred to be bestowed upon every man who owns a gun or a fishing rod. A sportsman is the direct antithesis of the type classified as "sports." As Will Dilg has said, "The sportsmen of America are the flower of our country's manhood and the hope of the United States."

The Izaak Walton League of America is founded upon the ideals of true sportsmanship and every member of this league knows that we have undertaken a mighty task—a task upsetting all precedent—educating the highly efficient forces of commercialism and "sports" that are destroying what is left of outdoor America.

Waltonianism has become synonymous with sportsmanship and every Waltonian must realize that the privilege of belonging to this organization carries a sacred obligation that cannot be dismissed with a small monetary contribution and the ability to wear the organization's insignia.

Scores of letters have been received from members of the League urging that we draw up and adopt a Waltonian creed or pledge based upon our national platform to be signed and kept by Waltonians as irrefutable evidence of their sincerity in wanting to conserve outdoor America.

To write a document that will go down in history as the greatest sportsman's creed ever written, is a large order, therefore we at national headquarters are asking the entire membership to collaborate on a creed that all will be proud of.

Sit down and send us your ideas of such a document, not to exceed two hundred words in length, based on the platform below. It must contain nothing that would in any way prevent its being acceptable to every Waltonian and should embody all of the things for which we are fighting.

Get out your pencil, pen or typewriter and send it in to us NOW so that the finished creed may be submitted to the delegates at the Third National I. W. L. A. Convention April 2-3-4.

Address all communications to Waltonian Creed Editor, I. W. L. A., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

The National Platform

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

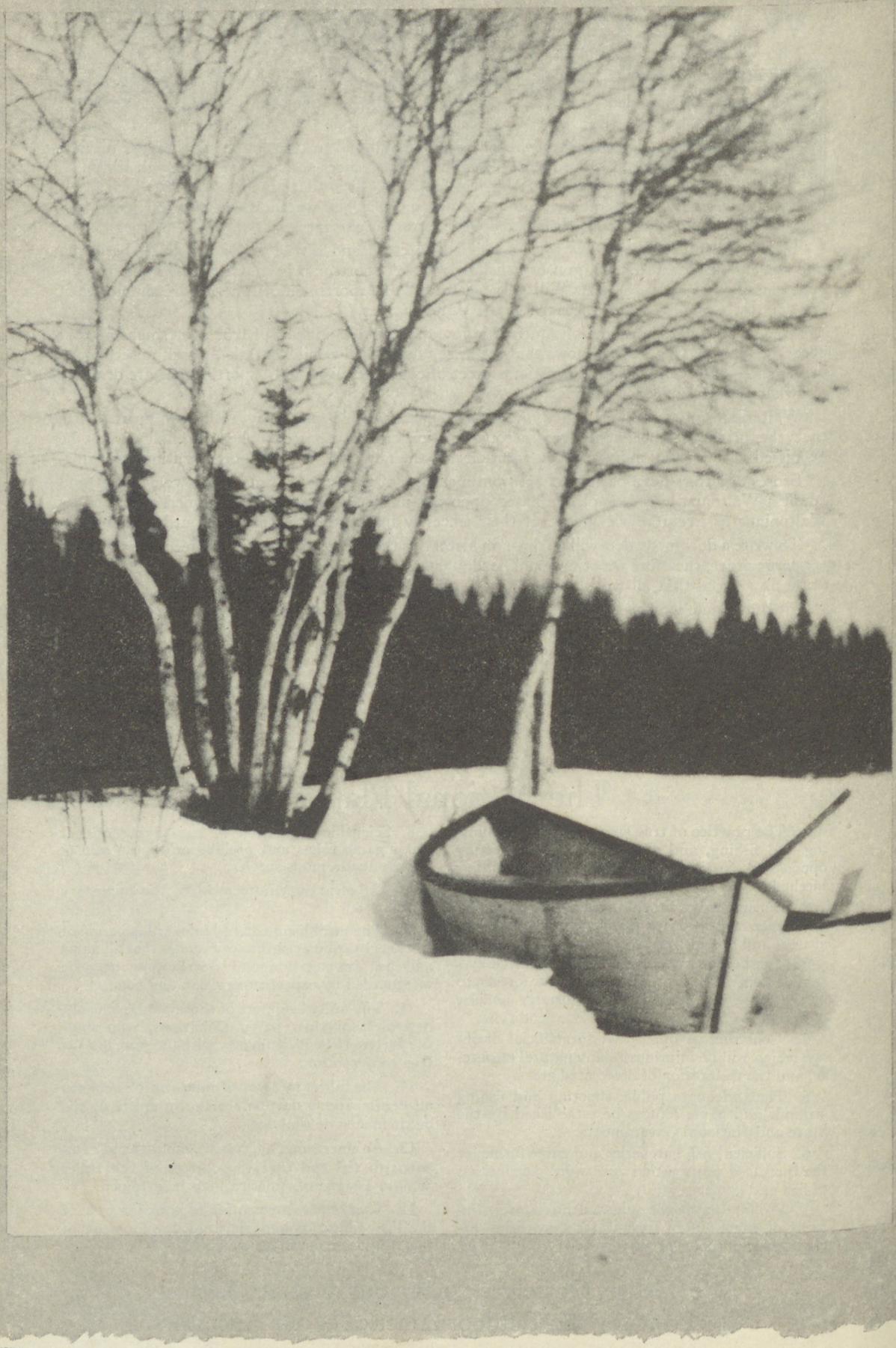
11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors



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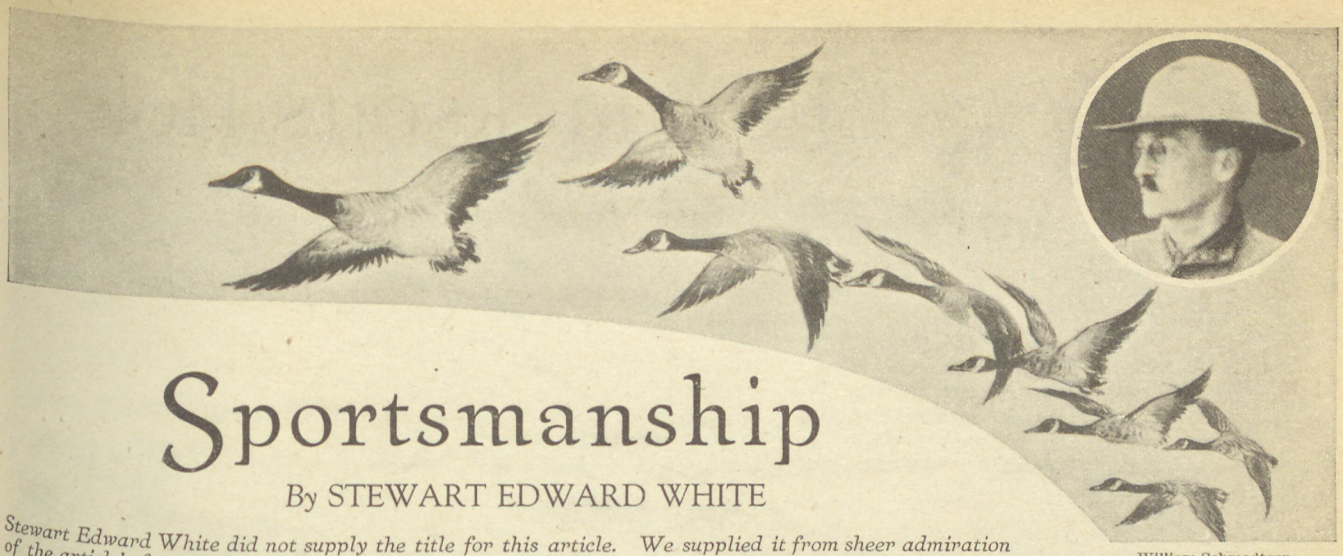
Stranded on a foreign shore



Sportsmanship

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Stewart Edward White did not supply the title for this article. We supplied it from sheer admiration of the article's force and sound common sense. Mr. White sees things clearly, says what he means and backs up his theories. He is not only a great writer but a sportsman with a sportsman's heart.

William Schmedtgen

I AM tempted to add a few paragraphs in extension of an idea touched upon in my short and inadequate appeal on behalf of the Jackson's Hole elk in the January number of OUTDOOR AMERICA. I refer to what I called the School of Sportsmanship. In it, perhaps the reader may remember, I imagined a graded school, culminating in a higher ethics, the realization of which resulted in the finished product of the true sportsman. One of these higher ethics was the understanding of the privilege and opportunity of returning to Nature what she so generously and freely bestows. I want here to call attention to what in my mind constitutes an even higher example of these higher ethics. Very few people have mastered it, and act upon it. I believe this is less due to lack of inclination than to lack of formulation. A great many of our finest sportsmen are entirely capable, would be eagerly willing, to act in accordance with its tenets had they ever defined it for themselves clearly.

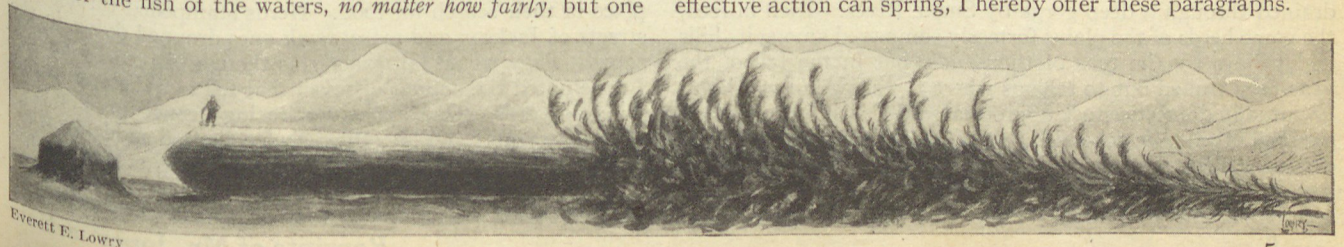
It is this: Never hammer decreasing or disappearing game. As long as the supply is in excess of or adequate to the demands made upon it, then by all means enjoy its pursuit to the full. Nothing is more tiresome than the arm chair editorial writer who could not walk two miles uphill to save his life, who has never been in any personal danger except perhaps that of overeating, but who nevertheless sentimentalizes over a presumed butcher's bloodthirstiness on the part of those who enjoy sports afield. And he is one jump behind the "reformed" game shooter, who has perhaps been in his time an arrant game hog, who has become too fat or too old or perhaps merely too satiated to shoot any more, and who now crusades violently to discourage the younger men from getting their legitimate benefit and enjoyment. Very few human activities develop the qualities of hardihood, endurance, patience, observation, love of Nature, and self reliance, as do sports afield. Not when they are done right, on one's own, as they should be done. Let there be no mistake as to my attitude there.

But when the supply of any kind of game—or fish—begins for one reason or another to fall below the normal, then your true sportsman quits its pursuit. He may realize that his quitting is not going to help the situation much. The flivver and the automatic shotgun will help the "sports" to wipe out the remnants. He might argue that his abstention will mean nothing practical; that the few he spares will be shot anyway, and that he might as well get a little of the fun as long as it lasts. But he doesn't. It may mean that he thereby is deprived of that type of field sports entirely. He may not be able to go where the game or fish are still adequate. That will make no difference to him. He realizes that the truly finished sportsman, in the best sense of that fine term, is not merely a man who procures for himself the beasts of the field, or the fowl of the air, or the fish of the waters, *no matter how fairly*, but one who cherishes and practises a certain attitude toward himself and toward Nature.

This is a very difficult counsel of perfection. It is a point of view reached as yet by very few, and will be sympathized with by very few. Nevertheless I firmly believe in it; and I as firmly believe that more and more of us are rising, by gradual evolution, to that grade. I have hopes that in time it will pass from the realm of individual opinion into that of public opinion. Then, almost automatically, we will use only down to the danger level, and will then abstain until the flood of life has risen once more above that level. The finished sportsman will conduct himself in accordance with that principle for the same reason that he now refrains from murdering the sitting grouse: and public opinion will see to it, by appropriate legislation, that the sports fall into line.

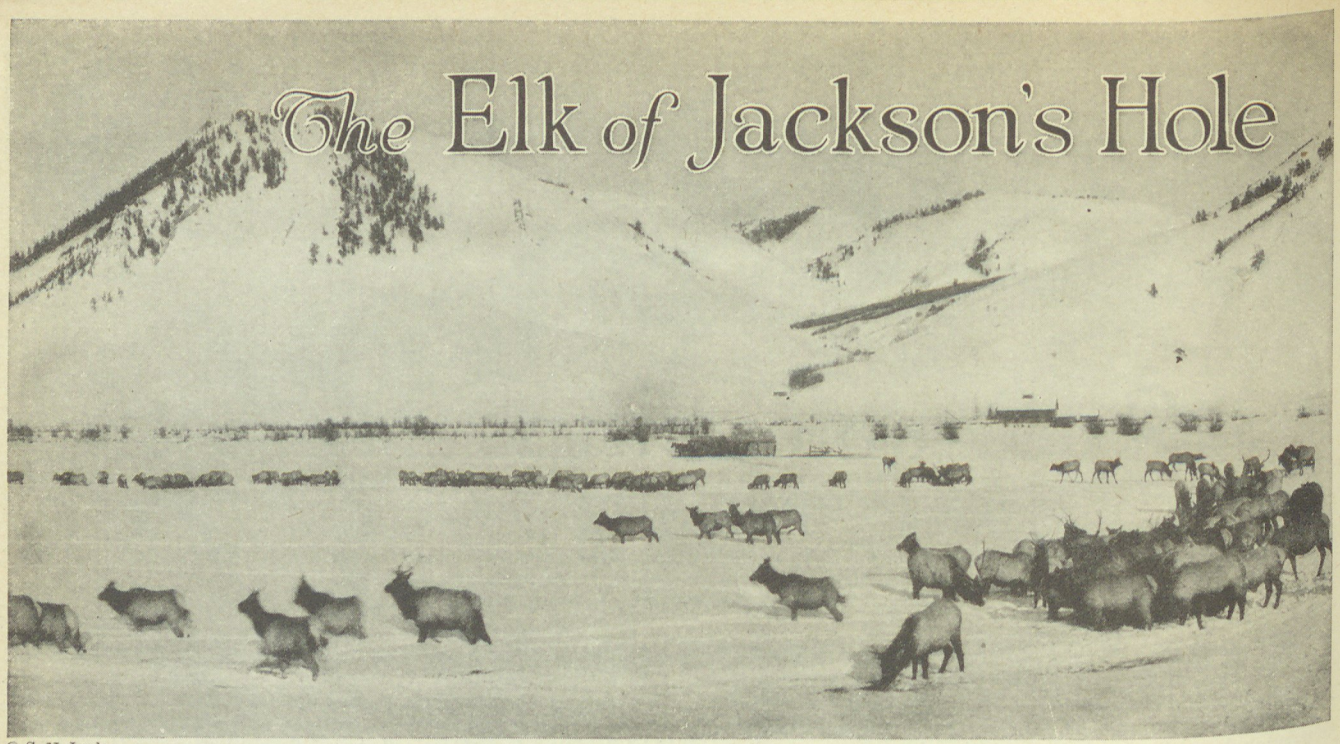
No one likes quail shooting more than I do. In the old days there were literally millions of quail in California, and I have shot a great many of them. I have been quail shooting but once in the past fifteen years. There is still fairly good quail shooting to be had. But under present conditions the Valley Quail is a decreasing race. Where once there were as many as ten coveys on one sage brush hill now there is but one small band in as many square miles. In the old days there were no bag limits and we habitually shot as many as we could use. But there were very few of us, and the supply more than equalled the small toll taken from them. The oldtime shooting had nothing whatever to do with scarcity. Then came good roads and automobiles and cheap guns. All these people had a right to their sport. But in the nature of things the supply could not be drawn upon to the same extent per man. Bag limits helped somewhat, for a time. But the situation reached a point where even such protection was not sufficient. The quail began slowly but very surely to diminish. They became a disappearing race. Shooters continued, on the contrary, to increase. The same thing is true of ducks, and of many other species of game. The remedy is obvious. *Do not hammer a disappearing race.* That principle of the higher ethics, applied voluntarily by the graduates of the School of Sportsmanship, perforce by all others, alone can permit the tide to rise until again a surplus justifies its gathering.

That is the principle of game and fish protection we must get into our heads; first as a guide for our individual and voluntary conduct, and second for the formation of a public opinion that shall make the principle operative. Any other scheme is a mere palliative, a mere postponement of the inevitable. It involves a spirit of self denial and sacrifice as yet beyond our average human powers. But I do not believe it is so very far beyond. And since formulation is the first step toward understanding, toward the living inner conviction from which alone effective action can spring, I hereby offer these paragraphs.



Everett E. Lowry

The Elk of Jackson's Hole



© S. N. Leek

J. R. Jones has lived in Jackson's Hole for twenty years. He has made an exhaustive study of the elk and other problems pertinent to the ultimate establishment of a national recreation area in this region of scenic beauty.

He has written some splendid articles on western topics that have been published in America's leading publications—written from actual experience and based on keen analytical observation.

No one can read this story of the elk and doubt for an instant the fact that Mr. Jones knows his subject. There is a note of rugged genius ringing through its paragraphs denoting vision, and few will fail to discover it.

Those who have delayed lending a helping hand will help Now *while there is yet time to prevent a repetition of the tragedies Mr. Jones recounts.*

IT was late October and Fred Lovejoy and I were crossing an open ridge at some nine thousand feet elevation. A bitter wind was driving icy pellets against our bodies. Our slouch hats were jammed down and our coat collars were up as we crouched forward in the saddles. Our faces and hands were numb, our vision was obscured and we seemed riding in the center of a storm-driven cloud. The horses bravely breasted the snow and we trusted our woodsman instinct to guide them toward the shelter of timber. The storm increased to a whirling fury and the horses stopped with drooping heads. Suddenly there came a dead calm and like a flash the storm cleared for a space around us. And there, a scant fifty feet away, pressing steadily forward, was the largest herd of bull elk that I ever saw. They turned slightly to one side but without change of gait, with heads held high and snow flecked tines that gleamed like warriors' spears, they passed us proudly by. Our blood leaped at the sight and a warm glow suffused our bodies. One instant we saw a moving mass of antlered heads; we heard the sounds of shuffling feet and clicking horns; the next, the wind whipped back and that herd had vanished in a cloud of driven snow.

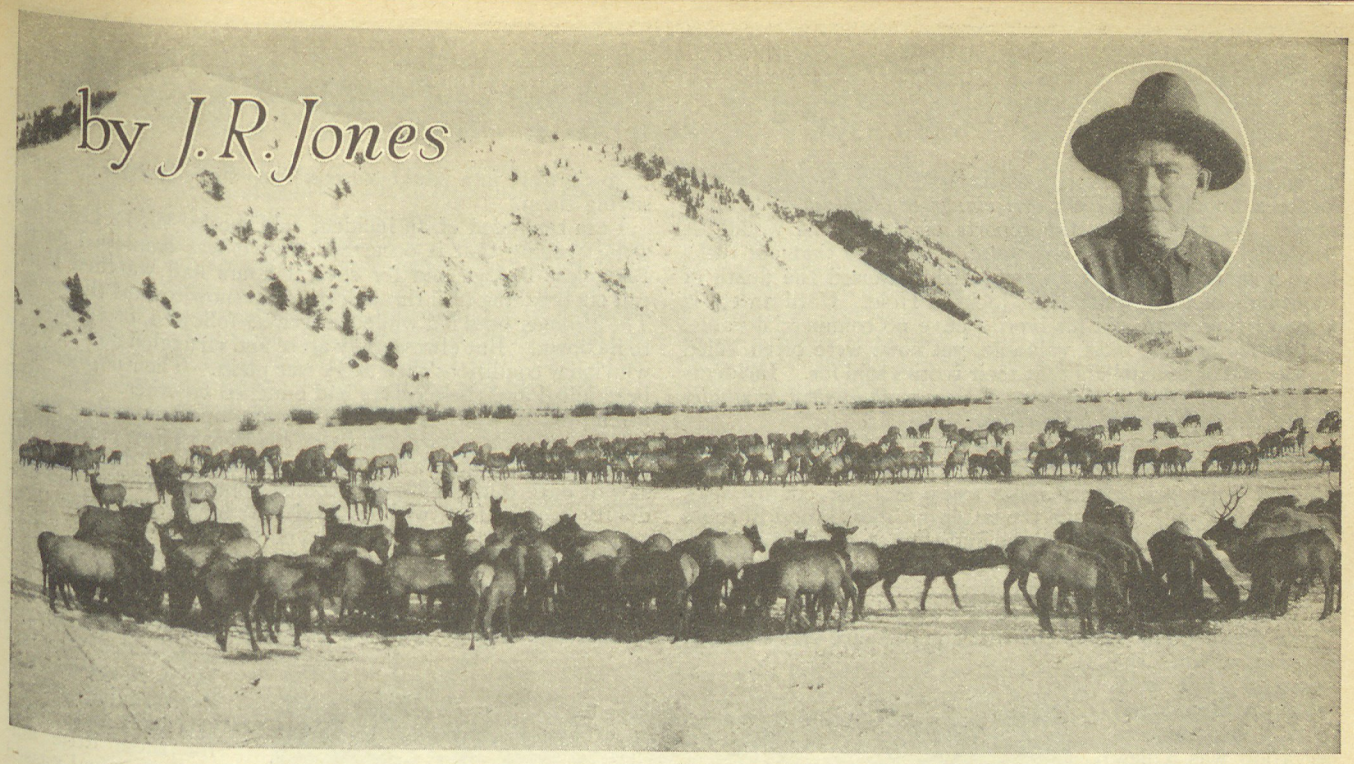
This happened sixteen years ago in Jackson Hole, and no automobile tourist had at that time ever gazed on this wonderland of majestic peaks, glacier beds, high precipices, deep canyons, leaping water, rippling lakes, gentle slopes, deep forests, grassy parks, winding rivers and meadow lands. For this is a region of great area and varied beauty; a rugged land that flings a challenge to red blood. A sunken valley grimly guarded by encircling mountain walls and its waters are drained through a deep gorge by Snake River. Rich in feed, the game herds of the plains formerly summered among its hills and valleys by the tens of thousands, but in the fall of the year they trailed out to regions where the snow fall was light. Eventually domestic stock appropriated their winter range and survival of wild life depended on their adjustability to new conditions. The elk chose to make their last stand in the shadows of the Grand Tetons, whose highest peak is nearly fourteen thousand feet high. They fattened in this land of abundant feed during spring, summer, and fall, but when deep snows covered the grass their lives became a tragedy.

The winter, following the opening incident, gripped tight early in the season and great herds of elk converged toward the streams and mountain valleys. Never since that time have they existed in such large numbers. I remember gazing at the top of a high butte in the glow of an evening and seeing elk pour over the crest in such numbers that I was reminded of an ants' nest that had been stirred with a stick. Every wind-swept slope had its band of elk. Every steep eminence was pawed from base to summit in their efforts to reach the grass that lay beneath the snow. The low hanging branches of spruces and firs were denuded of their needles and the bitter bark of the aspen trees was gnawed as though by beavers, by starving elk. Willow branches were eaten down to inch-thick stubs and the great area of sub-irrigated and swamp land extending northward from Jackson was pawed over by thousands of these animals. But a thaw followed by a period of freezing had plastered the grass beneath a coating of ice. They made a pitifully brave fight for existence. They swarmed at ten-foot high fences surrounding stacks of hay, and often succeeded in making an entrance. It was not uncommon for a settler on arising in the morning to see a congested mass of elk where his hay stack should be. Cow sheds and barns were often roofed with straw and elk would leap from snow banks to the roofs and eat every spear of covering.

The cripples, orphan calves, and old cows and bulls died during early winter and the slopes and flat lands were dotted with bodies. Frantic with hunger they wandered to every possible place in their search for food. Herds stampeded through the streets of Jackson and many weak ones dropped dying in the snow. They would fall exactly as though pierced by bullets. I once noted the actions of seven that fell in a distance of one hundred yards. One, apparently racing strong, turned a complete somersault and lay still. Two collapsed suddenly while in full flight and the others slowed to a walk, staggered on a few steps and lay down. Their fight was over; starvation had claimed them. Sometimes they regained their feet and

Reprints of Mr. Jones' article

by J. R. Jones



struggled on for a short distance but always they died before spring. I know, for I have carried hay to many that were down, and I have known of hundreds of instances where others have done the same; I have aided in loading elk onto sleighs and placing them where they received the best of care and I cannot recall one instance where a calf elk survived the winter. It is true that grown animals sometimes pull through when fed carefully after apparently having given up the fight.

I have seen starving elk that had lain so long during intensely cold weather that the joints of their front legs had stiffened and they could not regain their feet. Then the magpies would come in flocks and pick out their eyes while they lay in this helpless position. Then would follow hours of keenest suffering and when their heads finally sank in death on pillows of snow, even those scavengers, the coyotes, disdained the scant flesh on their bodies.

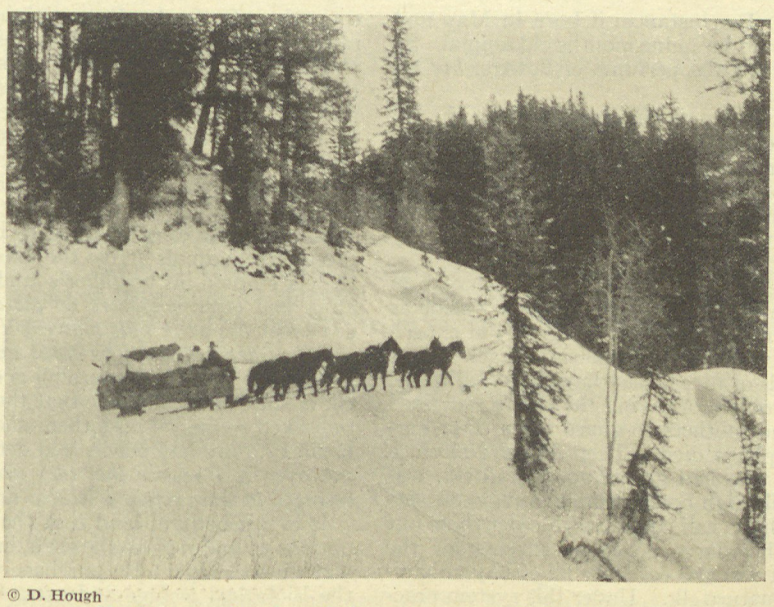
By the middle of winter the death rate among the elk was so great that the settlers called a mass meeting to consider the problem. They donated much hay, and teams to haul it and volunteers did the feeding. I assisted in tossing off the first load and we drove in a straight line. It was the first attempt at feeding these animals and there was much speculation as to how they would act. But a quarter mile behind us an old cow advanced and picked up a wisp of hay, others noted the action and hundreds raced toward her. I wish to remark that there is no hesitation about elk now when a load of hay shows up around them. Also there has been much improvement in methods of feeding. Our efforts undoubtedly saved the lives of many elk that winter, and in justice to the settlers I wish to state that their charity to these animals endangered their own livestock. For there was but little surplus hay *and they gambled on an early spring to save their cattle.*

Early that winter two of us attempted a count of the elk. My companion was an old cowpuncher who had spent his life on the cattle trails from Texas north and had counted large bands of stock on the open range. Our estimate was thirty thousand head. It was not an accurate count but I still think that we were not far from right. From the top of one eminence we made several counts of the elk in sight, and always our figures checked the same, ten thousand head! Now when we consider the fact that there were scores of streams, exposed ridges, buttes, and meadow lands beyond our vision that litterly swarmed with elk I doubt not that our figures were conservative.

How many died that winter *is just a guess* for no records were kept, but I can safely state that the number that perished so miserably would have made a magnificent herd.

Every day all winter and until late spring I saw elk that were dying. I remember a well beaten trail that crossed a warm stream. Its bed was slimy but strong animals passed safely over. The weak ones bogged and died until the stream was heaped with bodies. Often calf elk came and huddled against the side of my house to escape the wind driven snow. Every willow patch held numbers of dead elk and sometimes they would lie so close together as to make it appear they had sought the warmth of each others' bodies. Finally the snow melted in the valley and green grass appeared. The elk ate greedily of the tender shoots but many were too weak to stand the sudden change from coarse food and the excessive purging that followed. Ticks fastened on the elk by thousands. The strong ones fought them off but the effort was too great for the weak and these blood sucking insects drew the last ounce of strength from their bodies. Thus they continued to die in great numbers after having survived the rigors of a terrible winter.

As the elk retreated toward their summer range the *tooth hunter moved among them.* There were already so many dead animals that unless discovered shortly after death it was hard to distinguish between those that had died of starvation and those that had been killed. For just as large cities have their criminals who commit crimes for a pittance, we had among us a *few who killed elk for their two tusks of ivory.* One game warden covered an area the size of some eastern states and three minutes time sufficed to kill and extract the tusks from



© D. Hough

Hauling supplies through the mountains to Jackson, with the thermometer registering forty degrees below zero.

an elk. One of the favorite methods of these hunters was to locate a bunch of bull elk *and slaughter them during a snow storm.* By this means the reports of their guns would be deadened and *their trail obliterated.* The fact that elk tusks have a market value as an emblem has caused the death of thousands of these animals in Jackson Hole. Until an elk is three or four years old his ivories have no commercial value. Bull tusks are the most valuable, yet cows were often killed for the one or two dollars that their ivories sold for. Incidentally I wish to remark *that some of these tooth hunters originally came from the slums of large cities.*

These degenerates were hard to catch and hard to convict, for we were confronted by unusual conditions. Our nearest railroad point was ninety miles away and our county seat, several hundred. To reach the latter our most practical route was to go through eastern Idaho and then on to Ogden, Utah. From there we would go to Evanston, Wyo., our county seat. Owing to the great expense involved, our county officials endeavored *to discourage game cases by turning violators loose.* There was little improvement either in distance or number of convictions when the county seat was moved to Kemmerer. Then, too, game conservation was a new feature in Wyoming history and just a few settlers and herds of elk jammed into a little corner against the Yellowstone National Park seemed of small consequence to lawmakers in faraway Cheyenne. So we solved our game problems *by giving depredators short notice to leave the country.* Consequently the survival of a large herd of elk in Jackson Hole at the present time is *due more to the attitude of the honest settlers than to any other single factor*

Elk calves eager to get their share of the scanty hay allowance.

Many grown animals died of starvation that winter, and practically every calf elk. Speaking of calves I refer to those born the previous spring. For instance: if born in May and died during February it would be a nine months old animal. So spring time breezes bore, not the perfume of flowers, *but the stench of decaying carcasses.*

Such in brief is the description of one winter among the elk in Jackson Hole, and there have been many like it. I believe it impossible for any writer to *accurately portray the misery* that these animals so often pass through. So it is with pleasure that I now describe better conditions and a brighter future for these majestic creatures that give an added charm to *this region of primeval loveliness.*

Twelve years ago the Biological Department purchased an area of land adjoining the town of Jackson and set it aside as an elk refuge. It has been used ever since as a sort of experimental station toward solving the elk problem. Each winter since its purchase hundreds of tons of hay have been fed to the elk. Yet for years the problem of saving the calves remained unsolved. Those that had mothers to guard them often survived, but always the orphans died. Then Almer Nelson, a young over-seas veteran, who had grown up around elk, was placed in charge. He built high board corrals in movable sections and so constructed that a calf could crawl under them but not a grown animal. They have proven a success for the calves can come and go at will and eat their fill of hay unhampered by the presence of mature elk. Under this system practically all the calves that come to the refuge during early winter survive. However, if they do not reach the feeding grounds until they are in a weakened condition there is little chance of saving them.

I am reminded of an incident told me by W. E. Lloyd the same evening that it occurred. Lloyd was employed on the Biological Refuge and for several hours had watched thirty calf elk breaking trail through the deep snow toward the refuge. The stronger ones led while the weaker followed, often pausing to lie down. But always they arose and struggled on. To one who knew conditions their story was plain. Their mothers had been killed and these calves had bunched together. They had attempted to winter in the high mountains but *hunger had at last forced them toward the lower country.* They reached the packed snow around a fenced hay stack just at dusk. Lloyd saw at once that they were doomed animals for they had evidently been so long without food that hay would gripe them and they would die quickly. Yet *food* was what they had *struggled so hard to reach* and *Lloyd did not disappoint them.* Of course there was a possible chance that some of the stronger ones would survive. Later examination showed the tender stomachs of some of these elk *were pierced by the sharp stems of willows* that they had eaten to satisfy their deep craving for food. A tragic end indeed for these little animals that had passed through such a wonderful *playtime period during spring, summer, and fall, for their mothers had guarded them well in the cool depths of deep forests, mountain meadows, and on grassy ridges.* It is these helpless calves and also grown elk that the Izaak Walton League plans *to save from starvation.* It is also a pleasure to state, that from my knowledge of the country and conditions, *they have tackled the most practical plan to relieve their misery.*

The present Biological Refuge is entirely too small to care properly for the number of elk that come there for food. But adjoining this land are a number of ranches that put up large stacks of hay and the elk cross these places during their fall and spring migrations. *They annoy these settlers greatly during the winter by breaking into their hay* and also by crowding on to the feeding grounds of their cattle. In the spring of the year they eat the grass that is of vital importance to the rancher's livestock. But worst of all they congregate in great herds on patches of winter wheat and also trample sprouting alfalfa when the ground is soft and wet. Who can blame the rancher when he swings into the saddle and races these animals across the flats. The man turns back and the elk stop on his neighbor's land. *This neighbor chases them away and other neighbors do the same.* This racing of them *when they are weak kills many.* Yet the *very existence* of these ranchers *depends on their crops and naturally they fight to preserve them.* These men are all good citizens and they like the elk in spite of the damage that they do them. As one of them remarked to me, "I cuss them and wish them dead when they break into my hay stacks and eat off my pasture, but when I get over it *I realize that they are only fighting for grass that belonged to them before I located here.*"

It is this body of land that the Izaak Walton League holds options on and it gives the elk a direct runway between summer and winter range. Its purchase will relieve the congestion of the Biological Refuge and extra feeding corrals *will save hundreds of calves that are now doomed to starvation.* The heavy toll of death from being chased while in a weakened condition will

Reprints of Mr. Jones' article

cease *and they will grow strong as they feed quietly upon these luscious acres.* The purchase of this land *is of vital importance if the elk of Jackson's Hole are to be preserved.*

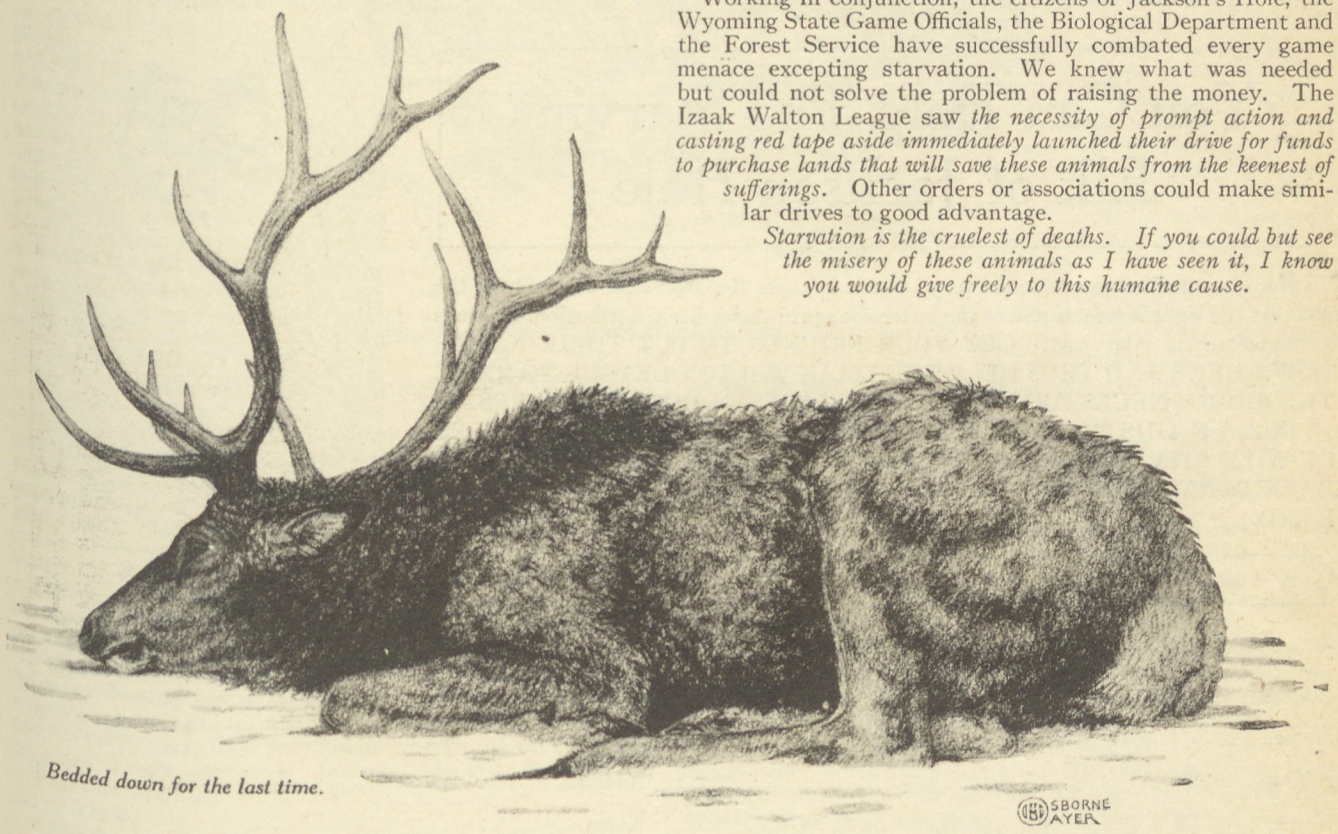
This is a region of such rare primeval beauty that *it must inevitably become a great national recreational area and the herds of elk, mountain sheep, deer and moose that now exist within this setting, will give future generations an opportunity to see a wilderness as it existed when white men first gazed upon it.* There is summer range here for a hundred thousand elk. Give them *just a little assistance* during severe winters *and they will care for themselves the rest of the year.*

The state of Wyoming now has two game wardens located here and they ride daily patrol among the elk. This warden force is increased during the hunting season. The town of Jackson is now a county seat and game cases receive proper attention in the courts.

The headquarters of the Teton National Forest is located at Jackson and the spring, summer, and fall range of the elk are inside boundaries of this forest reserve. Every forest ranger is a game warden and they *have rendered efficient services in apprehending elk depredators.* Working in conjunction with state officials, they have succeeded *in stopping tusk hunting.* They have aided greatly in reducing the number of predatory animals that prey on our game herds. They have withdrawn certain areas from grazing privileges that were suitable winter range for the elk, thus saving many from starvation. Colonel Greeley, head forester, has instructed the local office as follows: "Game conservation must be recognized probably as the most important activity on the Teton National Forest next to fire protection. It is important that the forest service carry on continuously and aggressively a campaign of law enforcement with such assistance as the State will furnish but without depending upon such assistance. In other words, we must assume the responsibility ourselves."

Working in conjunction, the citizens of Jackson's Hole, the Wyoming State Game Officials, the Biological Department and the Forest Service have successfully combated every game menace excepting starvation. We knew what was needed but could not solve the problem of raising the money. The Izaak Walton League saw *the necessity of prompt action and casting red tape aside immediately launched their drive for funds to purchase lands that will save these animals from the keenest of sufferings.* Other orders or associations could make similar drives to good advantage.

Starvation is the cruelest of deaths. If you could but see the misery of these animals as I have seen it, I know you would give freely to this humane cause.



Bedded down for the last time.

LOOK AT THE PICTURE ABOVE—*Then Sign the Coupon Below*

Make all Checks Payable to

Harris Trust and Savings Bank
Chicago, Ill.

(Harris Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago) Depository

CHARLES W. FOLDS,
National Treasurer, I. W. L. A.,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Brother Waltonian:

No man with a drop of red blood in his veins could realize conditions in Jackson Hole and not see red! These elk must be saved. Visions of the noble animal—one of the last survivors of our great American wilderness starving in a land of plenty, haunt me.

GET BUSY IMMEDIATELY AND BUY THESE LANDS!

Here's my contribution for $.....

Name.....

City..... *State*.....

Remember—pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars are just as acceptable as dollars and checks.

Statistics on the Elk Refuge Project

The Izaak Walton League has options on 3,600 acres of land adjoining the present refuge operated by the Biological Survey. This land is under option at an average of $28.54 an acre, the total being $102,750. The land under option comprises the very best land in Jackson's Hole, all of it being artificially irrigated. It is divided as follows:

Hay land	1,020 acres
Swale land	1,040 acres
Range land	1,320 acres
Hillside	220 acres
	3,600 acres

AVERAGE YIELD FROM HAY LANDS

Wild hay	470 tons
Tame hay	955 tons
	1,425 tons

(Present government refuge 2,800 acres, average yield 650 tons.)

DEFINITION OF LANDS

Hay—Either natural or cultivated hay lands, artificially irrigated. 470 acres natural land produces wild hay, 550 acres cultivated land produces tame hay consisting of timothy, alfalfa, clover. This is good, rich farming land.

Swale—This is valuable land for feed. It is similar to the wild hay land, excepting that the hay cannot be cut because of the low nature of the ground. When it freezes it provides excellent pasture. Used by cattle at present.

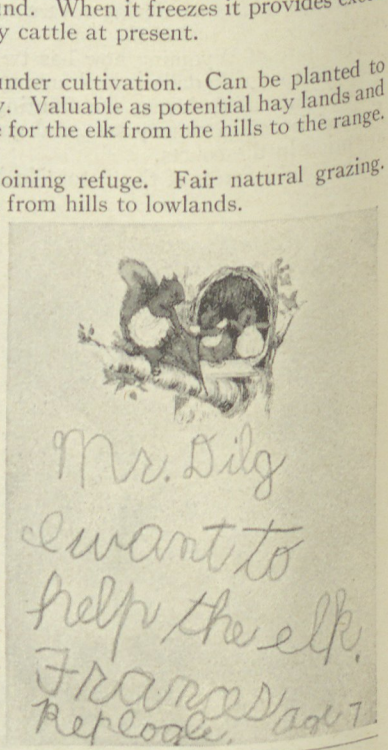
Range—Flat land not under cultivation. Can be planted to hay. Varies in quality. Valuable as potential hay lands and as providing a passage for the elk from the hills to the range.

Hill—Side hill land adjoining refuge. Fair natural grazing. Serves also as passage from hills to lowlands.

You Can Help The Starving Elk of Jackson Hole

Here is a real human interest story. Little Frances Replogle read the story of the elk. At the right is a facsimile of the letter she sent in with her contribution. Here is a chance to do your part. GET YOUR FRIENDS TO PUT THEIR NAMES DOWN HERE AND THUS HELP THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE TO RAISE THE $100,000 NECESSARY TO BUY THE JACKSON HOLE HAYLANDS.

FILL UP THIS PAGE WITH THE SIGNATURES OF TWENTY LOVERS OF WILD LIFE AND IF EACH GIVES TWENTY-FIVE CENTS YOU WILL RAISE $5 AND THIS WILL BE A GOD-SEND TO THE JACKSON HOLE ELK HERD.



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Reprints of Mr. Jones' article are yours for the asking

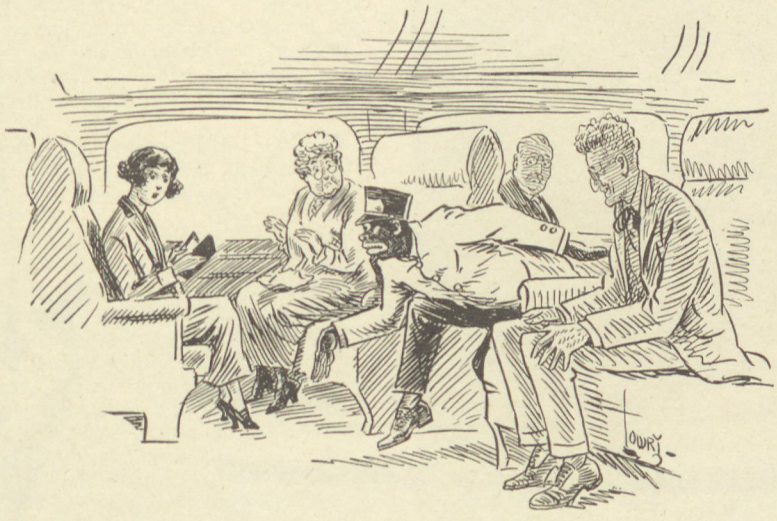
You Tell 'Em, Mr. Peeples!

By Donald Hough

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

I DON'T like to call Pullman porters "George" indiscriminately, so I found out later that his name was Mr. Peeples. I suppose I could have got along famously just by calling him George. It isn't that I have a permanent grudge against people who call Pullman porters George. After all, it's the porter who's being called George, and what business is it of mine?

But anyway, let me get to my yarn. I was sitting in a Pullman car, wondering if George—or I should say Mr. Peeples—was ever going to make up my berth. I got tired waiting for him after a while so I just sat there and looked out of the window, which reminds me that looking out of a window at night is almost the height of nothing to do—which of course has nothing to do with the story. Except that it was while I was so occupied that Mr. Peeples addressed me.



Mr. Peeples came to a perfect point on the lady in Lower 11

"People are funny," he said, leaning up against Lower 4 and looking at me over his spectacles, "now there's a man up there who couldn't wait for me to make up his berth. He kept after me and then went to sleep in the seat across the aisle while he was waiting. Then when I got his berth all made up, he won't get in. He's sitting there reading. He'll probably read until eleven."

I was too polite to reply that the man had undoubtedly had his night's rest while waiting for Mr. Peeples to appear, so I just nodded and smiled.

"He thought he wanted his berth made up," explained Mr. Peeples, "but he's a man of about fifty, and he's used to going to bed at eleven, and he couldn't break his custom to save his soul. You've got to form your habits young. It's only a young man can change his habits. In fact," Mr. Peeples went on, "people are like dogs."

I nodded.

"They're like dogs," repeated Mr. Peeples, "and they're especially like old Smudge, that the Cap'n down in Georgia used to own. Smudge was spoiled to start with, but it ended up in him being one of the best dogs in the world. Smudge was one-half hound, and the other half pointer dog. The Cap'n was a great quail hunter. He tried to make a quail dog of Smudge, and the pointer half of Smudge would point quail but the hound half of him insisted in pointing just the scent of them. So the Cap'n used to switch him every time he'd point at a patch of brush that the quail had left an hour ago.

"The result was that Smudge got wise and wouldn't point unless he could *see* the quail. After that, every time he come to a point, the Cap'n knew the quail was there.

"It was a pleasure, sir, to watch that dog work. You couldn't fool him. He'd get the scent of the quail like this—"

And now Mr. Peeples proved that if he lacked anything as a spinner of yarns, he more than made up for it as a demonstrator.

He dropped a couple of towels in my seat, and started to sneak up the aisle—his head turned to one side, his nose as close to pointing up as his racial proboscis permitted, and his eyes partly closed.

He went past the lady in Lower 7. He approached the salesman in Lower 9.

"He's got the scent of the quail!" he hissed back at me, "but he can't place 'em!"

Suddenly Mr. Peeples stopped. Slowly he looked around. "He knows they're close, but he can't see 'em!" he shouted.

Without warning Mr. Peeples jerked around to a crouching position, and—came to a perfect point on the lady in Lower 11.

He held the point beautifully. Finally he relaxed, and came back to my seat.

"That's the way that dog would work," he said, "and you couldn't fool him. Now supposing you knew there was a bunch of quail in a little patch of brush. You called Smudge over there. He'd come galloping over, and then he'd get the scent of those quail. Would he point them? Not Smudge! He'd start jockeying around trying to see 'em before he let on he even knew they were there."

Mr. Peeples stalked down the aisle. Then he turned and started back. He crept along the odd numbered berths, his face pointed straight ahead, but his eyes turned as far as possible to the right.

"Now supposing you're the quail," he said, "and I'm Smudge. I know you're there, but I can't see you. I'm not going to point you until I see you, because you might turn out to be nothing but scent and I'd get whipped."

He walked past me slowly, purposely missing me with his rolling eyes. Suddenly, just as he was opposite Lower 5, he looked at me, wheeled, and pointed me perfectly. As a sort of an afterthought, he thrust one arm out behind him, to signify that the dog's tail was rigid.

"Now I see you," said Mr. Peeples, "so I'm pointing. I never knew it to fail," he resumed, taking his place beside me, "and the Cap'n once showed up a lot of these pedigreed dogs with Smudge. The Cap'n had some gentlemen from the north, and a couple from England, down for a quail hunt. Finally the Cap'n said: 'Gentlemen, I've got a dog that only points when the quail are there. For instance, I'll show you the difference between your dogs and mine.' So the Cap'n got an old stick and rubbed a dead quail on it. Then he threw it down in the road, just like this aisle here was the road."

Again Mr. Peeples took his place on the stage. The mythical piece of wood was supposed to be lying in the aisle. Mr. Peeples crept up on it.

"Now," he said, over his shoulder, "here were these fine dogs. They went along like this, and as soon as they smelled that old piece of wood, they came to the finest point you ever saw."

And Mr. Peeples suited the action to the word, in spite of discomfiture of the lady in Lower 11, who had been pointed once herself and was evidently having her shoes pointed now.

"But Smudge," resumed Mr. Peeples, breaking his point, "just walked along that road—!" Here Mr. Peeples pranced up the aisle in fine disdain—"and just wagged his tail at the piece of wood." And here Mr. Peeples again pressed his right arm into service as a tail, and did a fair job of wagging. A lurch of the train brought him down rather hard into Lower 6, but he recovered beautifully with the aid of his left hand and his erstwhile tail.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Peeples resumed, wiping the honest sweat from his brow, "when Smudge pointed, you knew there was either a rabbit or a bunch of quail right in front of him. He—"

"But did he point rabbits, too?" I asked.

"If you were out hunting rabbits he did," said Mr. Peeples, "that was one of his best traits. He knew what you were hunting, and he'd point it. Turkeys [CONTINUED ON PAGE 77]

Permit—A Rare Game Fish of the Coral Shoals

By ZANE GREY

With every nerve tingling I swept up my rod.

Zane Grey has just left for a three months' stay in the West Indies, where he will angle for the strange sea monsters of the tropics. Before leaving he assured us that material for the fourth installment of "The Fisherman," his angling classic serial, will be here in time for the April issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THE first specimen of this remarkable fish to come under my observation was caught at Long Key, Florida, during the winter of 1922, by J. A. Wiborn. I have written elsewhere of the extraordinary fight we had with this fish. We were fishing for bonefish from a canoe. When Wiborn hooked this permit we of course took it for a bonefish of great size and speed, for it shot off the shoals with the velocity of a bullet. I pulled up anchor and paddled strenuously for a mile before Wiborn could recover any line. We never would have known what this fish was had we not been able to follow it swiftly in a light canoe; and after a long battle he conquered it. I was exhausted and Wiborn's hands and arms were almost paralyzed.

At first I thought the fish was an African Pompano, which it much resembled. Some years before I had caught one of these giant Pompano weighing thirty-five pounds. It was taken trolling out on the reef. I was not, however, by any means sure that this queer fish really was an African Pompano. It weighed twenty-one pounds, and excited a good deal of curiosity at Long Key, where Parke, the taxidermist, finally classified it as a Permit. We learned that a permit was occasionally taken at Key West, and often at Boco Grande, by tarpon fishermen who were still-fishing with crab-bait for tarpon. Crowninshield, one of the Long Key Club anglers, said the permit was sometimes caught at Boco Grande, and "put up a devil of a fight, even on tarpon rods."

This, of course, excited my interest, and thereafter I kept a sharp lookout for permit on the bonefish shoals. But I did not see another that year. The next winter, fishing with my brother, R. C., on the No. 2 bonefish flat, I saw a large silver fish with a black ribbon-like fin, go after my bait. I recognized it as a permit before I hooked it. This fish took us off into deep water, where I eventually subdued it, no easy task on the light bonefish tackle. It weighed fourteen and three-quarter pounds.

R. C. was so keenly enthusiastic about this permit, the first he had seen, that he wrote his version of its capture. Then later the same season my boatman Sid, fishing with R. C., hooked a fish in very shallow water, and it gave him a most exciting and strenuous time. It turned out to be a permit weighing seven and a half pounds. R. C. and Sid testified that it had more speed, strength and endurance than any bonefish they had ever hooked. This corroborated my own estimate.

The next winter at Long Key I saw a number of permit and learned more about them. Captain Newton Knowles, my boatman that season, was a native of Key West, and he had spent his life on the corral shoals of the Florida Keys. He said there were plenty of permit, but owing to their extreme shyness they were seldom seen in the shallow water, let alone caught. He had speared them up to forty pounds; and one of that weight was hard to kill. Like bonefish, the permit was a crab-eater. He did not frequent as shallow water as the bonefish because his shape would not allow it. He is built like a shield, almost as high as he is long.

During this season, while standing in the bow of my skiff, poling along with watchful eye alert for bonefish, I saw at different times several pairs of permit. They blazed under the water and the wavy black fin and deep-forked tail showed distinctly. At Bowleg Key, that March, I had the great good fortune to be with Knowles when he sighted a school of a dozen or fifteen of these fish, all larger than any I had seen. In each instance the permit worked away into deep water again. In April, while fishing for tarpon with Captain Thad Williams near Man-of-War Bush, we esp'ed a school of permit, all swimming with long black fins out of water. Captain Williams was surprised at my excitement. He told me he had seen thousands of permit "finning" that way off Cape Romano. But he did not remember of ever seeing any caught on a rod, though they were often taken in nets.

During February, 1924, I had another and more intimate experience with a permit. R. C. and I, in separate skiffs, were fishing for bonefish at the picturesque point three miles above Long Key Camp.

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.

I had fished for a long time without any luck. Then it chanced that, in the spirit of contrariness which attacks an angler at times, I put on the red tail-end of an enormous soldier crab. It was too big for the biggest bonefish. As I stood up to cast I saw the black fin of a permit a hundred feet out. He was working up the coast. I got out of the skiff and made a long cast far ahead of him, so as not to scare him. Then I waited in most tense excitement.

It appeared he wavered to and fro, somewhat in line with my bait. Directly he must have caught scent of it. I was positive of this, for he could not have seen it. And the sense of smell is powerfully developed in some fish. Anyway he went right to my bait, and as apparently he nosed about it, he elevated part of his forked tail out of the water. Sight of this surely gave me successive thrills. Then I felt the line move very slightly. How hard to wait! But I did so until I felt the line move again.

Then with every nerve tingling I swept up my rod. It came hard against a solid weight. The water swirled, then opened with a thump, and its green clearness turned to muddy yellow.

Next came the rush. As my line hissed through the water I yelled lustily for R. C., who was below me. Still there seemed no hope of stopping or holding the fish. The wisdom of using a long line was here manifest. I had three hundred and fifty yards of the best nine-thread line, and if I had been using anything shorter or lighter he would have broken off. He took three hundred yards in one magnificent run.

Luckily the shallower water compelled him to turn. Thus I had him broadside. He made a ridge on the surface and he went so fast the line made a loud hiss cutting the water. By the time R. C. got to me the permit was splashing at a great rate, throwing up the mud, and cavorting around in a manner to arouse my encouragement. He had been denied the straight long rush that usually meant freedom. I put on all the strain I could with the five-ounce rod, and I began to try to recover line. I got it half back when he made another run. Dragging all that tight line must have slowed him up. At any rate I stopped him, and began again to pump and wind. When he was broadside on I could do nothing.

I had to hold a very tight line to keep it from fouling on the bottom. This part of the battle, with over two hundred yards of line out, did not inspire me with confidence. And at last, seeing if I let him stay out there I would surely lose him, I gave that tackle a very risky trial. It held, however, and gradually I worked the permit in shore, where by careful handling I eventually beached him. I had taken no account of time, but the fact that my left forearm was dead and my right hand almost paralyzed testified to the sustained exertion. I had never had a moment of rest.

This permit was exceedingly beautiful, an exquisite shade of silver opal not possible to describe. The black markings were the most wonderful I ever saw on a fish, and resembled the loveliest of Japanese decorative art. He had great solemn purple eyes, a massive head, snub-nosed like the gamy salmon, and a small mouth, leather-lipped, I might say, and jaws that indicated great crushing power. He weighed seventeen pounds, and, as far as I was concerned, established the sport of permit fishing as exceedingly more difficult than that of bonefishing. A few years before such a fact would have seemed incredible. But there is always a greater fish to strive for—always strange new creatures to study and love and fight. It would be much better to limit oneself to the two former habits, but somehow with me all three are synonymous.

Several days later in the season I had my friend Will Dilg, president of the Izaak Walton League, in the canoe with me. Dilg was ill. The long toil and worry of the League battle to win the Upper Mississippi Game and Fish Preserve had worn him out. He had on former occasions at Long Key tried and failed to catch a bonefish. It was not any fault of mine. He was so used to the smashing strike of black bass that he could not feel the infinitesimally delicate touch of our silver bullet of the shoals. He had listened for years anent the superlative powers of bonefish, and had shouted back and raved at me black bass, black bass.

This time, I did succeed in guiding him into bonefish after bonefish strike until the day came when he hooked one. Holy-mackeli! When Dilg, after a chaotic struggle, brought that bonefish to where I could net it, he was a well man. After that he fished me nearly to death. What were tides to him? He caught two more bonefish, then hooked a big one that broke his tackle —I mean my tackle—and left him breathless and stunned.

Resembling the loveliest of Japanese art.

No longer did I have to listen to verses and sermons on our bronze-back fresh-water warriors. Strange to note he ceased asking me about those six and seven-pound small-mouth bass that I used to fight so hard in the swift rocky-riffles of the Delaware River.

The fates were against him. He hooked a permit! Of all the weird and wild and whirling exhibitions I ever saw! He was not on familiar terms with a canoe. I managed, by Herculean efforts of strength, and Hiawathaian maneuvers of skill, to keep the canoe upright. And eventually he subdued the permit. It was a small one, in fact the smallest I ever saw. Dilg gazed at it in stupefaction.

"Hey!" he gasped, at last, "did that—little fish—put up that fight?"

"Why, you landed him very easily," I replied, mildly. "Wait till you hook a big permit."

Dilg recklessly waved his rod—I mean my rod—one of my best, for he had ruined all the poor ones. "Lemme go home!" he wailed. "I love black bass. And I *can't* be a traitor."

A remarkable thing in connection with the capture of these permit was the fact that, up to this time, these were the only ones ever caught there. Thompson and Fisher, both long-experienced and expert bone-fishermen, had never to their knowledge ever had a bite from one. I decided the reason for this lay in the fact that R. C. and I always chose different depth of water and kind of coral shoal from the other anglers. We did not imagine we knew more, it was just a development with us. An interesting thing in this connection was Thompson's remark that he had lately taken more and more to deeper water. Some day he will hook a big permit.

This season of 1924 I left Long Key early, on my way to the Everglades, to fish at Key West, which place Mr. L. P. Schutt believes has a great future, as do I. Before we went I had a talk with Meisselbach about permit.

"Gus," as he is known to his friends—and any angler who can call this fine gentle-souled man his friend is indeed fortunate—had always taken very kindly to my hints about bonefish. As a matter of fact I take pride in imagining that I helped to make Gus Meisselbach the great angler he has become. Any way I gave him a long talk on permit, and certainly stirred his enthusiasm. He loved to fish the places R. C. and I frequented, and he had developed ability to find new places of his own. He loved the loneliness of the shoals, the sun and wind, the clouds and birds; and I believed he had the patience to catch a permit. So I told him what to do and he said he would do it.

Spring found me at home writing. I looked for a letter from Meisselbach, but it did not come. So I concluded he had not had the luck to hook a permit. In July I went to Avalon, in August to Nova Scotia, Oregon in September, during which time mail had little access to me. But upon my return home in October I found the long-expected letter from Meisselbach.

That letter was a document, a classic, a joy. The part of it, however, that pertained to this story, was the wonderful news about the permit. Gus had caught five over ten pounds. Of his first catch he wrote much that was thrilling and amusing, but I shall quote only a passage or two. It will serve to corroborate my estimate of this rare fish, and also to give an inkling of what a grand old fisherman Meisselbach is.

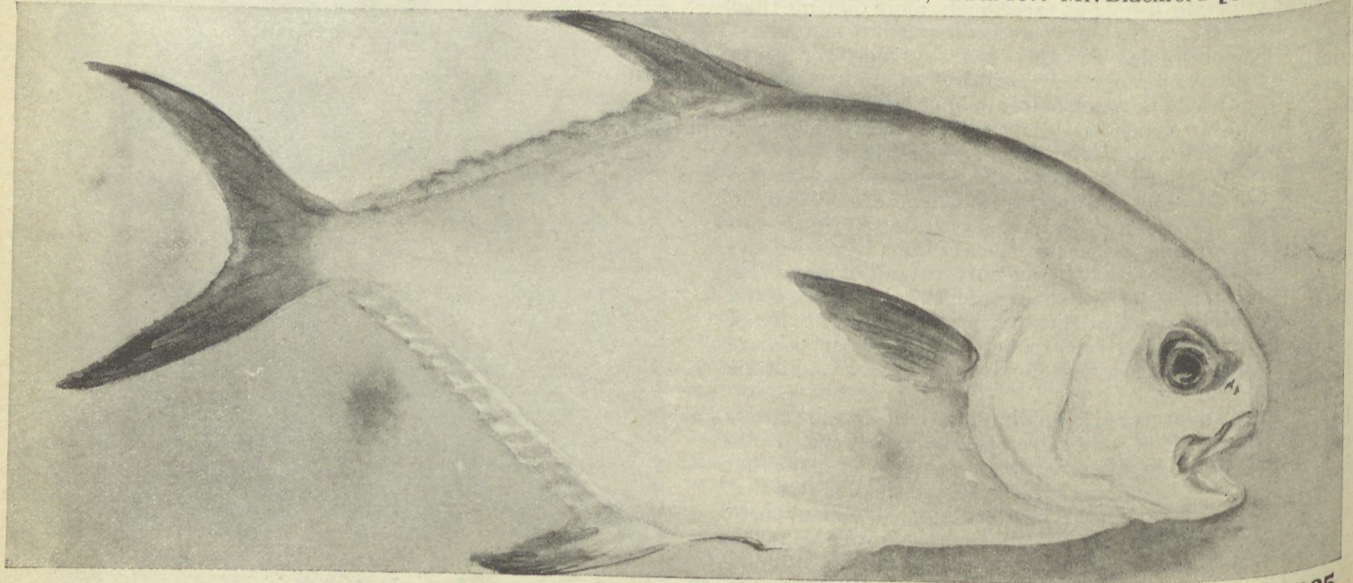
". . . I also remembered your advice that if I should hook a permit, to have my boatman pull up anchor and chase him. But I was alone in my skiff when I hooked this first permit. . . . I rememder every move of myself and fish. . . . Not for the longest time was I aware of having hooked a permit, though I felt him to be a tremendous fighter. Then he began to circle, and finally I saw he was a permit, I began asking the good Lord to be good to me and see that I won't lose him, and later on when I got him near the boat and was afraid something would give way I further besought the Lord to see to it that in that event I could endure to be a good loser."

Hail to this Izaak Walton! That is the beautiful spirit for an angler. But Meisselbach got this permit and he said he was as proud of it as I must have been at the capture of my 758-pound tuna.

Later in his letter Meisselbach stated that all five permit made very much longer and harder runs than bonefish. And he said he wondered if it was not a fact that many of those bonefish he could not stop were not really permit. They were indeed! R. C. and I can testify to that.

I cannot find very much information in scientific books about the permit. What Goode has to say is very interesting.

"The African Pompano, *T. goreensis*, originally described from the island of Gorea, on the west coast of Africa, resembles in general form the Round Pompano, though somewhat more elongate, while the head is larger. . . . The anterior rays of the dorsal and anal extend beyond the middle of the fin, if laid backward. In the number of the fin rays it corresponds most closely with the Round Pompano. . . . It is the largest of the Pompanoes. Dr. Velie obtained two large specimens in West Florida, and in 1879 Mr. Blackford [CONTINUED ON PAGE 51]



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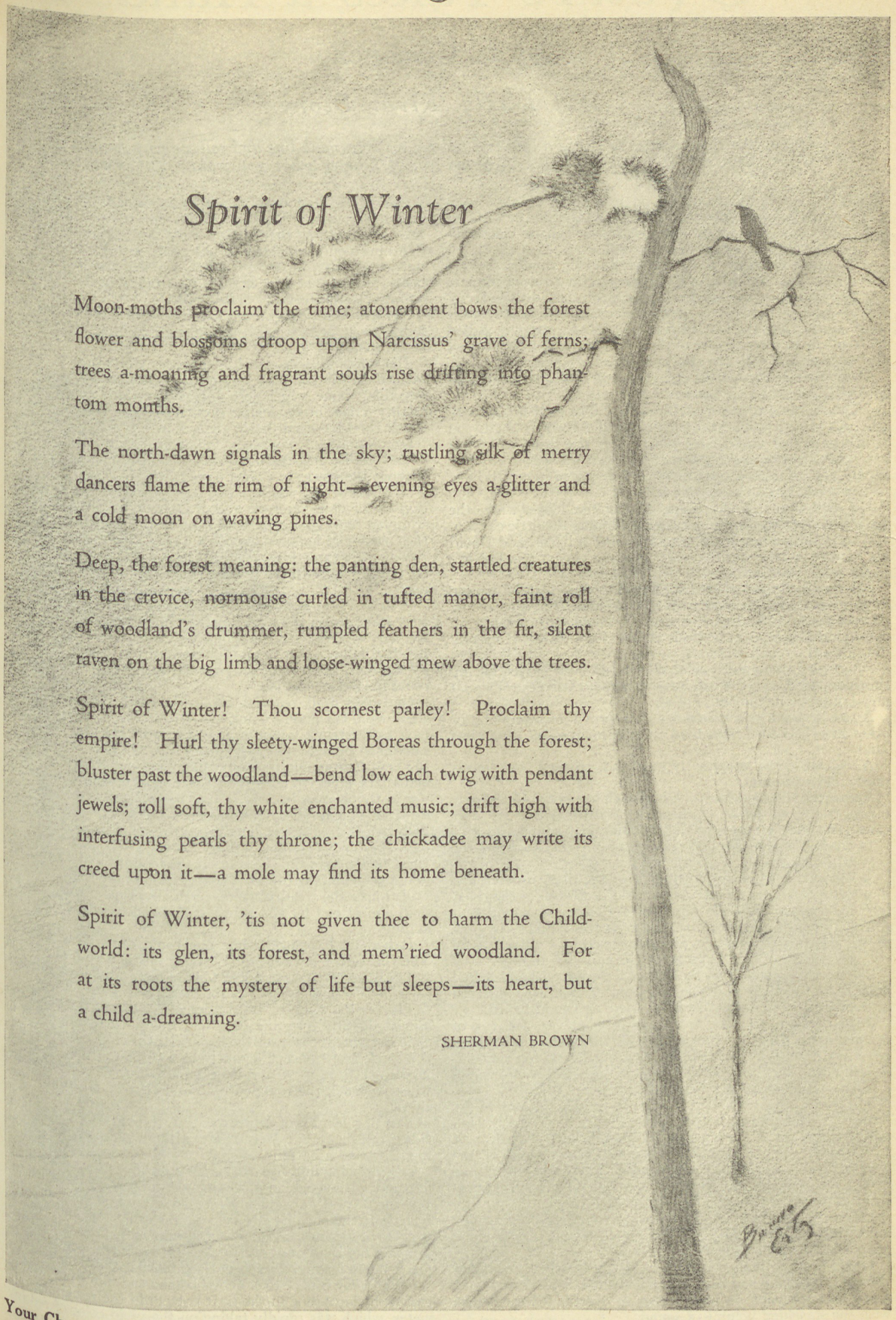

Spirit of Winter

Moon-moths proclaim the time; atonement bows the forest flower and blossoms droop upon Narcissus' grave of ferns; trees a-moaning and fragrant souls rise drifting into phantom months.

The north-dawn signals in the sky; rustling silk of merry dancers flame the rim of night—evening eyes a-glitter and a cold moon on waving pines.

Deep, the forest meaning: the panting den, startled creatures in the crevice, normouse curled in tufted manor, faint roll of woodland's drummer, rumpled feathers in the fir, silent raven on the big limb and loose-winged mew above the trees.

Spirit of Winter! Thou scornest parley! Proclaim thy empire! Hurl thy sleety-winged Boreas through the forest; bluster past the woodland—bend low each twig with pendant jewels; roll soft, thy white enchanted music; drift high with interfusing pearls thy throne; the chickadee may write its creed upon it—a mole may find its home beneath.

Spirit of Winter, 'tis not given thee to harm the Child-world: its glen, its forest, and mem'ried woodland. For at its roots the mystery of life but sleeps—its heart, but a child a-dreaming.

SHERMAN BROWN

Nature Takes a Hand

By El Comancho

A Little River Story

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so; drop me a line and tell me why you don't if you have a kick coming. I like to please you if I know what you want. El Comancho.

THE storm was rumbling off into the East, leaving a drenched and dripping world prostrated in the brilliant sunshine that broke through the scattering clouds almost at once after the storm was over.

This quick clearing of skies after summer thundershowers was always characteristic of the plains country during summer whenever a hot period brought on the electric conditions necessary to produce these particularly violent, though usually short lived, storms, and the Little River valley was commonly visited by from one to three or four of them during the summer season, this one being like all the rest in its short, violent activity.

David, noting the increasing light, went to the cave door and looked through the vine screen.

"The storm is over now," he said. "The boat is probably half full of rain water; I'll bail it out and then we'll go; you girls had better stay inside until I get the boat ready, for everything will be soaking wet and there is no reason why you should get water all over you when it is dry in here; I'll have things ready to go in a few minutes."

He went down the cliff, using the step-like ledges where the flat limestone had been broken out in forming the little canyon.

An old tin bucket in the boat furnished a bailer, and David set to work to clear out the water that the violent rain had left in the little craft.

All about, the sound of dripping water was plainly audible as the water drained slowly off of trees and foliage, splashing its way down to the drenched soil, now steaming in the intense sunshine following on the heels of the storm just as it usually did.

All green grasses and tender plants had been beaten flat by threshing wind, and the torrential downpour from the sky, and now lay prone in the still, hot air.

A mile away a dog voiced his disapproval of something or other and the sound came loud and clear across the breathless land.

A vagrant crow, winging by overhead, croaked once uncertainly and was quiet.

Across the river a colony of Gackles all began to talk at once, taking count, no doubt, of casualties and those present after the storm; they set the still air throbbing with sound.

Down in the boat David bailed away, steadily reducing the rain-water content of the little craft.

A subdued roar of swift water filled the little canyon as a murky flood poured its increasing volume down into the river, fretting against the rock debris of the canyon bottom as it came, adding its quota to the rising river which must carry the excess water away, though the porous soil was absorbing an enormous amount of it as swiftly as its capacity allowed.

The boat, responding to the pull of the creek current, drifted downstream to the end of the long painter, clearing the screen of overhanging vines and swaying there as David bailed.

Suddenly, and without any warning whatever, a streak of fire slashed across the clean blue sky, followed instantly by a crackling rattle that blended into a mighty detonation of booming thunder which jarred the prostrate world like the smash of a thirteen inch gun fired point blank.

The electric condition of the air was being balanced by nature through the use of lightning flashes of intensely high voltage, just as it was very frequently immediately after one of these hard summer thunderstorms, when the worst of the electric display came as a spectacular aftermath, having all the noise and nerve racking possibilities of a close range bombardment of heavy artillery.

When the first flash came, the twins involuntarily screamed and "ducked" back into the cave mouth, reacting, as most people do, to sudden surprise.

David went on bailing without stopping the steady swing of the old bucket; he had seen many just such displays and they made no impression on him, except to overtax his ear drums with the smashing volume of sound.

"Why do you dodge?" he asked as the girls appeared in the cave door again. "Don't you know that you will never see nor hear the lightning that hits you? When you do see a flash of lightning you see it after it has gone, so there isn't the least danger of being hit by what you see, and the thunder which comes after it is nothing at all but just noise, so there is nothing about it to run from, or dodge, either.

"Nearly always lightning follows one of these storms but it hardly ever strikes anybody, though it does, often enough, strike some—."

His words were drowned by a hissing white slash of fire that seemed to fill the very air, right up to one's eyeballs, with crackling flame which left one stunned and blind, while a mighty crash of deafening noise filled all the universe and shook the very earth itself, then, slowly it seemed, a rending, tearing smash of wreckage, falling in chaotic confusion, became audible and the mind sensed catastrophe, stupidly, and without the power to evade, or stop it.

The vine screen was torn and partly wrenched from over the cave door, while the rock wall of the canyon shivered under a stunning blow that subsided in the rattle of falling debris and the splash and hollow "chug" of heavy weight striking water.

Following came intense stillness, and across this the sudden hysterical, high-pitched voices of the twins, vibrant with deadly fear.

A second bolt of lightning had struck a big, old cottonwood tree, standing on the solid limestone river bank directly across the narrow creek canyon from the cave mouth, and the old tree had fallen apart in all directions, literally split to ribbons by the bolt, as cleanly as dynamite, placed beneath its roots, could have done the job.

One great limb, reaching across the creek, had been cleanly shorn from the parent trunk and thrown down, the heavy end next to the trunk falling so it just cleared the east rim of the canyon to plunge, butt first, down into the narrow gulch; the top held it from sliding so its heavy end had swung in an arc across the creek to crash into the opposite wall, and then to slowly topple over backward until its top smashed against the other side again, dislodging masses of rock on both sides; the limb struck, first one wall and then the other before it came to rest, standing with the butt on the big rock shelf where the girls had landed from the boat, at the foot of the west wall, below the cave. The top leaned back against the rim of the east wall, where the tree had stood originally, thus turning the big limb almost end for end before it had concluded its strenuous activity.

It had all happened while one could draw three breaths. The vine screen had hidden the start of it from both David and the girls, so there was no way for the boy in the boat to see or know his danger and no way for the girls to warn him.

The big limb had knocked a lot of rock from the gulch rim almost directly over the boat and this had crashed down in time to strike the butt of the big stick as it circled down across the creek and smashed against the foot of the wall to knock more rock from there and deflect the falling mass from above when it struck the rounded limb and glanced off in all directions.

Part of this mass of debris was thus thrown into and on both sides of the boat, but, fortunately, without smashing it or injuring it beyond a battering.

David, being in range of this flying stuff, felt a twinge in his left arm, with which he was bracing himself while he bailed the water out, and he suddenly pitched head first down into the boat bottom, striking his face against the ribs and bottom timbers of the little craft and thereby knocking the skin off and bruising his head and face in a painful manner, conducive to much blood letting, though not particularly dangerous.

Other stray bits of rock debris bombasted him from head to foot as he lay prone in the boat bottom in the remaining rain water, which was rapidly taking on the vivid color of red ink

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from the blood that ran from a dozen minor cuts on his head and face.

June with Jule clinging to her, and both wildly hysterical with fear, looked down from the cave mouth a moment after silence had come, following the noise of wreckage, to see David flat in the boat bottom, stunned and quiet from the maltreating he had received and as yet too dazed to realize that he was hurt.

"Oh he's killed! He's killed! screamed June, and would have plunged headlong down if Jule had not, instinctively, held her back long enough for her to realize that she must climb, not jump, if she was to reach David and the boat.

David, vaguely conscious, dimly saw the twins start down the rock wall utterly regardless of torn clothing, bruises and dire danger to life and limb; he tried to call out a warning but only a faint mumble came from his bruised lips and then a great enveloping, languorous, darkness surged up and David passed out of the realm of conscious understanding.

The twins, with only the one idea of reaching David, got down the rough wall in some unknown manner without breaking any bones or endangering their lives, and without more ado both scrambled into the boat, tipping it enough to take a tubful of water in over the side, and giving it a gentle impetus down stream toward the river where the swift flood-water current of the rising creek was already beginning to slowly pull it, for the root to which the painter had been fastened had come down with the rest of the wreckage of the broken wall.

Unmindful of the fact that they were drifting down stream, both girls, wildly helpless, were calling to David, imploring him to wake up and tell them whether he was dead or not!

A little more to the point, Jule was automatically splashing bloody water over the unconscious boy's face with a small handkerchief dipped in the red liquid sloshing about in the boat bottom.

The boat drifted to the creek mouth before David opened his eyes and began to realize that he was still in the world of living things.

Then the dull roar of the rapids rushing by the island, a hundred yards down stream, came to his ears as a familiar sound, and as he snapped back to full use of his mental faculties, he immediately tried to raise himself up from his recumbent position in the boat bottom, with his head in the lap of the distracted June, who had managed to gain a seat in the stern.

A tearing pain in his left arm made David suddenly realize that something was wrong there—ten seconds later he knew both bones in his forearm were broken!

He turned to raise himself with his right arm, realizing in his subconsciousness that the noise of the rapids was growing louder each second—and that meant imminent danger to the boat—and the girls.

At the cost of a stab of pain in his side he managed to sit up and get a look downstream.

Not a hundred feet away the river pitched downward in the smooth, swift pull of current that swept into the roar of white water fifty feet further down, where the first jagged lime-stone boulder stood squarely in the path of the racing stream, to throw it back on itself in a mass of white foam, that whirled on down into a barrier of rocks; there it was smashed and churned to a roaring suds which tossed, white and noisy for two hundred yards, steeply down to a wide pool of snaky currents, twisting and weaving, unsnarling themselves, finally, into a long line of peacefully drifting yellow foam which floated calmly off down-stream.

David, white and sick with pain, knew what that fanged rapid meant if the boat ever drifted into it out of control.

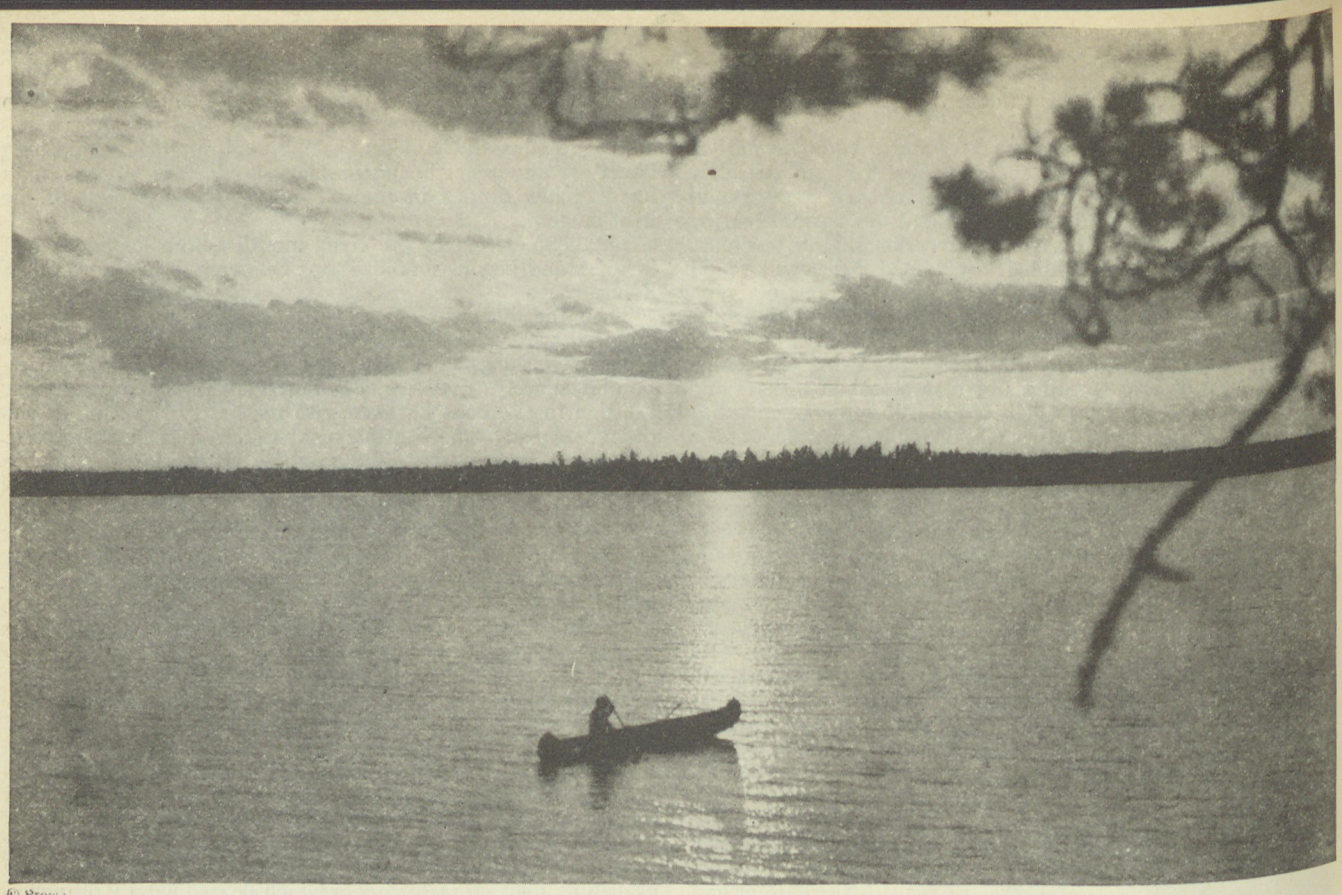
He managed to twist into a sitting position in the boat bottom with his right hand at a usable angle with the stern.

"Give me that oar—quick Jule!" he said, pointing to the good ash blade that lay along the seats next to the side.

Jule slid the oar to him, blade to the rear, and the boy, with a quick side flip, dropped it into the deep sculling notch cut in the square stern plank.

"Get up in the middle of the boat with Jule, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]

The pain was terrific, but David calmly directed the binding process.



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Forest *Masters*

by Ruth Mae Lawrence

A Two Part Story—Part II

DROPPING the two chunks of wood by that cheering, comforting fire, he snatched the rifle from the tent. He turned with trepidation. There was a rustle of leaves, the silent swaying of twigs. He heard the scared squawk of a robin. A second later he saw the bird bouncing from the limb of a tree he had passed, fling itself high into the air, and wing away, shrilling cries of fright as it fled.

Breathlessly, fearlessly, defiantly, he waited. He stood motionless until the muscles that gripped his gun so tightly, cramped. He noted casually, then with a flurry of disquietude, that the shadows over the little glade had lengthened and darkened. The air was chilly. The few clouds in the deep blue sky were turning a sullen gray-blue with flashes of dull copper in the heights of their carelessly-tossed masses. He thought with consternation, as he watched the stately firs and the interwoven underbrush, of the coming night.

He leaned his gun against the tent. "Might as well fix up that trout," he told himself in a strained voice, and stooped to pick up—where was that fish?

The goose-flesh pricked out on his back. He stared unbelievingly. It might be by the wood-pile. He looked. He hadn't left that wood-pile like that! He knew he hadn't! The cold perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. He noticed the disarray of the sticks—and the pot! He knew it had held water when he was last in camp, and now it was lying on its side, dry. He shuddered. Consternation, dismay, congealing fright, ruled him. He tried to breathe evenly and steadily, and was appalled at his own labored efforts. He stood quite still until he recovered partial mastery of his thoughts. He tried to become enraged, angered, but only a cold chill was the result of his mental effort.

He moved to the wood-pile and straightened the sticks. An idea came to him, and he searched for footprints around the fire, the pot, and the wood. The ground was hard and dry. Even inspection on hands and knees was fruitless.

He rose slowly. "Got to get my supper. You're hungry," he tried to assure himself. It was all very well to say that he was hungry, but the very thought of food was revolting to him. He picked up one of the big chunks of wood and placed it on the fire. He stooped to place the other chunk by the wood-pile. He picked it up. He almost dropped it again with amazement. There was his trout.

It bore a closer resemblance to a flounder than a trout. He laughed hollowly at the horrible sight the rainbow presented. Mashed to a pulp, it was not a pleasant sight for a man striving to create an appetite.

Something broke within him. He was in a flaming passion. He cursed the thing that frightened him. His voice sounded like that of a small bad boy squalling imprecations at the fates. He picked up the poor, battered rainbow, then flung it to the ground and stamped on it. He faced the aloof, disdainful forest, picked up the dead rainbow and flung it between the trees. Blind with rage and disappointed hunger, he yelled unintelligible words at the thing that haunted its great wastes. Unwittingly, it was his own impuissance that angered and humiliated him beyond all other causes.

He kicked his foot against the lonely old stump by his tent. The stinging pain brought him to his senses. He was heartily ashamed. "Acted like a spoiled kid," he apologized to the world at large, sheepishly, and justified his conduct with, "Well, I don't care! This monkey business gets my goat!"

He was very subdued after his outburst, and quietly prepared his tea. He warmed a can of beans. He barely touched the beans, but the tea disappeared with noisy gulps.

The darkness came silently. Masterfully it blotted out the last faint gleams of light. The man watched the darkening heavens, now starting to cloud over with gray ghosts. It would be just like his luck to have it rain, he condoned to his fractured self-esteem. Well, he'd be out of this mess tomorrow.

The fire flickered dully, striving weakly to lift the shadows that encased it. The man beside it strove to penetrate the gloom with his roving eyes. He hovered closer to the friendly heat and light. A drop of rain fell splashing on his bare wrist. He put more wood on the flames. He heard the soft patter of a deluge. The wind came whistling through the trees. He could hear the firs moan and strain as the blasts of air tore at their branches. The fire sputtered, and flames were blotted out.

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Frantically the man worked, oblivious to his own dampened clothes. He fanned the flames in a frenzy of haste, and tried to put dried fuel on the fire. A feeble glow that could not be strengthened was all that responded to his efforts. Finally, despairingly, he realized that his efforts were in vain.

He crept into his tent, with his flashlight and rifle. He tied the flap securely, dragged his duffle bag against it, and laid down on his blankets. He was uncomfortable in his wet outfit, and so he wriggled out of his damp shirt. He drew the blankets close around him, and listened intently. He heard the drip-drip-drip of rain on the canvas over him. Moments dragged by as he waited. He scarcely dared breathe. Once he found with affright that his eyes had been closed, that he had been sleeping. He had no knowledge of how long he had slept. He lay agonized minutes, straining every nerve, but heard nothing except the monotonous splash of heavily-falling rain. He fought to keep his heavy eyelids open and his senses alert. Surely that was an unusual sound. No, it was nothing but the swish of wet branches in the rushing wind. He dozed. He slept.

He sat upright. His hair prickled. His eyes glassed with dread and horror. What a terrifying cry that had been! Drugged with sleep, he had been unable to tell whether it was a fancied or actual cry. It was ringing yet in his ears. With a sinking heart, he held his breath and listened. He heard the measured fall of rain drops. He sat there, still. Finally he assured himself the sound was the product of his own overwrought imagination, and he lay back on his blankets.

The close confine of the tent smothered him. He felt weak and helpless, as though he were trapped. A gust of wind rippled the canvas. It remained sagging in one place near him. He could feel rather than see it. Something was pressing it in—was leaning against it.

What was that? It was a slow, cautious snuffing, an inquisitive sucking of breath—or was it the echo of his own stifled breathing? Another gust of wind agitated the canvas surface, and the sides were smooth again. In the semi-darkness he could feel their smoothness. He threw out his hands behind him to support his relaxed frame. The cold barrel of his rifle made his questing hand jerk. The shock steadied him. He had a rifle, he reminded himself derisively. If he hadn't been so afraid of his own shadow he might have had sense enough to pull the trigger. The thought comforted and strengthened him. He felt more quiet and collected with every passing moment. He could hear the gentle patter of the rain. He finally lay back on his blankets, drawing the rifle where he could touch its reassuring hardness. He lay still and listened.

The sound of rain on the wet canvas gradually dulled. The sound of the wind became but a low whisper. Fearfully the man crept to the flap, pushed his duffle bag aside, pulled the flap open a crack, and peered out. Sifting through a break in the storm clouds the moon sailed high. Black clouds piled around her. Now and then an audacious cloudlet scuttled across her unperturbed face. The glade was light with capricious moon-glow that cast deceiving shadows around the fringe of the trees.

The man struck a match, lighted an old paper he had in his bag, and crawled from the tent, dragging his rifle with him. He put the burning paper under the wet mass of charred wood. Luckily for his peace of mind, a dry stick caught fire.

He sheltered the infant flame with his hands. He stared over his shoulder at the forest. The flame began to snap briskly. He drew dry chips from the bottom of his wood-pile, nursing the tiny spark with them. The fire gained strength and brilliancy, yet he felt no warmth surging through his frozen frame. He crept back into his tent and felt around for his flashlight. He found it, and back to the fire he went, glancing hurriedly at the menacing forest.

The uncertain light of the moon was of no aid to his inspection of the glade from the vantage point of his fire. Peculiar shadows flitted from one tree to the next as sudden gusts of wind swayed the straight firs.

He caught his breath. Was that shadow by his tent deeper and darker than the others? His flashlight cut an uncertain arc. The side of his tent showed white and bare. He knew something had been there but a second before. It had just slunk away. He rose unsteadily to his feet, and took a few undecisive steps. He went to one side of his tent. It was on the other side. He went back to the fire, stealthily hurrying to the other side of the tent. The tent wall was blank and bare. It had gone to the other side while he was going around by the fire. He stepped back His boot made a ringing sound as it struck the blade of his axe, thrown there the night before. A cloud ate up the moon. It was deathly dark. He stopped swiftly, and picked up the axe with shaking fingers. He grasped it by the handle. Suddenly, he hurled it at the tent. It struck the ridge-pole. There was the sharp crack of rending wood. The tent sagged. Gradually it collapsed.

The man yelled as it went down. "Now I've got you, you devil!" he shrieked in a hysterical voice. No uncanny thing fled from the settling shelter. He felt suddenly foolish. There! That section of canvas was writhing! A shot crashed out in the silence. His rifle sank from his nerveless fingers.

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Terrifying shapes formed on the forest background.

Idiot! Imbecile! Dolt! Disgust at his own unreasoning fear mastered him. How absolutely crazy! He sure was a fit candidate for the nut house, all right. He picked up his rifle and walked slowly back to the fire.

He sat down heavily, his face in his hands. His torpid brain refused its duty. His thoughts fled like erratic leaves spirited by a November gale. The cool, bracing air chilled his wrists and throat. Mechanically he drew his mackinaw collar around his ears, and scrouged his arms to his chest. He sat stupidly by a smoldering fire. His teeth chattered with chill and nervousness.

The dawn brought activity and warmth. Hurriedly he packed his few belongings. He had grace enough to be ashamed as he folded the ruined tent. His own footsteps startled him. Then his chin rose. His shoulders squared. He was absolutely going to cut out that rot!

He was completely self-possessed as he swung his pack on his back. Boldly he grasped his rifle. With arms carelessly swinging to the rhythm of his walk he plunged through the shallow creek and entered the forest. He started as his foot snapped a twig. He stumbled. He recovered his balance. The uncontrollable fear was tugging at his reason. His lips rolled back. He clenched his teeth until the tenseness of the pressure eased his half unbalanced faculties. He strode unfalteringly onward.

On the crest of the first high mountain the ranger welcomed him from the door of the attractive cabin. "Hello! Come in. Had supper? Oh, don't mind the dog. He looks vicious, but he's old and fat."

The traveler had eaten his supper, but he gratefully accepted shelter for the night from the genial ranger.

As they sat before the fireplace, the ranger quizzed him guilelessly, in the well-meaning, ingeniously interested manner of all Westerners.

The ranger lifted his eyebrows. "You must have been near Indian Dell, then," he said casually, and kicked a crackling log into the center of the fireplace. "Funny place, that," he reflected. "Turns folks to jelly when they've stayed there over night. Lots of superstitions and crazy stories about it. Can't get an Indian to stay there on a bet. Nothing to it, of course."

The traveler drew his chair back into the shadow. "Have you been there?" he asked, veiling the eagerness of his voice.

"Yep." The ranger nodded carelessly. "I was mighty scared at first. Was for several days, in fact. It sure had me buffaloed until I found out what was the matter."

The chair in the shadow creaked as its occupant leaned forward questioningly. The ranger sank into a brown study. The traveler asked his question twice before the ranger heard him.

"What? Oh, that? Oh, I found that the only thing I had to be afraid of was myself."

"Yourself?" the astonished traveler blurted.

"Yep," and the ranger gazed quizzically into the shadows. "You see, it's sort of a gloomy, melancholy place; and when a man lets his imagination run away with his common sense and good judgment, he can inhabit the forest with anything from gorillas and tigers to dinosaurs. I've hunted over it many times, and found nothing. My dog goes there a lot. It's full of cottontails, and he's got a passion for 'em. Scares the deer some, but they're too fast for him. Aren't they, y' ol' fatty?" and he pulled his sleepy dog's ear affectionately. The man in the chair rustled, and stirred uneasily. The ranger nodded as he sagely continued, "There's something about the forest that kind o' awes you, and makes you feel mighty small. You're real self-conscious, if I do say it myself. Anything weak and crooked or small in a man's nature comes to the surface right away."

"That's all that frightens a man when he's out alone in the forest—himself. Maybe some old Adam of an ancestor is pulling for him to climb a tree, thinking o' the time when he had to do that to save his hide."

"U-huh," the traveler agreed. Then the full import of the ranger's philosophy percolated through his tardy brain. "By Jove!" he said excitedly, "you're right! A man isn't a man until he can manage himself. He can't master anything, even a forest, until he is his own master. I'm going back and—" he bit his tongue quickly.

"What?" asked the ranger, mildly curious.

The traveler did not explain.

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A weird scratching came from the brush.

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There's something about the forest that kind o' awes you and makes you feel mighty small.

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The Best Trout Fly Patterns

By GEORGE PARKER HOLDEN

(This is the fly-tying season, and the following revision and amplification of the final chapter of Dr. Holden's well-known volume, "Streamcraft," probably comprises the most authoritative and detailed treatment of its subject to appear in any American publication. All fly fishermen will revel in it.)

A COMPLETE tabulation of what might be termed the leading trout flies of this country and of Europe—ignoring bass and salmon flies—would easily comprise from four to five hundred varieties. We will describe here the accepted patterns of about eighty of these artificials that today are most widely used and most generally successful in American waters. Such a list, aside from the more coarsely dressed American fanciful patterns, as yet must depend mainly upon English recipes, representing British natural insects, until such time as sufficient work shall have been done here, along the line of Mr. Rhead's studies of our native trout-stream entomology, to justify the systemization of American experience and deductions into a more distinctive, scientific practice by the American fly-fisherman.

English practice represents the crystallized opinion of centuries of careful investigation and experiment, while in this country fly-fishing is comparatively of but yesterday; and, further, the European or brown trout more and more is replacing in many of our Eastern streams their native "brookers." Therefore it is a good plan for the amateur fly-tyer to obtain at the beginning high-grade samples to serve as models for the reproduction of the exact colorations; although you later will do better to get your color indications from actual, American insects. Attend now to what the English poet John Gay so charmingly says about this:

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear,
In their revolving moon one color reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains;
Oft have I seen a skillful angler try
The various colors of the treacherous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the bough that on the margin grows,
Which o'er the stream a weaving forest throws;
When if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, his size.
Then round the hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colors shine through every part,
That nature seems to live again in art.

After looking over the list to follow it will be seen that the late Dr. Harry Gove probably is not far from right in stating that these eighteen shades are most characteristic of trout insect-food, and you will note that most of them are subdued and not decided colors: dark red, ginger-dun, claret, yellow, gray, orange, black, olive, purple, red-brown, amber-red, green-brown, lead color, yellow-dun, mulberry, white, yellow-green, and blue. You also may note that the above shades may be well represented in comparatively but few sterlingfly- patterns, as in Black Gnat, Brown and Gray Hackles, Beaverkill, Cahill, Coachman, Cowdung, the duns including Whirling Dun and Hare's Ear, Queen and King of the Water, the drakes including March Brown and Red Spinner, Bluebottle, Montreal.

A SELECT LIST OF TROUT-FLIES

(NOTE—"Brown" *hackle* means a chestnut; "red" *hackle* means a foxy red and not scarlet. The finely-mottled or barred feathers from the breast of the mallard, wood duck, teal, widgeon, and pintail, which are much used for wings, are very similar and largely interchangeable. A stubbed tail accessory, whether of feather fiber or other material, is termed a "tag.")

FANCIFUL PATTERNS

ABBEY:
Wings, gray mottled (widgeon); body, red ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, brown hackle; tail, orange and black barred (golden-pheasant hackle or breast).

ALEXANDRA:
Wings, green peacock-herl or sword-feather with jungle-cock or scarlet shoulders; body, flat silver tinsel; legs, green peacock-herl or scarlet hackle; tail, ragged and double, from green sword-feather of peacock.

A wet fly of Dr. Brunton's invention, and so killing on some English streams that its use is condemned or prohibited.

BROWN HEN (GOVERNOR):
Wings, dark brown mottled (hen, woodcock, or pheasant); body, green or copper (peacock) herl tipped with short red silk tag; legs, brown hackle. Without the wings this pattern is called *Red Tag*. Body sometimes finished with few turns of orange silk at tail and may have gold-twist ribbing.

CAHILL:
Wings, tan mottled (wood duck breast); body, mouse-colored mohair; legs, brown hackle; tail, tan mottled (wood duck); With wings and body very light in color, called Light Cahill; and with gray quill body, Quill Cahill.

COACHMAN:
Wings, white (swan, wing of duck or goose); body (rather corpulent), bronze-green (peacock) herl; legs, brown hackle.

The pedigree and wide adaptability of this fly, whether used in the wet or dry form, have already been noted.

DARK (LEAD-WINGED) COACHMAN:
Wings, lead color (heron, pigeon, duck); body and legs, as above.

ROYAL COACHMAN:
Same as Coachman except that the green herl body has a red silk band at the middle.

FLIGHT'S FANCY:
Wings, light gray (Starling); body, pale yellow ribbed with flat gold tinsel; legs and tail, ginger or pale buff.

Despite the name it is very similar to some naturals, being really but one variation of the Yellow Dun pattern. Note similarity also to Neversink, Professor, Queen, Golden Spinner.

GREENWELL'S GLORY:
Wings, brown mottled (woodcock) or (original dressing) inside feather of blackbird wing; body, olive or yellow silk ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, dark red hackle with black center (coch-y-bondhu).

The invention of Canon Greenwell, of Durham, England, who died in January, 1919, at the ripe age of ninety-seven years. A famous archaeologist he was known to the angling world through the fame of this fly which has carried his name to all quarters of the globe. He also is responsible for another, salmon fly, "The Greenwell." Mr. E. M. Tod, an English writer, says in his book on wet-fly fishing that he "would without a moment's consideration name 'Greenwell's Glory' as the best all-round winged fly for wet-fly work that I have ever used." He gives this as the correct dressing: "The wings are made from the quill feather of a blackbird, tied in a bunch and split—that is, they are divided by the thread used in tying the fly itself [and are placed rather flat though spread]. A soft hen's-hackle of the kind known to fly-dressers everywhere as a Coch-y-bondhu, forms the legs of the fly. The body is quite simple, and is formed of the yellow tying-silk with which Canon Greenwell always got the late Jamie Wright, of Sprouston, to dress the fly. The yellow tying-silk is waxed with cobbler's wax, which imparts to it a greenish-yellow look. Finally, the body is ribbed over with the thin wire which can easily be unrolled from a piece of ordinary yellow gimp, and failing that, with very thin gold wire."

GRIZZLY KING:
Wings, gray mottled (mallard)—*bass* fly may have red shoulders; body, green ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, gray furnace-hackle (black center and edge, gray between); tail, red.

HOFLAND'S FANCY:
Wings, brown barred with yellow; body, red; legs, brown hackle; tail, three fibers of same.

JENNIE LIND:
Wings, lavender; body, yellow ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, scarlet; tail, lavender. Or with wings and tail light blue.

Anglers have claimed that they caught fish with this bizarre affair.

MCGINTY (WESTERN BEE):
Wings, brown mottled or brown with white tip (turkey); body, alternate rings yellow and black chenille; legs, brown *hackle; tail*, gray mottled (mallard). [CONTINUED ON PAGE 45]

© Kenneth Wright

Trying the dry fly in the bend—perhaps there is a big one there.

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.

J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

Stories *and* Reminiscences

Of Jacob M. Dickinson

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

Hunting With Murderers

ON Sunday February 8, 1920, a party consisting of a Federal Judge, an Ex-Judge, a banker, and a manufacturer, all of whom had been recognized as reputable members of Society, were taken in charge by a Superintendent of of a State Penitentiary, comfortably bestowed in a capacious house, and immediately assigned to the care of four murderers, sentenced for life.

They were informed that their several attendants would keep up fires in their rooms, grease their boots, clean their guns, accompany them hunting, carrying extra ammunition, hold their horses, mark down the birds, dead and alive, and in fine serve as all around body servants.

Each had his special man Friday. Promptly an entente cordiale was established, which resulted in mutual confidences and pleasant relations and companionship.

The Judge and the Manufacturer, being from the North, and not to the manner and association born, looked upon the arrangement with some doubt and misgiving, but being game they determined to risk their lives in a gentlemanly way.

The Superintendent, Mr. J. W. Williamson, a cordial, jovial, hospitable host, had made all arrangements for a quail hunt over the State Farm of about 16,000 acres.

The first performance was in attacking a supper of oysters, soup, sausage, roast turkey, ham, vegetables galore, and seven kinds of pie. Whether the pie was symbolic of the Sabbath Day was modestly suggested, but not resolved, as the audacious punster was promptly hooted into shameful silence.

After dinner the host suggested sacred music and invited the company over to a large brick building where several hundred convicts were confined. These were negroes, of whom about 25% were trusties, who were locked up only at night.

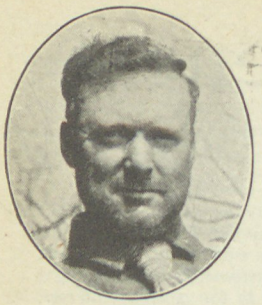
Our place of confinement.

When we got to the grill, all of the inmates were listening with rapt attention to a sermon from the text "Beware lest all men speak well of you," which concluded with the consolatory assurance that while they had their "ups and downs" in life and much tribulation, none of them were in danger of the evil threatened by the text. Then they fell on their knees, and a prayer full of pathos, beseeching mercy and forgiveness, went up from that lowly assembly of social outcasts to the throne of grace in melodious, tearful tones, with rising and falling cadences whose contrasts would move to compassion even a deity who had hardened his heart against inveterate sinners. The prayer was punctuated by real or feigned contrition, such as "Yes Lord," "Lord have mercy," "Come soon, Lord Jesus, to us wretched, miserable sinners." A man who could show levity, or scoff at a scene like that, would be meaner than the meanest convict of them all.

When they had arisen, the Superintendent said: "Preacher, these visitors would like some singing." He informed us sotto voce that the preacher regularly ordained was "a lifer," that is, a convict for life, who following too literally the injunction of the Apostle Paul to "go forth and make glad the *waste* places," got mixed in his orthography, and being surprised by a jealous husband with his arm around the *waist* of a sister in the church had a conclusive argument with a razor which he carried entirely for social purposes. The preacher called forward a well-trained choir of many rich, melodious voices. They sang, as only negroes can sing, the following:

"Swing low sweet chariot
Coming to carry me home
Swing low sweet chariot
Coming to carry me home.

Where our friends were entertained.



The Judge.

I'se done been up and done been down
And yet my soul is Heaven Bound
Coming to carry me home,
Jes' look over yonder what I see
Coming to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming to carry me home.
If you get there before I do,
Coming to carry me home,
Tell my Lord I'm coming too
Coming to carry me home."

And then:

"I wants to be like Jesus in my heart,
In my heart, I wants to be like Jesus
In my heart, in my heart, in my heart
I don't want to be no deceiver in my heart
I don't want to be no Judas in my heart
In my heart, in my heart,
I don't want to be no Judas in my heart."

No singing stirs one so profoundly as that of negroes rendering sacred music. Many thousands in this country and abroad have heard the Jubilee Singers and other negro choirs and the praise has been unstinted. No stage setting or surroundings could equal that of this prison, where hundreds of voices expressed with deep emotion, distress and woe and sin, and then gave forth with rapture the exulting note of triumph as they visioned their final redemption. One must be hard indeed and steeled against sympathy, human and divine, who can look upon such scenes unaffected. Even in prison the usual ceremony of a collection was observed. The preacher passed the hat and the Judge set the pace with a liberal response, which all, including the Superintendent, followed. The preacher promptly pocketed the change.

As we came out, he sidled up and said: "Big Boss, can I speak to you?" They drew aside and had a short parley. As we walked away the Superintendent said that he asked that the warden be told not to call time on him, if he stayed out after the lock up hour, for as he now had some money, he wanted to take it to his needy daughter on a nearby plantation. The Judge asked if he had consented, and he said that no man who felt the touch of nature could deny such a request and he could rely on his coming back. The Judge, who even in his most rugged moods, when keyed up to the administration of the stern demands of inexorable justice, could not suppress the welling up of human sympathy, softly said to himself, but half aloud: "How this scene brings back the appeal at the dungeon gate of Rollo in behalf of Alonzo's wife and child to the incorruptible Castilian sentinel when he reminded him of his own wife and child and then his apostrophe!

The Manufacturer.

"Oh, holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not a creature bearing form, creed, life, human or savage, nature of the forest wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom thou has not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her breast, soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ringdove sits not more gently!"

All hearts were touched and a holy silence brooded over us, but somehow it was rudely jarred by the Superintendent, who with a twinkle in his eye said: "A daughter perhaps, and perhaps not. However, I have followed the Golden Rule and am content."

When we got to the house a gayer spirit prevailed. Mrs. Williamson played accompaniments and the Judge and the Manufacturer and the brothers "Burt and Ben," who were robust singers, made the circumambient air ring with rhapsodies that even now are pulsating in the infinite spaces on to eternity. The lady not only played accompaniments but was an improviser, and went at will from grave to gay, from lively to severe. She was a poetic and musical dreamer whose mind as well as fingers created impressive and striking fantasies. Discoursing on music she said:

"Music is conversational, speaks to you, and listens while you talk to it, makes you think of things to say you'd never dreamed of, makes you understand the wonderful things it tells you." I was so struck with the thought that I wrote it down and preserved it.

In literature as in music she manifested a quality not common in any social circle. The books which she showed most interest in were Young's Night Thoughts, Ossian, Festus, The Prophets, Aristotle and Plato.

Happily the preparations for the morrow's hunt cut short such profound and trying discourse.

At early morn our zebra striped attendants made roaring fires of hickory and ash, laced our boots, and performed all the offices of valets. The one assigned to Burt said, "The Big Boss told me to shave you gentlemen." Ben's eyes loomed largely and he promptly replied that he never shaved in the morning and as the barber passed out he said to Burt "My God, is that Big Boss crazy!"

After a gargantuan breakfast we mounted and divided, each party having four dogs and engaged to meet for lunch.

The vast stretches of cotton fields were left out of consideration. We sought the pea, corn and sorghum, the stubble, the drains and the woods. The Judge looked, as he always does, gay and debonair, with his habitual partridge feather in his hat and his toy twenty bore, astride a handsome, well conditioned, sweet tempered steed, who with his nodding, running walk, could easily make six miles an hour without a jar.

When in their far flung circling a dog trailed

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 56]

The Judge and his Pointers.

The Judge and the Ex-Judge.

Your Chapter Must be Represented. Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

A Record Muskie

By L. C. MURDOCK

WHIR-R-R-, zowie! Your rod, a living, writhing, sinuous thing, bends double, quivering in your hand as though alive to the song of battle sung by the reel. Splash! a shaft of silver breaks the surface, and in a graceful arc, stifles the action of your heart with the ecstatic surge of joy and eager anticipation.

It is a bass—the fighting diminutive bulldog of the water—and every time his scrappy blunt snout shows above the boiling surface, your heart gives that leap, and your throat tightens, until your breath comes in gasps, and every muscle in your body is as taut as a fiddle string.

Closer and closer you work him, guiding him carefully around the lily pads ever towards your net.

Look out for that old stump!

Again he leaps, and with him—your heart, but he is hooked fast.

You breathe easier as his vigor wanes.

Here he comes! Closer, closer, steady—look out!

There, whew! that was close. You slip the net under him. He is yours—a four pounder! Exhausted you sit down to rest and gloat over your prize—thirty minutes, filled with fight.

For weeks, your friends turn away grinning as you repeat the story of your achievement.

But listen to a story from old Pennsylvania. A story that will make us hang our heads. A story that if it were not for the picture, would make us turn away to hide that knowing smile.

In the first place, it was not a bass at all, but one of the largest muskies ever caught on hook and line. Fifty-four pounds of fighting fish, which fought with every single one of its fifty-seven inches, nearly a pound to an inch.

Lewis Walker, Jr., Meadville, Pennsylvania was the angler, who alone and unaided, fought for an hour and a half, matching first his strength, then his wits and fishing skill against this fresh water giant. That he out-fought and out-guessed his worthy opponent is now history and the accompanying picture verifies the tale as it was told to me.

Mr. Walker spends most of his fishing time after muskalonge and has of late years hit upon "live bait," recently killed, as the most effective. He hooks the chub, shiner, or sucker crosswise, and kills it to make it spin.

At Lake Conneaut, Pennsylvania, late in September last year, Mr. Walker landed the prize. The usual rush of the first strike was missing. In fact, the strike was a surprise, as he had been casting for a moment and was lighting a cigarette, allowing the bait to sink to the bottom.

Suddenly he noticed the line tighten, and as the boat was moving, took it for granted he had hooked a weed. As he backed up, however, the line drew away, slowly, powerfully. Realizing that his bait had been taken by a fish, Walker struck at once. Then a battle started that used every atom of his strength.

As the muskie felt the hook, Walker's arm was nearly jerked from its socket. Then all was quiet. The usual first run was not made, nor did his catch come to the surface as is usually the case, but just steadily and apparently with a purpose, headed for one of the deepest spots in the lake. Deeper and deeper Mr. Muskie went, until there was nearly a hundred feet of line out, and Walker, despite his reputation as a muskie fisherman, grew worried.

As the muskie went deeper and deeper, it increased its fighting strength, savagely darting here and there, short, quick runs that puzzle the best anglers.

After about an hour, he had succeeded in taking in about forty feet of the line. The fish suddenly rose to the surface, and—"That fish looked as big as the boat," Walker said. "I sure had buck fever."

Seeing that this was the biggest fish he might ever hope to hook, and trembling with excitement, he fought carefully lest he lose out. Down—down went the muskie again, and forty or fifty feet beneath the surface, fought doggedly on in an attempt to win its freedom. The second time it rose to the surface, Walker gasped again. This time the huge fish was within fifteen feet of the boat, so near in fact, that Walker could see, much to his dismay, that it was only hooked in the gristle in the corner of the mouth, instead of deep down in the gullet as is usual when fishing with live bait.

(*Continued on page 71*)

Membership-at-large coupon of residents of vicinities having no local chapter
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive
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You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $2.00 to cover one year's membership and one year's subscription to Outdoor America.

☐ money order. ☐ currency. ☐ check. (5c for exchange) ☐ draft.

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Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the OUTDOOR AMERICA, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

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Have you certified your delegates' credentials?

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing the top coupon.

A National Duck Bag Limit

An open discussion on what constitutes the ideal bag

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

BOTH barrels is a rather meek and mild description of the barrage of correspondence received on the question, "What constitutes an ideal daily bag limit on ducks?"

This indicates that a majority of our members are duck hunters and deeply interested in perpetuating this sport for all time.

Realizing that it would be a mechanical impossibility to print all the letters received, national headquarters has evolved a plan to end the controversy.

A Bag Limit Committee of experienced duck hunters has been appointed to go through the correspondence and determine from the expressed opinions whether the Izaak Walton League, in convention last year, was justified in passing a resolution approving a daily limit of ten ducks a day.

Results of this investigation will be printed in the April issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Some of the letters received to date are as follows:

Editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA:

In the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, I read the article "Duck Bag Limit" by E. H. Ross. The bag limit can be cut down to ten ducks per day, and no one allowed more than thirty ducks in his possession at one time. The season should be shortened thirty days and be from October 1 to December 15. However, this will not help matters if the law is not enforced.

The wardens get their appointments through state senators, and do not make many arrests; apparently for fear of offending the higher-ups. From my home on the east bluff during the season just closed I have heard shots fired on the upper Peoria Lake before sun-up, morning after morning. It is common gossip that ducks have been served in hotels and restaurants everywhere, and hunters from Chicago and other cities who had poor luck, or for other reasons did not get enough ducks to satisfy them, would buy fifty or one hundred ducks to carry home with them.

Bag limits will not correct this evil. The solution is—take hunting and fishing license fees out of politics, have a department of conservation, as proposed by Representative Scholes—the game and fish department to be a separate department under the supervision of the Department of Conservation. Have more wardens to enforce the law, impose a jail sentence with a fine, treat the game law violators the same as other law breakers—then we will have better results.

The high water, caused by diverting 10,000 cubic feet per second from Lake Michigan, and the poisonous sewage has killed all the vegetation that ducks feed on along the Illinois River. Had it not been for the feeding done by clubs and preserve owners we would not have had any duck shooting the past season. The canvas-backs were here a few days, they could not find feed in their familiar haunts so they passed on. If we could eliminate the high water and the raw sewage, pass the public shooting grounds Game Refuge Bill now before Congress so the Federal government would provide feeding and resting grounds, arrest and jail the law violators, it would solve the game and fish problem in the Illinois Valley.

Hoping I may see these things come to pass, I am

Very truly yours,
L. H. Humpfer,
Vice President Fort Clark Chapter of Izaak Walton League.

The Committee

Theodore W. Robinson
Chairman

D. Mark Cummings

Fred N. Peet

Judge George W. Wood

Jack R. Cunningham

A Federal Bag Limit

By DR. E. W. NELSON
Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey

The article on "Duck Bag Limits," by E. H. Ross, in the December number of OUTDOOR AMERICA appeals to me as a most interesting and suggestive contribution to the subject. It is especially notable for its appreciation of the fact that the bag-limit question involves a series of varied and complicated problems. Too often this subject is discussed from the viewpoint of a rather limited experience and with but a small background of knowledge concerning the numerous factors which must be taken into consideration in handling it. This is largely due to the fact that only within comparatively recent years has the future of our supply of wild fowl appeared to be a matter worth considering.

To judge from my own experience, there are few of the older sportsmen in the Mississippi Valley who cannot recall

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.

their youthful days when water areas abounded, swarming with vast numbers of wild fowl. Then practically no one had the slightest idea there would ever be a lessening in the numbers of birds, and hunters vied with one another as to who would kill the greatest number in a day. Those getting more than one hundred were looked upon as having done a notable and admirable feat to be emulated by their friends and companions. With the passage of the years the numbers of hunters increased and the birds decreased, until it became plain to all that drastic measures must be taken to save the vanishing hosts and to perpetuate one of our most appealing out-of-door sports.

Up to 1915 the State game laws were extraordinarily varied and the marketing of wild fowl was very generally prevalent. The open season on migratory wild fowl varied from four to eight months in length. The end of the open season in many states varied from March 1 to May 1, thus permitting the killing of mating and even of breeding birds. Bag limits varied from ten ducks a day in Oklahoma to no limit at all in seven states.

Sportsmen and conservationists throughout the country saw that under the varied laws of the states the danger threatening the future of wild fowl was becoming more and more acute. It became obvious that the only hope for saving these fine game birds was to have them not only under Federal control but also to secure the cooperation in conservation of Canada, where the vast majority of them go each year to breed. As a result of this the Migratory Bird Treaty was concluded between the United States and Great Britain in 1916, and the Migratory Bird Treaty Act to enforce the provisions of the Treaty and to authorize the establishment of regulations for carrying out its purposes was enacted in 1918.

The administration of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act was intrusted to the Department of Agriculture and placed in charge of the Biological Survey. By the terms of the Act the Department of Agriculture was authorized to supplement the restrictions in the treaty by regulations governing the taking of migratory wild fowl, including the establishment of open and closed seasons within broad limits set in the treaty. To establish seasons and bag limits and other restrictions to control the shooting of wild fowl by hunters throughout the United States was a serious responsibility that required careful handling, since upon their good will and willingness to cooperate largely rests the success or failure of this measure. The need of cooperation from the public is plain when it is known that the funds provided for administering the Migratory Bird Treaty Act permit the employment of only 25 wardens to enforce the law in all of the United States and Alaska.

When the responsibility for the preparation of regulations for the enforcement of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act was given the Biological Survey, the need of cooperation in carrying out the purposes of the treaty impressed me so strongly that in addition to conferences and correspondence with great numbers of interested people a Migratory Bird Treaty Act Advisory Board was organized to advise the Secretary of Agriculture concerning matters bearing on the Migratory Bird Treaty Act regulations which he might submit to it from time to time.

This Board consists of twenty-two members representing the heads of a number of the great conservation organizations of the country and of state game officials representing various parts of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. Effort is made to have a majority of this Board consist of state game officials in order that it cannot be claimed that the Board is disregarding the states in formulating its regulations. Where state officials are concerned they are retained so long as they remain in the service, but when they leave the state service within a reasonable time they are replaced by other state game officials in order that the character of the Board in this respect may be maintained. The Board is chosen with a view to the knowledge and standing of the individuals on it and its meetings have always been fruitful in valuable suggestions and advice they have given. Furthermore, the knowledge they obtain in connection with their service enables them to make known the objects of the migratory bird work throughout the country and thus assist in building up the desired cooperation in conservation.

This will be your last chance to enter the duck bag limit discussion and make yourself heard before the committee. Here are the questions.

What constitutes an ideal daily bag limit?

Why?

Do we need more duck feeding grounds?

Do we need more sanctuaries?

Are ducks becoming scarce in your locality?

Are they more plentiful in your locality?

How long have you been a duck hunter?

All letters must be in the hands of the editor not later than March 5.

By the terms of the Migratory Bird Treaty the limit for open seasons on migratory wild fowl was set at three and one-half months. Under the regulations adopted by the Department of Agriculture by authority of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, the sale of game throughout the United States is illegal, since it was obvious that the continuance of the commercial hunting of migratory wild fowl would mean extermination. Another regulation put a stop to spring and summer shooting by making January 31 the latest date for the open season on any species of migratory game. Another regulation placed a definite bag limit at a figure much below the average which previously existed. These drastic restrictions were received with great good will by the vast majority of sportsmen throughout the country. By the terms of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act the states were given the authority to still further protect migratory game birds. Many of the states have made their game laws conform to the limitations under the Federal law and regulations. Other states have taken advantage of the authority given by the Migratory Bird Treaty Act and have still further restricted the number of birds that may be taken either through a smaller bag limit or by establishing rest days and other limitations.

The outcome of these very marked restrictions on the shooting of migratory wild fowl, which have now been in force about six years, has been a decided increase in the number of wild fowl, even in the face of a growing multitude of sportsmen.

As intimated above the primary purpose of the Migratory Bird Treaty and Treaty Act was to maintain a supply of migratory birds, both of game and non-game species, in order that each year a proper surplus would be available to meet the drain upon it either from natural causes or in the case of game from the number which would be killed. In order to do this the Biological Survey has felt it to be clearly its duty to keep constantly informed as to the wild fowl situation in various parts of the country and to make special investigations at intervals to keep informed as to the situation in order that a sudden and unexpected crisis might not develop that would bring disaster to this great natural resource.

In order to promote the welfare of the migratory wild fowl and to keep informed as to the possibility of any action that may assist in maintaining our supply of wild fowl, the Bureau has carried out a great series of researches involving expeditions of considerable importance. One of the most important of these was the sending of Dr. Alexander Wetmore to Argentine, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Chili, where he passed nearly a year visiting the areas in which most of our migratory shorebirds and plover pass the winter. This expedition was with a view to possibly negotiating treaties with those countries in case there appeared to be anything to be gained by such action. A similar expedition is planned for the present winter in Mexico to ascertain the possibility of cooperation with that country in order to maintain our supply of birds. Another investigation involved work during three different seasons on the Bear River Marshes, near Great Salt Lake, Utah, to determine a remedy for the duck sickness which has killed millions of birds in that area. The result of this work was successful, and should the Game Refuge Bill become a law there is no question that the Bear River Marshes will become one of the most important Federal game preserves in America. Widespread studies have been made of the character and distribution of the food plants of the wild fowl, with recommendations covering their planting. The Bureau is continually being called upon to report upon water areas in many parts of the country with a view to recommending the most

(Continued on page 60)

A portion of our three hundred mile Upper Mississippi Fish and Game Refuge, showing areas of natural propagation of bass.

Partnership in Fish Culture

By HENRY J. O'MALLEY

Chief U. S. Bureau of Fisheries

IF you are a member of the great fraternity of American Anglers you have doubtless seen in the January issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA two articles of prime interest, not only to the fisherman but to every lover of the open air and of nature. "An opportunity," by Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, and "Will American Fishermen Save the Fishing," by J. Walter Drake, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, are timely articles by men who, in addition to keeping their finger-tips on the world's commerce, have found sufficient time to consider the welfare and interest of the fisherman. The value of such papers lies in the fact that the great body of fishermen is growing by leaps and bounds. Its members number approximately 10,000,000 at the present time and are increasing at the rate of about 1,000,000 a year, much more rapidly than is the available supply of fish for stocking the waters of the country.

Why does the enthusiasm for fishing continue unabated when the opportunities for indulging in the sport are constantly diminishing? Why is the desire for more fish for stocking purposes so nearly universal when but comparatively few of those who advocate it ever expect to catch a fish. It is because humanity in general is possessed of an inherent love for an outdoor life, and because of the memories of childhood days. It is safe to say that the great fraternity you joined as a barefoot boy, equipped with a pin hook and a piece of grocer's twine, is still among your most cherished possessions. You may long ago have given up fishing, either for pastime or for profit, but you have never regarded yourself as separated from the association and are probably looking forward to the time when you can again have a chance to try your luck at fishing.

The question naturally arises, what is to be done to keep our waters stocked with fish, both now and in the future? Men in every walk of life are trying to find the answer to this great crossword puzzle. The production of fish in larger numbers at the hatcheries operated under Federal or State control will not overcome the difficulty, neither will the institution of a greater measure of protection for the waters stocked. Nevertheless, the problem involved is of such general interest and importance and so many of our keenest minded men are earnestly endeavoring to solve it that a way of successfully coping with the situation will eventually be found.

One may be confident of this from the tone of the numerous letters that are coming in from all sections of the country, brought out by these articles, which solicit the aid of the general public in attempting to devise a practical means of preserving for posterity this greatest and best of our open-air sports. The invitation extended in the articles to the fishermen of the country to enter into cooperation with the general government with the view of increasing the production of fish has met with a surprisingly hearty and earnest response. Fishing clubs, game protective organizations, and private individuals all appear to be intensely alive to the situation and eager to assist in making more productive of fish life the waters in which they are interested. Large numbers have expressed a desire to enter into partnership in the proposed project. It is clearly evident that they fully realize not only the material benefits to be derived from good fishing, but are alive to the necessity of preserving the fishing resource as a means of recreation for the people. They know that the prospect of good fishing will lure the tired business man out into the open away from his daily task as nothing else will, and that for this reason alone it should be regarded as an almost priceless possession. If the health and stamina of the people are to be maintained at a high standard they must find something besides the automobile to resort to in order to gain the outdoor life and recreation they require.

The widely extended use of the automobile is responsible for the increased interest in fishing. Fifty years ago father and son hitched old Dobbin to the chaise and drove a few miles to a favorite fishing hole and spent the day. Today father and the entire family can drive "Lizzy" to a fishing hole before breakfast and be home in time for the head of the family to catch the 8:45 accommodation to his office in town. It's the same old story about the bag limit—"Father was out of luck." He traveled farther and caught fewer fish than Grandad secured by the use of old Dobbin."

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Out of the West comes the wail that "tourists are flocking to our waters in automobiles and depleting our streams of fish." Nothing could be more natural than to want to camp at the side of some good stream and fish. Automobiles seem made for that especial purpose. Were you to see some of the camp sites and some of the fish that are caught you would long to be there too, just as soon as time and the speed laws would permit.

Judging from the reports and letters received it would appear that the general public is very much interested in the perpetuation of the only real outdoor sport left that is worthy of the name. In the course of the ages hunting has passed through various phases from the bow and arrow stage to that of the high power rifle and nitro powder, and today most of the remnant of game in existence has taken refuge in the zoos, where it is a subject of curiosity. Unless greater interest is taken in its conservation what is left of the game will within a few years hang on the walls of the museums.

Fishing has met with a different experience. It has always been and still is just plain fishing, and it is going to continue to be so as long as the barefoot boy with his pin hook is in evidence, because his elders have decreed that they will go the limit in assisting to maintain the sport. This is the answer that has been given in the many letters elicited by the query, "Will American fishermen save the fishing." The barefoot boy will be the means of saving it, not only because his dad wants him to grow up a lover of the open and of fishing, but because he is being taught in the schools to value the conservation of fish and game. The attitude of coming generations toward the conservation of fish and game will be greatly enhanced by the protective policy that is being adopted and pursued by their forefathers of the present time.

Writing for the "Homestead Enterprise," F. C. Calkins, of Florida, puts the matter into language that all can understand:

> It's beginning to dawn on a whole lot of Floridians who enjoy roaming in the woods and floating down our creeks, rivers and lakes that we are going to reach the bottom of the old meal-sack with our present wasteful methods. If the destruction of game and fresh-water fish keeps on at its present pace a few years longer a Flobert rifle in a shooting gallery will be about the only firearm exercise we can get, and we shall have to beat the cat to the aquarium after the goldfish if we are to do any fishing. Seriously speaking, it would seem that it is a good time for the country boy and the city chap to get together.

He is right—this is an opportune time. The ponds, lakes and streams lie at the doorway of the country boy; the city boy needs the outside air and exercise and he will be the means of aiding the country boy in the propagation and protection of fish.

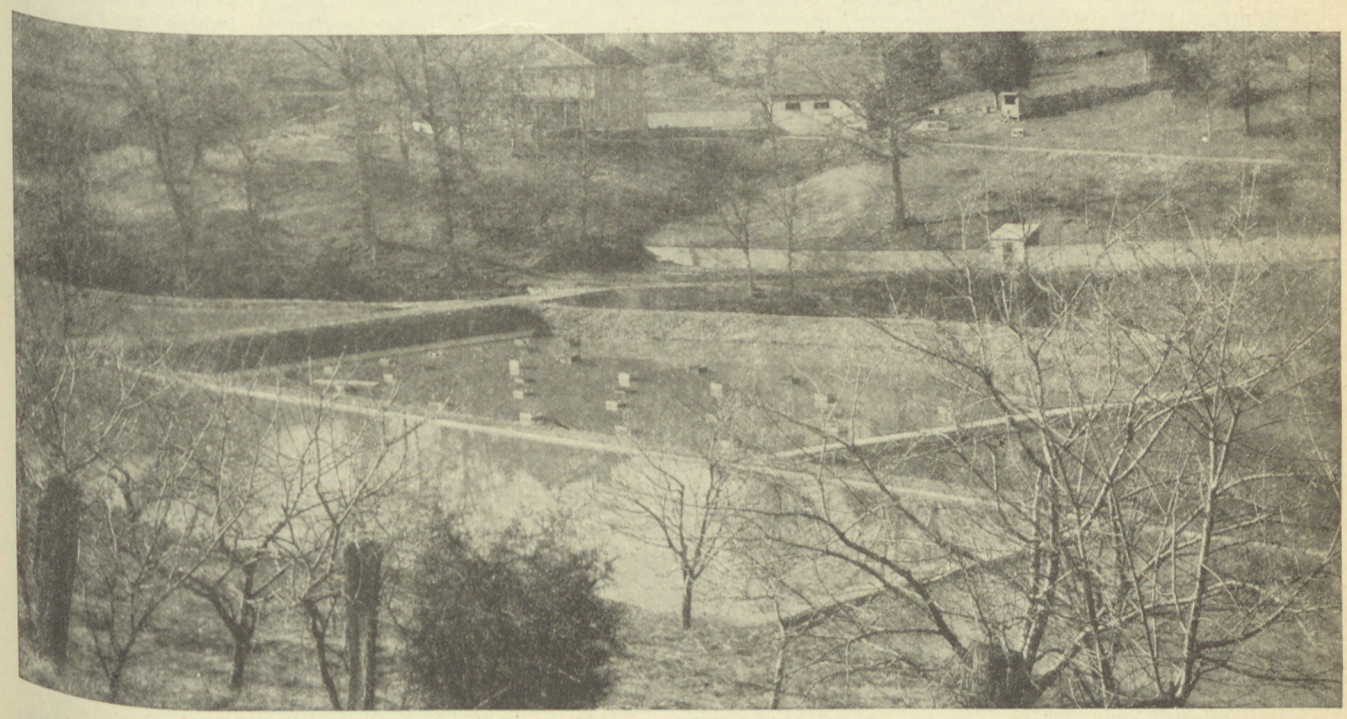
The article, "An opportunity," has met with a most generous response, and from the numerous offers made it would appear that a sufficient number of real fish-cultural projects are in sight to add materially to the production of fish without increasing overhead expenses to any extent. The changed conditions in streams and lakes and the great and growing demand for fish require the adoption of new methods of production. If present plans carry it would seem that the work of producing bass and other pond fishes is about to pass through a transformation stage, and that within a few years the present methods of production will be as far removed from prevailing ones as the work of a farm today is from that of a farm fifty years ago. If these changes materialize it will be through the medium of cooperative fish-culture and partnership work between the Bureau of Fisheries and various public-spirited fishing organizations.

One of the most favorable letters received is from the President of the New Crystal Lake Club, at Burlington, Iowa, who writes:

> We accept the opportunity. Our club will aid in producing and saving the fish. We control 1500 acres of land, of which 300 acres is under water and is divided into a large number of lakes that are ideally located for the propagation of fish. We want to produce fish not only for ourselves but for the public waters.

Here is an opportunity for the club and also a very big one for Uncle Sam. This is one of the most generous offers thus far received and it is written in the spirit of the genuine American sportsman, who has always been liberal and broadminded. Here, too, is an organization that is willing to finance necessary improvements with the view of raising fish for replenishing local public waters. This is the meaning of the letter. If the lakes belonging to the club can be brought under control and are properly stocked they should yield annually from two to three times as many fish as are now being produced at the combined pond-cultural stations of the Bureau of Fisheries. The 300 acres of water controlled by the club comprise more than twice the amount available for the Bureau's work at the present time.

Throughout the length and breadth of the United States there must be many favorable sites that could be profitably utilized for the raising of warm-water fishes and, for that matter, for the propagation of trout. However, this article is concerned only with the production of the so-called warm-water fishes. Clubs and other organizations might very easily effect an agreement with the Federal Government for the propagation of fish under natural conditions and without much additional expense to either party to the transaction. In most instance such sites could be placed under the supervision of the superintendent of the Bu- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 52]



Artificial propagation of Bass, Wytheville, Va., hatchery.

© Kenneth Wright

That old gang of mine

Adopt a River

By BUD ROSS

HAVE you ever loved a river?

Not an abstract affection for a body of water that affords you good fishing or perhaps a pleasant canoe trip, but the passionate, virile love of a thing of beauty that lives, breathes and communicates with your very soul; whose voice, purling around the sunken roots of an old calico sycamore or babbling over the shallow ledges, whispers a melody—whose symphonic perfection has never been equalled by man.

Do you know the unmitigated joy of an afternoon spent in solitude—far from the myriad discordant sounds of a great city—sitting beside a river watching the sun's rays flit affectionately upon its surface and revelling in the kaleidoscopic shifting of light and shade in the eddies and ripples as a soft southern wind whispers through the trees and birds give full vent to their song?

Have you watched an old muskrat poke his whiskery snout from the opposite underhanging bank, cautiously look up and down-stream, then set forth across the current to his favorite clam bed—gliding without any apparent effort?

Then you have watched the lengthening shadows deepen while your river lies bathed in the golden glow of a setting sun?

Have you felt the hush of the birds and watched the moon slowly slip from obscurity and rise higher and higher while grotesque shapes and shadows play havoc with your imagination as your river wends its way—flecked in mottled silver?

Perhaps you recall the days of your boyhood spent by the old swimming hole—when, in your fancy, Captain Kidd, Morgan and other buccaneers stalked through Harrison's orchard with prisoners, as their bloody barks lay moored around the bend.

And then there was the old grapevine hanging down from the top of the tall elm which leaned graciously over the stream. Remember taking hold of that grapevine, getting a good run up the bank for the swing and letting go at just the right time to land in the deep hole?

Can't you close your eyes for a moment and see the glistening young bodies flash through the sunlight and drop from sight with a resounding splash as the rest of the gang on the bank shouted advice and encouragement?

In fact, your every activity as a boy centered on your river. It was there you made the first mythical trip to the South Sea Islands; it was there you built your first cave; it was there you tried out your first fishing rod and it was there you first learned the potent power in Dad's shotgun (which you had swiped from the closet in his room); and it was there you made your first real friendships and experienced your first joys and your first sorrows.

Don't the memories of the happy hours spent beside your river haunt you at times and cause mirages to arise from the mass of correspondence on your desk as you feel that hand of boyhood fancy reaching for your heart through the veneer of cosmopolitan finesse—that veneer which bids you stifle your real personality in the race for the almighty dollar?

Wouldn't you like to go back and live it over, if only for a day? Wouldn't you like to take your boots and your fly rod back to your river to determine whether this new scientific angling equipment is superior to the grubs, night-crawlers and bamboo poles—just to see whether you could land that big old bass which eluded your every effort as a boy?

Well, before you go, think it over. The late Bert Leston Taylor (B. L. T.) who originated and for many years conducted "The Line O' Type Or Two" column in the Chicago Tribune, said, in one of his books, "Never go back!" This subtle admonition contains a wealth of sound philosophy.

If you do go back it will hurt and you will come away from your river with saddened heart. Your return will be perhaps the greatest disappointment of your life. Not only because the boys are gone; not only because Mother isn't there to bind up that bruised toe or to congratulate you upon your successful return from a mythical trip to Bombay as she once did—your most poignant disappointment will come from a glance at your river.

It is changed. Tragically changed.

Possibly a glue factory has been erected on the site of the

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old swimming hole and on the opposite bank, where the elm stood, is a slaughter house, each seeming to vie with the other in a contest to fill the river with filth.

Just below the fork is the great municipal sewer pouring more refuse into the stream.

You walk down the bank a little way and find that Harrison's orchard is now a garbage dump. The angry buzz of flies and the squeak of sewer rats have replaced the songs of the birds and the chatter of the squirrels.

Mulberry bend, the scene of many an old time picnic, is covered with cans and the rotting bodies of aged automobiles. The friendly old trees have vanished, and broken bottles glistening in the sun have replaced the wild flowers.

An efficiency expert has drained the south slough. Skeletons of cheaply constructed houses rise above the boggy ground—pathetic testimonials to the trite philosophy of P. T. Barnum.

Tragedy has overwhelmed your river.

Once, sparkling and vivacious, it swept past. Now it slinks sluggishly by beneath a coat of slime, ashamed of its existence and ashamed of the old gang, now grown to manhood, who have forgotten their boyhood pal.

Perhaps a tear will struggle past your reserve as you gaze on this panorama. Perhaps the vision of a little chap trying to catch a fish in the poisoned fluid will tug at your heart and the old time memories make a lump in your throat.

* * *

Old timer, do you love that river? Does it actually mean something to you?

Then forget the sobs. You may weep copiously, but never shed tears sufficient to neutralize the poison being emptied into the stream. The real damage has been done—it is as water over the dam.

You cannot blast the glue factory or raze the slaughter house—not only because these institutions are private property, but because they are necessary units in the march of progress.

You cannot re-establish Harrison's orchard nor can you replace the old leaning elm with its graceful trailing grapevine, or skim the slime from the river's surface.

There is but one way to prove your love of that river—to prove that you are unselfish and sportsman enough to allow the little chaps of this and the coming generations to enjoy the things that meant, and still mean, so much to you.

There is but one way—and that one way means *work!* Nothing was ever achieved without effort and it will take effort on your part to cleanse your river.

That plan is this: ADOPT YOUR RIVER.

Think it over, old man—it's sentimental, we know, but a sentiment built of sound economic necessity on a foundation of real sportsmanship—the sportsmanship that comes from the heart.

That's the plan—adopt a river. Take it for your own—the property of yourself and your chapter. Watch its process of evolution. Like a butterfly breaking from its chrysalis to a gorgeous, fluttering flame, your river will grow from a leprous ribbon of poisoned death to a pure source of delight to the eye, and health to the community.

Here are the mechanics of the plan:

Call a meeting of your chapter. Invite the mayor, the city council, the editor of your local paper, the ministers, the business and professional men, the women and the MANUFACTURERS—owners of the plants whose refuse is helping destroy your river. Tell them your story.

Let us pause here for just a moment, for an attempt to correct an existing erroneous opinion regarding the owners of factories and similar institutions. A vast majority of these men are not "financial brigands—ruthless in their triumphant march toward success." The financial brigand is largely a figment of fancy concocted in the feverish mind of the long haired gentleman who, from atop his soap box, exhorts the crowd to let him lead them to a Utopia consisting largely of starvation, disease and vermin. Obviously there are some manufacturers who make use of every trick at their command to make money—but on the whole you will find them anxious to find a way to either utilize or purify the waste of their factories.

They do not want the ill will of the entire community. They do not want to be pointed out as the men responsible for the destruction of the youngsters' playgrounds—and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, they will cooperate with you.

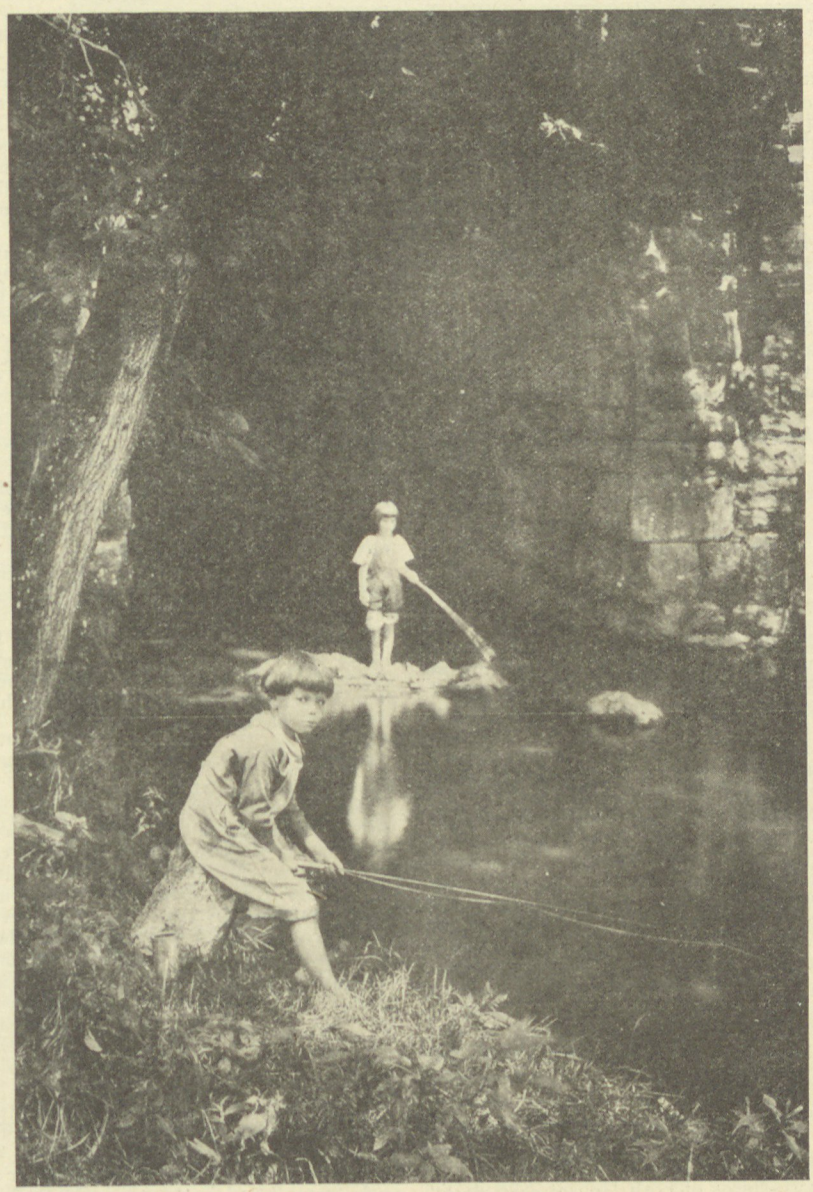
This also has been proven—for in Joliet, Illinois, a large manufacturing plant appropriated $50,000 to install a purifier in their factory to prevent waste being poured into the Desplaines river. This was accomplished by the chapter officers who called on the officials of the plant and told them the story of their river. The manufacturers responded and now other plants in this city are adopting similar measures.

If this can be done in Joliet, a typical factory city, it can be done any place in the world. Cooperation, like a smile, "will go a long, long way."

Now that you have your meeting in session, get the best speaker you can find and "sell" your community the idea. Remember this is a first impression, and make your local plan a sane, practical one.

You will be amazed at the response. You will be startled to know that beneath many an austere exterior beats a heart with a soft spot in it for the river you love.

(*Continued on page 54*)



Faith—a modern tragedy.

A Congressional Classic

By Finis J. Garrett, M. C.

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This great speech on a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States was delivered by Congressman Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, leader of the Democratic organization of the House of Representatives.

When Mr. Garrett concluded, the entire assembly in the House of Representatives stood up and applauded him. Such a demonstration of enthusiasm has not been seen in Congress for the past twenty years.

Majority Leader Nicholas Longworth then arose and asked unanimous consent to print several thousand copies of the message. It was granted.

Mr. Garrett's address is an American classic. It is utterly devoid of political alliance—partisanship does not remotely enter it and it vitally concerns all Americans because it is devoted to legislation affecting our national constitution, the document upon which our nation has been built, our liberty safeguarded and which has given our country the leadership of the world.

THE House in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union had under consideration the bill (H. R. 11753) making appropriations for the Departments of State and Justice, and the judiciary, and the Departments of Commerce and Labor for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1926, and for other purposes.

Mr. Garrett of Tennessee. Mr. Chairman, the Committee on the Judiciary have reported favorably and there is now upon the calendar House Joint Resolution No. 68, proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

This resolution, I may say, was introduced by me during the Sixty-seventh Congress, but for satisfactory reasons was not then vigorously pressed and was not acted upon by the committee. On December 10, 1923, at the beginning of the first session of the Sixty-eighth Congress, I reintroduced it, and at a later date the Committee on the Judiciary graciously accorded hearings to myself and others upon it and made its favorable report on June 3, 1924.

I have been assured by the distingushed majority leader, the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Longworth), that in all probability an opportunity will shortly be given to consider and act upon it in the House, and hence I am taking advantage of the courtesy tendered me by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Shreve) and the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. Oliver) in yielding time during the general debate upon this appropriation bill to bring it to the attention of members, to the end that they may be considering it against the day of further discussion and action.

It is as follows:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), That the following article, in lieu of Article V, be proposed to the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which shall become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States:

ARTICLE —

The Congress, whenever two-thirds of each House shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution when ratified by three-fourths of the several States through their legislatures or conventions as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress or the convention: *Provided*, That the members of at least one house in each of the legislatures which may ratify shall be elected after such amendments have been proposed; that any State may require that ratification by its legislature be subject to confirmation by popular vote; and that until three-fourths of the States have ratified or more than one-fourth of the States have rejected or defeated a proposed amendment any State may change its vote: *And provided further*, That no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

From the reading it will be observed that it is a proposal to amend Article V of the Constitution, commonly known as the amending clause. I shall later point out the specific changes that are proposed, and it will perhaps be well to have read at this time Article V. I will ask the Clerk to do so.

The Clerk read as follows:

ARTICLE V

The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress: *Provided*, That no amendment which may be made prior to the year 1808 shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article, and that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

Before coming to a discussion of the particular changes proposed and the reasons believed to merit them I venture briefly to refer to the history of the article and some of the actions thereunder by the Congress and by the States.

It seems to have been very generally agreed by the delegates who formulated the Constitution that provision should be made in the instrument itself for its amendment. That convention was composed of much of the intellectual and moral aristocracy of America. Each State was permitted to send as many delegates as it chose, and 12 States participated through delegates in its deliberations. Rhode Island alone refused to take part. Seventy-two of the foremost leaders of thought in these 12 States had been offered or given credentials, but in fact the greatest actual attendance was 55. Of these, 39 signed the completed document, while 16 declined to give to it their sanction and support.

Practically all of these delegates had been—many of them were at the time—Members of the Continental Congress which had authorized and called the convention. It was indeed called not for the purpose of creating a new national organic law but rather as a body to propose amendments to the Articles of Confederation, but as their labors advanced the Federal conception grew and grew until there was evolved a Nation.

In providing a method of amendment to be inserted into the body of the instrument the framers entered upon a comparatively new field.

Practically the only precedents were found in the action of the States themselves. Following the Declaration of Independence many of the States had remodeled their organic law. In most instances this was done hurriedly and the work was crude. It was meant to be temporary in character pending the outcome of the war.

By 1787, however, eight of the State constitutions did contain amending provisions.

The delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1787 familiar with the weaknesses of the Confederation realized that one of the most glaring of these was the provision contained in the thirteenth article thereof, which prevented any alteration save as it should "be agreed to in a Congress of the United States and be afterwards confirmed by the legislature of every State."

They appreciated the fact that changing conditions would necessitate alterations; their ripe acquaintance with history and that profound knowledge of human nature which made them preeminent leaders of men and States caused them to understand full well that such alterations would inevitably come, if not through peaceable and orderly activities then through bloody revolution, and wisely they were of a mind to provide an avenue for the first method.

It is true that in the Madison papers (p. 795) it is said that when the thirteenth resolution of the series offered by Mr. Randolph as the Virginia plan to the effect that—

provision ought to be made for hereafter amending the system now to be established without requiring the assent of the National Legislature—

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Was taken up—

Mr. Pinckney doubted the propriety or necessity of it.

It will be recalled that two Pinckneys sat as delegates in the convention from South Carolina, both named Charles.

The utterance mentioned in the Madison papers evidently was that of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, because Charles Pinckney, who by the way was then but 29 years of age, himself presented a "plan" to the convention, a large part of which is now in the Constitution, and the sixteenth and last article of his plan was an amending clause.

At still another place in the Madison papers (p. 844) it is said that—

several members did not see the necessity of the resolution at all, nor the propriety of making the consent of the National Legislature necessary.

But evidently those who doubted in the beginning were convinced in the end. The proposition was several times before the body and was urged and debated by Madison and Mason, by Randolph and Hamilton, and perhaps most earnestly of all by Gerry.

But while agreed as to the necessity for an amending clause there were sharp differences of opinion as to what machinery should be created for accomplishing the purpose desired. The English system with which the delegates were entirely familiar enabled the Parliament to effect fundamental changes in the constitution in the same way as in the statute law. This did not appeal to the "fathers." Indeed, to have adopted this policy would have been wholly incongruous and would have resulted in the almost immediate destruction of their handiwork. They were embodying in organic, basic law too many limitations upon the power and authority of the very government they were creating to admit of leaving it to be altered by ordinary legislative processes.

He who would grasp the philosophy of the Constitution of these United States may not overlook its negatives. In the "Thou shall nots" of the instrument lie embedded the basic assurances of the liberties of the individual and the masses. Through them there is woven into its fabric the deep things of Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the habeas corpus act, and the Petition of Right—that is, "No taxation without representation," which had its origin, not in the Petition of Right granted by Charles I in 1628 to the English people, but in an act passed by the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1624 at Jamestown, Va., the first announcement of this great principle to a distracted world.

They were unwilling to intrust the liberties thus crystallized into organic law to the hazard of unrestrained legislative whim or unbridled legislative passion, and so they evolved the dual plans of amendment embodied in Article V.

It is frequently remarked that almost every article of the Constitution was the result of compromise, and such, indeed, is the fact; and it is interesting to note that the two major compromises, without the making of which the Union probably could never have been formed, are to be found in the few lines of the proviso in this article wherein it is declared:

That no amendment which may be made prior to the year 1808 shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article; and that no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

The first clause is the one which inhibited legislation by the Federal Government permitting—

the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit.

Its primary purpose was to prevent the inhibition of the importation of slaves, and their migration either from the country as a whole or from one State to another.

There was involved in this not only the question of slavery and its recognition in the organic law but of political power, because the fourth clause of section 1 of Article I had made slaves a basis of representation in the House of Representatives by providing that three-fifths of all slaves should be added to the whole number of free persons, excluding Indians not taxed, in apportioning Representatives.

It is worthy of notice as reflecting the spirit of those times that the first suggestion upon the subject was for permanent prohibition of legislation preventing importation.

Later in the proceedings it was proposed to fix upon the year 1800. Upon motion of Mr. Pinckney of South Carolina, seconded by Mr. Gorham of Massachusetts, 1800 was stricken out and 1808 substituted. Mr. Madison vigorously resisted this extension, saying:

"Twenty years will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves. So long a term will be more dishonorable to the American character than to say nothing about it in the Constitution."

The fourth clause of section 1, Article I, which it provided should not be altered prior to 1808 was that which declared that:

No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken.

Time has eliminated the inhibition provided in Article V as to legislation or amendment upon these subjects. They are dead things in the organic law, and, of course, the resolution presented by myself omits them from its text.

The second matter which was rendered unamendable save by the action of all the States was that of equal representation in the Senate. That remains a vital, living thing in the Constitution today, and is not likely ever to be altered. That can not be amended in the ordinary way by two-thirds of the Congress and three-fourths of the States. To amend it would require the action of all. It is continued in the resolution which I introduced and which the Committee on the Judiciary have reported in the exact words of the original:

That no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

The amending clause of the Constitution was brought under scrutiny in The Federalist during the period between submission and ratification of the instrument, and under even keener scrutiny in the debates of the State conventions assembled to consider the question of ratification. It was the subject of vigorous criticism by Patrick Henry in the Virginia convention, because he regarded it as too restricted. He even went so far as to assert, "The way to amendment is, in my conception, shut."

That he was wrong was shortly to be quite conclusively proven.

THE FIRST TEN AMENDMENTS

In the various State conventions held to consider the question of ratification discussion elicited the fact that there was a widespread demand for additions to the instrument. This was particularly emphasized in Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia, while in Pennsylvania unofficial convocations of citizens were voicing their demands to this end. It is frequently asserted that had it not been well understood that amendments were to be speedily proposed, ratification by nine States, the requisite number for forming the Union, would not have taken place.

However this may be, it is certain that the demands were buttressed by a support so powerful as to make it imperative that they be considered.

Accordingly, on Monday, June 8, 1789, in accordance with notice previously given, Mr. James Madison, of Virginia, moved that the house resolve itself into the committee of the whole for the consideration of constitutional amendments. The motion met with immediate resistance. We need not follow the subject through the various parliamentary stages. Suffice it to say that it finally reached the point on that day when Mr. Madison outlined at length his views as to what amendments should be submitted. He had nine proposals, but these embraced all and more than is contained in the first 10 amendments.

It was peculiarly appropriate that the movement should be initiated by Mr. Madison. By common consent he was regarded as the most potent character, taking it all in all, who sat as a delegate in the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia. With Jay and Hamilton, whose actual participation in the convention was quite limited, but whose tremendous labors for ratification unquestionably secured favorable action by New York, Madison shared the honor of having produced the searching papers that constitute the Federalist, wherein is to be found the most exhaustive and comprehensive contemporary analysis of every paragraph and sentence of the instrument, and he had been its greatest tower of strength in the ratification convention of Virginia.

It is probably not putting it too extravagantly to say that the

greatest intellectual battle ever waged upon this continent was in that Virginia convention.

Patrick Henry emerged from that assemblage defeated so far as ratification was concerned, because all his powers of splendid and scintillating genius were expended against it, but he remained, in that age and State of many immortal men, the most powerful political figure of that particular era.

In the legislature which chose the first United States Senators it was he who denied a seat to Madison and dictated the selection of Richard Henry Lee and William Grayson, who had been most potent figures in building up sentiment adverse to ratification. He went still further. In arranging the congressional districts of Virginia he caused the assembly so to place the county of Mr. Madison's residence as that it was believed he could not secure election to the House. In this, however, he failed. Mr. Madison was elected to the House, defeating Mr. James Monroe with whom subsequently he was to be upon terms of close political amity. Monroe as a member of the Virginia convention had opposed ratification.

The Madison proposals finally were agreed to in the House on August 24, 1789. After being debated in the Senate they were the subject of conference between the two Houses and were finally passed by the Senate on September 25.

Being thus submitted they were ratified by eleven States. There is no evidence on the journals of Congress that the Legislatures of Connecticut, Georgia, and Massachusetts ratified them.

The failure of Massachusetts to act is somewhat singular in view of the fact that her convention had stressed the importance of practically all the principles contained therein being inserted into the organic law.

Just here it may be a matter of some historical interest to note that there were two other amendments submitted by that Congress which failed of ratification. The idea underlying both of them was contained in the original Madison proposals.

The first had to do with the compensation of Members of the Congress.

This proposed amendment was ratified by the legislatures of six States, rejected by five, and there is no record of action by three. Vermont had been admitted as a State, it will be remembered, thus making 14 States.

The other proposal had to do with the apportionment of Representatives.

This amendment was ratified by the legislatures of 10 States. Pennsylvania at first rejected on March 10, 1791, but ratified in September upon reconsideration. Three States —Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Georgia—failed to act, and one—the State of Delaware—rejected.

It would be interesting to know just why Delaware rejected the amendment. It would have given her two Representatives instead of one. I am not sure, but I believe that State has never except for one 10-year period had more than one Representative here; but if I may be permitted to say it, she has sent many here who have contributed vastly to the Nation's weal. She has one here now in the person of Judge Boyce, who is the peer of any lawyer in the Congress (applause), and I personally regret that he was not permitted to remain and give to us and the country the benefit of his extraordinary talents and ability. (Applause.)

Delaware to this day takes infinite pride in the fact that she was the first State to ratify the Constitution, and throughout her entire history she has been extremely conservative upon the question of alterations and changes.

I wish at this point to borrow from the great speech made in the House by the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Tucker) on January 3, 1924, discussing the so-called Sterling-Towner bill. In that he gave some very instructive history of the personnel of the First Congress, which has a peculiarly appropriate place, I think, just here. Mr. Tucker said:

"The First Congress of the United States was composed of 92 Members, Senators and Representatives. Of that number, 51 had been members either of the Federal convention which proposed the Constitution or of the conventions of the several States which ratified it. The character and ability of these men could not be questioned."

THE ELEVENTH AMENDMENT

The eleventh amendment, which inhibits the extension of the judicial power to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State, was the direct result of the decision of the Supreme Court in the famous case of Chisholm, executor, *v.* The State of Georgia (2d Dallas, p. 419), in which it was held that a State was liable to be sued as a defendant by an individual citizen of another State.

THE TWELFTH AMENDMENT

The twelfth amendment in the form in which it appears may be said to be the outgrowth of the presidential election of 1800 wherein Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr received an equal number of electoral votes and the election was thrown into the House of Representatives.

The method of selecting the President of the United States was one of the last questions settled in the constitutional convention. After it had been determined that the executive power should be lodged in a single person to be known as President, the method of selection under the dual form of government that was being established became at once a most puzzling and irksome problem.

The electoral college system with the proviso for the House of Representatives to act in the event of failure to make a choice by the first plan was finally determined upon.

It has been said that "this was the great failure of the Constitution."

Mr. James M. Beck in his recent most interesting work on the Constitution says:

"Direct election by the people was deemed impossible, as it was apprehended that each State would vote for its own leading citizen and no election would result. History gave the delegates two great examples of an indirect selection of a Chief Executive; the one was the Holy Roman Empire, whose head was selected by so-called electors, and the other was the head of the Roman Catholic Church, who was selected by the College of Cardinals. Unable thus to solve the problem, the question was referred to a committee, and this committee recommended the plan, not of one electoral college, which theoretically might have been effective, but of as many colleges as there were States, for each State was empowered to select its own electors, who should meet by themselves and then certify their choice to the Central Government. There was thus no joint deliberation between all the electors in any one session."

The original provision in the Constitution provided that the electors should vote for two persons for President; that the one receiving the highest vote, provided it was a majority of the whole vote cast, should be President; and that the person receiving the second highest vote should be Vice President.

President Washington was twice unanimously elected President, with John Adams as Vice President, but by 1796 political parties had begun to form, with the result that under the system provided in the Constitution persons of different political faith—Adams and Jefferson—were elected President and Vice President, respectively. This of itself led to agitation for a change of plan, and the tie vote of Jefferson and Burr in 1800 so emphasized the situation that the twelfth amendment was formulated and submitted to the legislatures of the States.

It provides that the electors shall vote for one person for President and one for Vice President.

Partisan politics entered into its consideration in both the Congress and the legislatures.

It was declared in force by proclamation of the Secretary of State September 25, 1804.

I have said that the method provided for the presidential election has been called "the great failure of the Constitution."

It is rather remarkable that it was so from the very beginning. That is to say the electors never did function as the framers of the instrument had in mind. They believed that the electors would meet without instructions or restrictions and after consultation together make selection. It has never been so. All knew in advance, of course, that Washington was to be the first President, and from that time forth practically every presidential elector has been chosen with full knowledge on the part of the authority choosing him as to whom he would support.

TWO OTHER UNACCEPTED PROPOSALS

It was 61 years before another amendment was adopted but during that period from 1804 to 1865 some 400 proposals were made in the form of resolutions introduced in Congress and suggestions contained in the actions of State legislatures. Of course, many of those were duplicates and repetitions, but nevertheless they covered a wide

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 55]

The Third National I. W. L. A. Convention will be held in Chicago, April 2-3-4, 1925.

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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Issued Monthly—Single Copy 15c

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WILL H. DILG, *Editor*

The Third National Izaak Walton League Convention

THERE is a new trend of thought in America. People are becoming aware of the ruthless destruction of our natural resources and fearful of the reaction certain to follow under the immutable laws of compensation.

Proof of this fact may be seen in the third national Izaak Walton League of America convention to be held in the Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, Illinois, April 2, 3, 4. This will undoubtedly be the largest gathering of sportsmen and others interested in the country's wild places, that has ever been assembled in the history of the world.

That is a rather large statement, but we make it advisedly. This League, although but three years old, has chapters in approximately 1,200 cities and towns of the United States, and a chapter has recently been organized in Tampico, Mexico. With each chapter sending only one of its members to the convention there will be at least 1,200 delegates, and most of the chapters are entitled to at least two representatives.

At the present rate of application it is reasonable to believe that there will be 125,000 members in the League by the time the delegates convene in April.

Check over the records and find reference to any convention where 125,000 sportsmen are represented. It can't be done. Our statement stands.

This is not lauding the League, but pointing out the new trend of thought. Five years ago, if a man had predicted the growth of this organization he would have been laughed at. But the time has come and the Izaak Walton League of America is the nucleus around which the forces of conservation are rallying for a finish fight against those who would deprive this generation and posterity of the privileges accorded past generations.

America has awakened to the fact that our treasure lies, not in intensive commercialization of our natural resources, but in their conservation—not in the wanton, selfish destruction of our forests, waters and wild life, but in the perpetuation of these things upon which the nation's character is founded.

This convention marks a vitally important milestone on the road to success, as conservation problems of national importance to the outdoorsman will be dealt with and the decisions made will have far-reaching effect on the future recreation policy of the North American continent.

Notables of international fame will be in attendance at this event. Sportsmen, writers, statesmen, artists, jurists, professional and business men known throughout the entire English speaking world will be there.

Invitations have been extended to President Coolidge, Vice-President-Elect Charles G. Dawes and all cabinet officers. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post; Stewart Edward White, Harold T. Pulsifer, editor of Outlook; Dr. James A. Henshall, Hal Evarts, Zane Grey, Irvin S. Cobb, El Comancho and scores of others too numerous to mention have signified their intention to attend.

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, who made the principal address at the convention last year, will be there.

These men all know the changing trend of public thought and at every opportunity are doing their utmost to help save outdoor America.

To be successful—to accomplish all that is planned for this convention, *you* and *your* chapter must be represented. We want *your* opinion expressed on the floor at the sessions. We want to know *your* particular local conservation problem and *your* plan to work it out. We want *your* cooperation and *there is but one way you can give it.* See that *your chapter has elected its delegates and that all arrangements have been made to insure their being in attendance.* Make this a *personal* issue. You owe it to your country to make certain that the Izaak Walton League Convention is the greatest sportsmen's event in the history of the world, not only from a standpoint of attendance but from a standpoint of accomplishment.

Don't forget the dates, APRIL 2, 3, 4, at the Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, Illinois.

Complete information concerning railroad rates, hotel accommodations, credential forms and all other details pertaining to the convention may be had upon application to L. C. Murdock, Executive Secretary, I. W. L. A. Plans are now being worked out to adequately accommodate the large crowd anticipated but it is up to the chapters to make certain that these details are completed now to avoid confusion at the last minute.

The New 1925 Champion

EVINRUDE Sport Twin

YOUR Evinrude dealer is now giving "first-showing" demonstrations of this latest and greatest achievement in outboard motor design — the new 1925 Champion "Evinrude Sport Twin." Study its superiorities. Not an untested feature—not an unproven advantage among them.

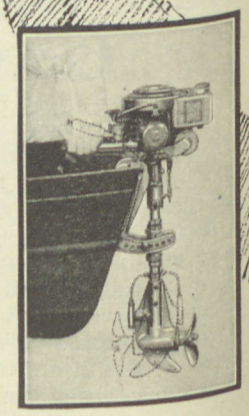
Compare!—we welcome it. *Know why "other motors are not Evinrudes."* Named "the 1925 Champion" because it *is*. A peppier power plant was never clamped to a boat — a combination of light weight without a sacrifice of strength, real speed and eager power, instant starting, safer and greater maneuvering ability.

Just the kind of a motor you'd expect 15 years' pioneering and leadership to produce. See your Evinrude dealer. He will show you — point for point — these and other reasons why over 175,000 have chosen the Evinrude. Write for copy of the new 1925 "Evinrude Year Book".

More Evinrudes in use than all other makes combined.

Easy to Carry

Take this light 40 pound champion with you wherever you go or however you travel. Compact, well balanced for carrying with one hand, almost as easily as a suitcase.



Automatic Instantaneous Reverse

Exclusive Evinrude feature. Just a lift of the tiller sends your boat astern. You don't take your eyes off the course ahead—you don't swing the motor even a fraction of an inch —you don't have to stop it and crank it backwards. This positive, fast reverse makes this the most easily maneuvered outboard on the market.

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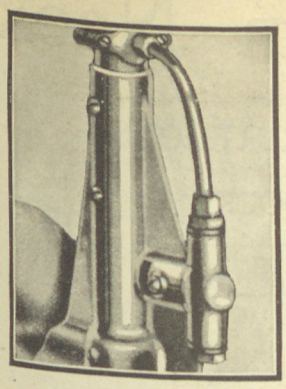
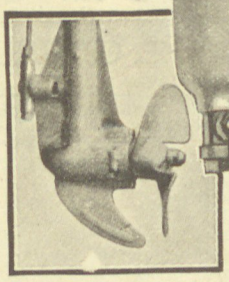


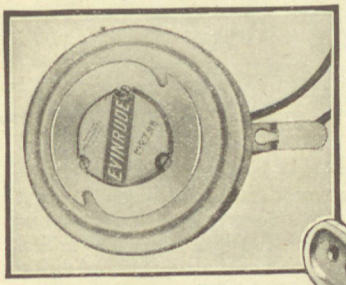
No-Clog Pump

Absolutely positive force feed of water for cooling. Works *all* the time—forward, reverse or at slowest trolling speed. Automatic lubrication. Located high up out of way of mud and sand. Positively will not clog.



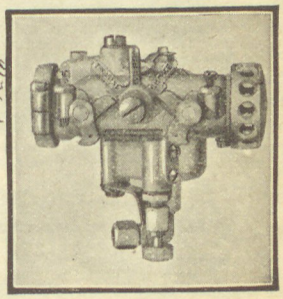
Power-Focus Drive

Evinrude is the only outboard motor using costly ball bearings in power transmission—sealed in a water-and-sand-tight housing. Power is conserved and *focused* at the propeller blades where power really counts.



Super-Power Magneto

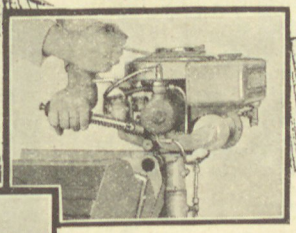
One pull on the Easy Starter and four hot sparks flame into the cylinders—instant starting. No cumbersome batteries to fail when you need them most. The current from an Evinrude Super-Power Magneto is so powerful that it will jump eight times the standard spark plug gap. Weather and water proof.



Carburetor

—chokes for instant starting like your car

A flip of the finger gives cylinders a rich, combustible mixture for starting. Another flip and you have running mixture. Simple needle valve allows quick adjustment to any weather or climatic condition.



Automatic Tilt-Up

—yet Motor Locks Rigid for Starting

Another exclusive Sport Twin feature. Evinrude's Automatic Tilt-Up prevents injury to the propeller or motor from shallows, hidden logs or snags. An easy, instant tiller setting locks motor rigid for starting. No wobbling—no side-sway—just a straight line pull on the Easy-Starter and away you go.

Automatically tilts over any obstruction the boat can pass over.

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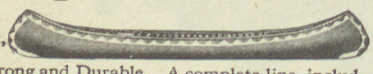
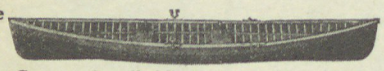
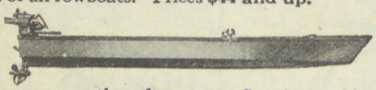


Flat Bottom Boats —For row or outboard motors. Sold ready built or knockdown. Easily cleaned and practical for all purposes. Prices $29 and up.

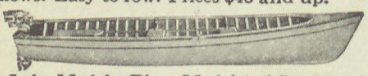
Square Stern Row-boats—Made both smooth sides and lap strake construction. Steady, seaworthy and easy to row. Prices $50 and up.



Double Ender Row-boats—Commonly called St. Lawrence River Skiffs. Fastest of all rowboats. Prices $44 and up.



Special Fish Boats —For oars or outboard motors. Sturdy, stable, wont roll when you stand to cast. Light draft for the shallows. Easy to row. Prices $48 and up.



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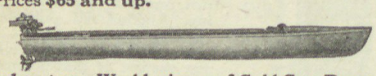
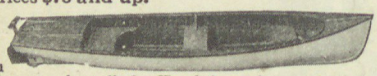
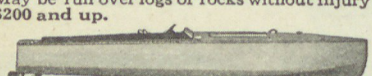


Speed Canoe —For outboard motors. World winner of Gold Cup Races at Detroit. Fastest of all boats for outboard motor use. Prices $78 and up.



Beach Model —With inboard motor installed. For lakes, rivers, shallow water and weeds. Propeller does not project below keel. May be run over logs or rocks without injury Prices $200 and up.



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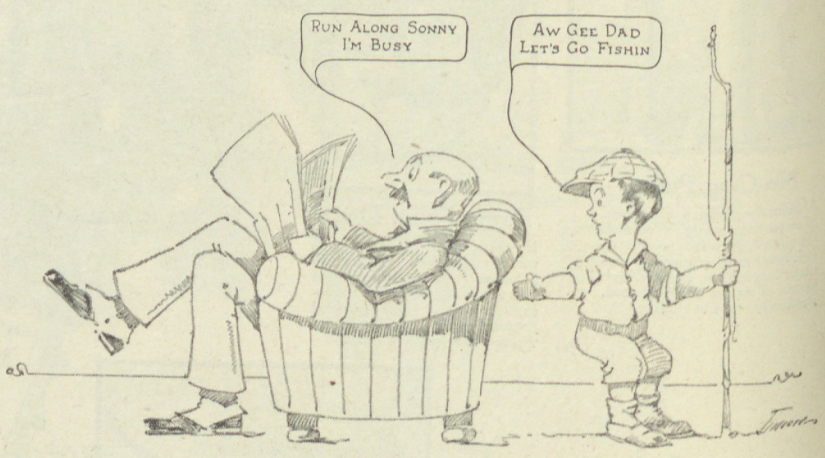
The Waltonian Nook

News of Our Chapters

Edited by L. C. MURDOCK



The "busy" complex

Are you this kind of a father? ? ?—NO—You wouldn't be reading OUTDOOR AMERICA if you were, but maybe your neighbor is—watch him and see—and if he is—make him a Waltonian and bring the smile back to his youngster's yearning face.

Show him this picture by James Stewart Moore, let him read your copy of this issue—an application card will do the rest.

APRIL 2nd, 3rd and 4th are the dates of your Third Annual Convention. We will soon send out a letter of instructions concerning delegates, reservations, etc. Chapters should prepare NOW to elect delegates.

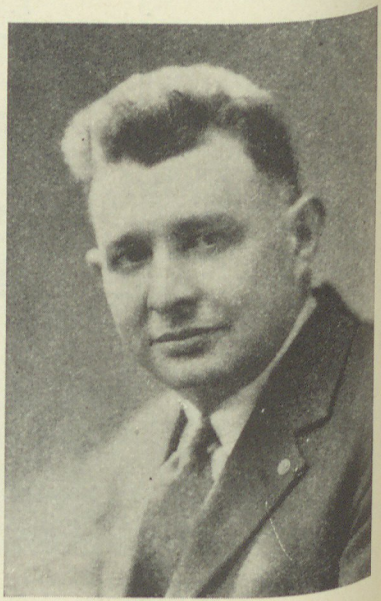
A new way of spelling co-operation is "WE," and one of the best ways of proving that you know how to spell it is by writing us as follows "WE will be there—delegates—and several members."

Congratulations to the Peterson, Iowa, Chapter. They have the honor of bringing in the first sponsored chapter in answer to our letter. They organized Linn Grove.

On the committee were: Dr. C. S. Van Ness, Dr. H. W. Loucks, H. H. Berg, G. F. Tumler, Leo F. Richard, S. H. Wareham and R. S. Whitney—and they all are wearing their silver buttons.

We wish to correct an error which appeared in the February issue. A. C. Williams is Secretary, not Treasurer, of the Arkansas Division. The President is Horace L. Endsley not Eudsley. Gary Amsler is Secretary of the Arkansas Fish and Game Commission and not Secretary of the Division. We apologize.

The LaPorte, Indiana, chapter is sponsoring a troop of Boy Scouts called the Izaak Walton Troop No. 9. The chapter presented them with an American Flag, and arranged for an eleven day outing at Camp Liddell. The LaPorte sportsmen are right when they claim that there is vast importance in interesting the boys in the cause of conservation.



O. J. Vesper

O. J. Vesper, Mansfield, Ohio, prominent sportsman and member of the Richland County Chapter, Ohio, has been honored by Gov. Donahey by being appointed assistant chief of the Ohio fish and game department.

Mr. Vesper has been a tireless worker for all things Waltonian and is well qualified for the position.

We met him over in Mansfield in December and Gov. Donehay has made no mistake, and the chief of the fish and game division of the Buckeye state has an assistant what is an assistant.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

There is a live chapter here in Chicago—the Woodlawn Chapter, I. W. L. A., which is not only adding to its list of members daily, but every member—new and old—has adopted the following bit of philosophy which might well be used by every member of every chapter in the United States—I'll Help, is the spirit that makes winning baseball teams, successful businesses, wins wars, and makes it possible for the Izaak Walton League of America to bring to a successful conclusion every achievement it has ever started—I'll Help makes it possible to finish anything you start.

Now comes the first chapter from North Dakota, from Langdon. It took A. N. Tolen just one hour to get 28 members. Look him over in the picture above and ask us who would dare refuse him? We suggest that he spend an hour each in nine more North Dakota towns and get enough chapters for a State Division. Left to right these live North Dakota Waltonians are: Ir. D. Kelly, A. N. Tolen, A. J. Bakes, Dr. J. D. Kirkham—starting from Sprague, Canada on a moose hunt—and they got one too.

Florida jumped into the Waltonian limelight last week, by organizing its state division with a live bunch of officers elected by delegates from 12 chapters represented.

Our southland state, one of the most fortunate from a natural resource point of view, promises some action during 1925, and has already appointed its legislative committee which is drawing up many interesting conservation bills and amendments to those already on the statute books. The whole United States is rooting for you, Florida.

A few, at least one, Gene Johnson of Daytona, is a psychologist, as the division has asked for some extra copies of OUTDOOR AMERICA to hand out to game and fish hogs. Evidently going to shame 'em into giving the fish and game a chance.

We wish to give notice that J. L. Himrod, formerly connected with the League as field organizer and lecturer is no longer representing the League in any capacity whatsoever.

We make this announcement owing to the fact that many newspapers erroneously publish announcements in cities and towns where he gives a lecture, that he is field representative of the League.

Izaak Walton League of America.

CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN LINE

Fishermen *plan now* for Northern WISCONSIN

The clear, cold waters of the Great North Woods are teeming with everything from speckled trout to muskies. 7,000 lakes and streams to choose from.

Fun for the whole family. Golf, canoeing, hiking, hunting, wild animal life—a balsam tang in the air that makes fifty feel like fifteen.

Get the North Woods Habit

Arrange for a Land-O'-Lakes home and visit the family over week-ends. Lake-shore cottages with the pine woods your back yard, for sale or rent by month, week or week-end. Good hotels. Write to us for full resort particulars and ideal summer home opportunities. Address

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"Old Town Canoes"

An early start for the head of the lake

DUFFLE amidships, tackle abaft, Shorty takes his place in the bow and you're off. As the sun breaks across the water, a fresh breeze springs up, churning the lake to molten gold.

If you have never paddled into the dawn; if you have never felt the indescribable sense of perfect freedom as you dug deep with a glistening blade; in short, if you have never experienced the innumerable thrills of a long canoe trip, then start making your plans right now.

Your first requisite is an "Old Town Canoe." Get an "Old Town" and make those summer vacation dreams come true.

There's no expense in the upkeep of an "Old Town Canoe"—strong and sturdy, they last for years without repairs.

"Old Towns" are fashioned after actual Indian models, which makes for gracefulness and speed. And "Old Towns" are low in price. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

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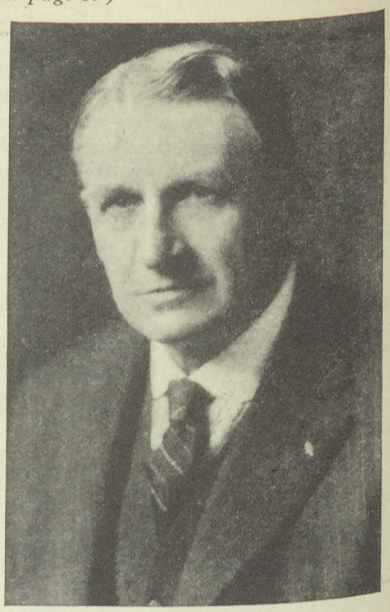
The 1925 catalog shows all models in full colors. It is free. Write for your copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 533 Main Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

The Waltonian Nook—

(Continued from page 39)

Mrs. Scholes.



Senator "Bob" Scholes.

Mrs. "Bob" Scholes, Treasurer of the Fort Clark chapter, Peoria, Illinois, shared equally with her popular husband, Senator "Bob," new speaker of the Illinois House, at a reception recently tendered him at Peoria.

The Speaker was visibly moved, when he was presented with a gavel, made from a door sill of his old home where he was born. Mrs. Scholes was presented with a huge bouquet of flowers and "Bob" was as pleased with her popularity, as he was with the many speeches that sung his praises. Speaker "Bob" is an ardent Waltonian and 300 Ikes blew horns and banged tin pans when their Brother Waltonian arose to speak. He used the gavel for the first time to quiet the din that lasted for several minutes,

National headquarters of the movement he has so staunchly advocated and stood squarely for, congratulates Senator Robert Scholes on being elected Speaker of the House.

Here is a good one from Williamsport, Pa., a ten day old chapter with over 100 members already—and driving for 1000.

Dear Mr. Murdock:

Would it not be a good plan to ask all Waltonians who may write to any of the tackle or sporting goods dealers, in signing their letters, to place under their signatures thus: (I. W. L. A.)

I have written to several for catalogues and sign all my letters like this one—and it is noticeable.

I just received a letter from Hedden's in answer to one of mine and the sales manager who answered writes, "I note the I. W. L. A. beneath your name and I want to congratulate you."

Very truly yours,
A. L. LODEWICK,
(I. W. L. A.)

We think this is a fine idea—why not sign all letters this way and get those who are not up on things Waltonian to asking what I. W. L. A. means—then tell 'em. Thanks, Mr. I. W. L. A. Lodewick.

Chicago chapter passed the 2000 membership mark at a mass meeting January 22. Members had been pouring in the entire month and there was a battle among membership teams as to who would turn in the 2000th member.

Waltonian Nook is pretty proud of its chapters. Elk Fund donations from chapters and chapter members are coming in, and we have confidence that sooner or later, EVERY chapter in the United States and that one down in Mexico will be on the list—but—don't stop because we praise you. There is a long road ahead, and we must be able to announce "SUCCESS" at the National Convention in April. Don't stop with yourselves. Every SPORTSMAN in the U. S. should be given a chance. Tell him the story, get anything from two bits to a thousand and help swell the fund. The Jackson Hole Elk must NOT die.

Springfield, Ohio chapter—nine months old—nearly 500 members. That, we say, is a mark to shoot at,—and already this live chapter has planted 18,000 fish fry and distributed 350 Chinese pheasants.

Donald Hough, just back from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, attended their annual banquet last week. He told them all about the Elk situation.

The new officers elected were: A. J. Domer, president; Arthur R. Massman, vice president; Fred King, treasurer; Homer Ballinger, trustee; and A. F. Long was re-elected secretary. Walter B. Kleeman and Roy A. Goodfellow are the holdover trustees.

John Naas, president of the state division, outlined the division's activities.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Mexico is among us—Harry W. Berdie suddenly appears on the scene with a chapter of 31 members (more to come) from Tampico, Mexico. Glenn Griswold, of the Chicago Journal of Commerce, and a member of the National Executive Committee, started Mr. Berdie to work, and this chapter is the result. Mr. Griswold is now on his way to Mexico for a hunting and fishing trip, and will stop off and present the charter. This is the first chapter outside of the confines of the United States. The members are made up of sportsmen in the American colony.

With Rock Springs, Wyo., added to the list, there are three chapters in our ELK State and they tell us there are more coming. The Wyoming Fish and Game Protective Association is a live outfit and has a scrappy body of sportsmen. They have, through their officers expressed the desire to cooperate with the League, and we are mighty glad to hear from them. Many of their members have Ok'd these sentiments by also becoming Waltonians.

I, Thomas C. McRea, Governor of Arkansas, do hereby set aside and proclaim the week of January 12 to 17 inclusive, of the present year, as Izaak Walton League of America Week for Arkansas, and urge all forward-looking citizens of our state to consider their obligations to such a patriotic and prophetic opportunity and duty, urgently insisting that the people devote such time and activities as possible during said week to advancing the cause of this most worthy organization to the end that the cause of true sportsmanship and real conservation may be advanced, not alone for the sake of the present, but for those that will come after us.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the State, in the Governor's office at Little Rock, Arkansas, this the 10th day of January, 1925.

(That's the way they do things down in Arkansas.)

Speaking of state divisions, the annual convention is only two months away. Before that time, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, South Dakota and Maryland should be in and we hope North Dakota. We wonder who will be the next one under the wire. Ferdinand Brown up in Sioux Falls says "South Dakota," Frank Stick and Bob Corson down east say "New Jersey," A. P. Lodewick down in Williamsport says "Pennsylvania" and J. E. Solt in Frederick and M. E. Towner, Baltimore, say "Maryland"—what do you say up there in North Dakota? What about it, moosehunters?

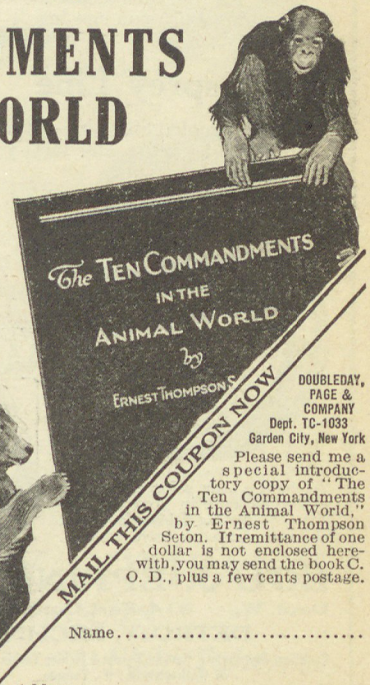
Idaho Falls, Idaho, hasn't got an Izaak Walton League chapter yet, but will have one of these days, for they have some real live wire sportsmen there. They recently received a car load of trout fry from Supt. Albright of the Yellowstone Park, in fact, two loads, aggregating 250,000 fish.

Do Animals Obey the Laws of Moses?

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, the distinguished naturalist, says that they do. Years of observation have convinced him that wolves, deer, squirrels, birds and other animals instinctively recognize and live by the principles of conduct which Moses expressed in the Ten Commandments. Mr. Seton has collected from the pages of his notebook actual instances in which animals showed by their actions that they were governed by the seven great "thou shalt nots" and the three great "thou shalts." And now these fascinating observations have been published in an absorbing little book which is full of meaning for everyone who believes that the whole creation is governed by an All-Wise Intelligence.

The TEN COMMANDMENTS in the ANIMAL WORLD

A truly amazing disclosure! These remarkable observations come straight from the notebooks of this great pioneer naturalist and woodsman. A handsome volume, richly bound in dark green cloth and stamped in gold. Only a few introductory copies will be sold at this special price.



Special Introductory Offer!

Only **$1.00** *while they last*

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
Dept. TC-1033
Garden City, New York

Please send me a special introductory copy of "The Ten Commandments in the Animal World," by Ernest Thompson Seton. If remittance of one dollar is not enclosed herewith, you may send the book C. O. D., plus a few cents postage.

Name.....

Address.....

Dardevle's "Imp"

Snag proof, equipped with weedless hook, the "Imp" can't be equaled as a half-ounce Casting Lure. Made also in lighter weight for Fly Rod Use.

Just try an "Imp"—you'll get results and you'll keep your temper — for the "Imp" cannot be snagged in the thickest weeds.

2½" long, ¾" wide, ½ oz.—
With single hook 65c
With weedless hook . . . 75c

Notangle Spinner

Lou Eppinger recommends the use of Notangle — means just what it says—it never tangles. Permits instant changing of hook or plug. Notangle Spinners are the most satisfactory Spinning Lure you can buy.

50c Each

Osprey Line

Water proofed Silk Line—standard for 15 years and lasts you indefinitely.

MEMBER IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

We have a four color catalog for you—just send in your name—gives interesting fishing facts. A valuable book to have around.

LOU J. EPPINGER
Dept. W. 314 East Congress St.
DETROIT, MICH.
Canadian Distributor: Canada Needle & Fishing Tackle Co., Ltd., 76 Wellington St., W., Toronto

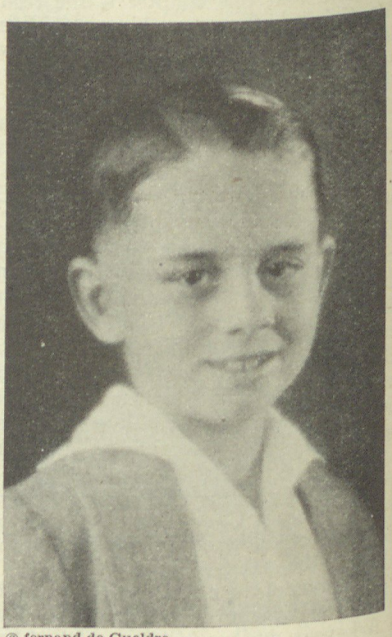
Mostly About Boys

Edited by BEN EAST

Well, fellows, March is with us, and for this windy month when we like to sit around indoors, we have as fine a bunch of fireside stories as you ever listened to. I'm not going to say much to you myself this month, because I want room for all the letters I can get in. However, there is one thing we lack, that I must tell you about. We've simply got to have more pictures for the wall of the shack. When I hear a good story told around this fire, I'd like to look up on the wall and see a picture of it, just as it happened. Let's have them, as many and as good as the letters! Also if any of you are writing to each other, when you send a letter to the bunch, tell us about the ones you have heard from. Let's make it a circle all around the shack, with the fire in the center!

Let's have some more suggestions for the prizes. Yours till the first April flower pushes up to the warm rain, and sunfish begin biting in the creeks.

* * * *



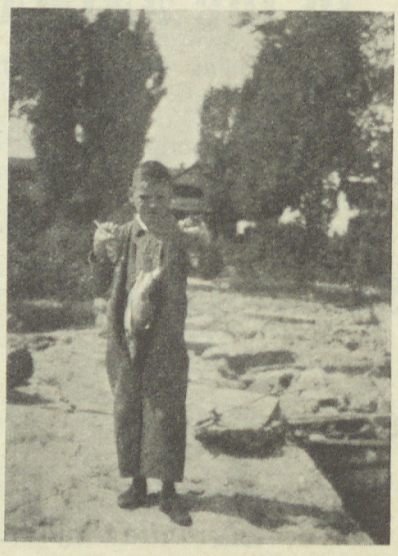
© fernand de Gueldre.

Girard W. Brooks.

Dear Fellows:

I believe I will tell of an occurrence here at home, which is Temple, Okla. It is a true story, but seldom happens in this part of the country. One Saturday night my cousin Alvah Jarrett and I went to the creek. We went to a place where we usually go hunting. We got our camp fixed and ate some supper. We had bacon, eggs, potatoes and coffee, which is our usual meal unless we kill some ducks, squirrels or quail. After supper we talked around the fire until the wind got up. It was from the north, blowing hard and cold. We retired to our tent and rolled up in our blankets. I was soon asleep. It seemed only a few minutes until Alvah woke me. He said he heard something. I started to say something, but fell asleep before I could. In a few minutes he woke me again. This time I heard it. You can imagine how lonesome it sounded to us. The wind was howling and stirring the leaves around camp and these sounds with the weird squall I heard made it awful scary. The thing we heard sounded like a woman yelling, then it went into a baby whine. We both thought of the panther they had seen about a week before and we decided that that was what it was. In a few minutes we heard it again, this time closer to camp. Alvah swallowed hard and said he was trying to keep down his heart as it was bound to jump up in his throat. I just sat there and stared. I couldn't think of anything to do but to stare at the top of the tent, which was waving back and forth in the wind. We heard the panther again, this time right at our camp. We loaded both guns and lay in readiness should he come in the tent. I imagined I heard him walking around the tent and began shaking. And Alvah, as he said afterwards, was too scared to shake. Then all at once a tree broke down right in front of the tent. The wind, however, was blowing over our tent and made it fall the other way. This must have scared the panther off as we heard him no more that night. The panther was killed about a week later by a farmer, and it was supposed that he came out of the game preserve in the Wichita Mountains down Cache Creek to where we were.

CLARENCE TANDY.



Wm. B. Newton, Jr.

P. S.—This is a real experience of Clarence's. He is a boy 16 years old and promises to be a real Waltonian. We hope he will write other experiences he has had, as he and his father have been on many hunting and fishing trips.

T. J. MORROW, Pres.
Temple Chapter No. 16, I.W.L.A.

The most exciting letter we've had yet,

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Clarence. Keep right on coming into the fire! I shiver myself at the thought of that stormy night, and a real live panther creeping down on your tent.

* * * *

1915 Bennett St., Dubuque, Iowa.

Dear Fellows:

I saw in one of the December sporting magazines an article on killing woodchucks which said a person cannot kill a woodchuck with a twenty-two rifle, shooting short cartridges. Well, I am glad of a chance to write to the Boys' Corner in OUTDOOR AMERICA and tell about the several woodchucks I killed with a twenty-two rifle on my grandpa's farm last summer. I used short cartridges, shooting two in the head and one in the heart at a distance of about forty-five yards. I'm not a very good shot, being only twelve, but I don't believe it's easy for anyone to kill these pests. The farmers like to get rid of them because they eat so much clover and also make deep holes that may break a horse's leg if he steps into them. I found my dog frightened the woodchucks into their holes so I tried to leave him at home but *every* time he found me before I got back. One needs a lot of patience to hunt them, for sometimes you sit at their hole a long time before they will come slowly out to see if the coast is clear. The best time to hunt woodchuck is on a bright afternoon between four and six o'clock, for they like to come out and sun themselves.

My only experience with a skunk is short and easy to tell. Mr. Skunk was walking toward me down a hill when I first saw him and I never even thought about shooting him. I took a sudden detour instead. My opinion of a skunk seems to be quite different from that of the editors. What do some of you fellows think about them?

Yours for outdoor sports,

ALBERT KEMPF.

Albert's letter gives us a chance for some good discussions. What do you think, fellows, about the skunks and about shooting the woodchucks? I think he is a mighty good shot, for one thing. Head shots at 45 yards are good enough for any boy! Let's have some answers to this letter.

Dear Editor and All:

My address is Walter Theodore Millington, Jr., and I was 14 years old on the 6th of this month. I am already a member of the Children of the American Revolution, being a G. G. G. grandson of Jonathan Clewer, who joined the Morgan Riflemen at the age of 13 in 1776 and served until 1781, and I am also the G. G. G. G. nephew of General Daniel Morgan. Recently I have become a member of the National Geographic Society.

I live in the Big Bend District of Texas and I am very fond of hunting. We have a lake on our ranch, made from the overflow of the Rio Grande in flood time, and we have fine hunting during the season of many kinds of ducks, and the lake abounds in all kinds of fish. I enclose you my picture taken with two brents, which I killed with one shot from my Stevens single-barrel shotgun. We do not permit anyone to hunt on this lake and are trying to establish a game pre-

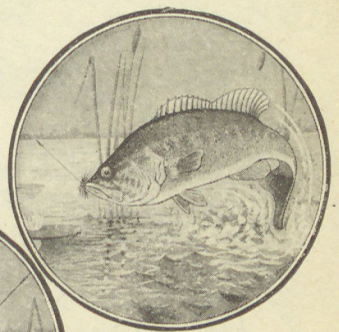
(Continued on page 77)

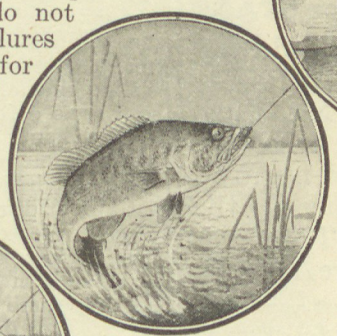
WEB'S LURES
Hook Fish That Strike

FLY ROD LURES
Made like flies; act like flies

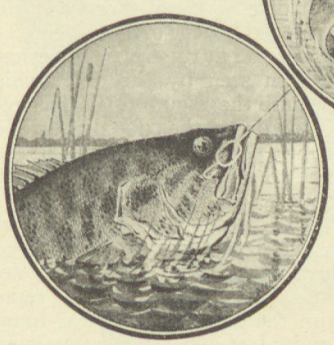
These lures are designed for fly rods, and hook fish. Alight on the surface without splash or ripple. Do not strain your rod on the pick up. We do not offer these lures as pacifiers for casting rod fishermen.

MEMBER IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA





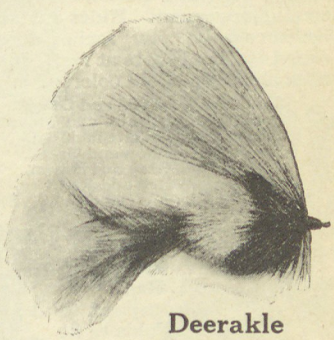
Showing how mouth closes on or over Webs Lures. Soft hair and feathers offer no resistance to setting the hook on the strike.



Showing how hard body lures prevent the point of hook setting on the strike.

Showing resistance offered when fish closes mouth over a hard body lure. Force of strike is exerted on body; not on point of hook.

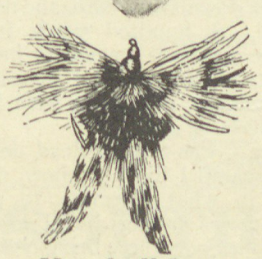
WEEDLESS SNAG-PROOF FLOATING LURES



Deerakle
Sizes 2 and 1/0...**Each 50c**

Whisker Bug
Sizes 4-2-1/0
Each,65c

Wigglakle
Sizes 1/0 and 2/0.....**Each 75c**



Henshall Lure
Sizes 10-8-6-4....**Each 65c**
Sizes 2-1/0-3/0..**Each 75c**

TRY THIS
Cast your lure. Leave it quiet for a few seconds, then move it just enough to make a ripple. *Bang*! You're a fly rod fan.

Straintest Leaders
Packed six in metal box with moistening pads.
Trout sizes 6 ft. per box **$2.00**
Bass " 6 ft. per box **2.50**
Salmon " 6 ft. per box **4.20**
Every Leader Marked With Tensile Test

Buckfuz
All Sizes for Trout and Bass
Each 25c

Catalogue Illustrating Our Line of Trout, Bass, Salmon Flies, Leaders, and Snelled Hooks — On Request.

WEBER LIFELIKE FLY COMPANY
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN

If Web Makes It *A Fish Takes It*

The Lily Pads and Thick Weeds are her STAGE

When she du her "stuff," Mr. Bass—Mr. Pike—Mr. Muskie, and the other Ole Boys in bald-headed row, start a race for the stage door. They embrace her and are *hooked*.

Dewey's new Du-Getum has a wabbling, erratic movement. Rides surface when reeled slowly, few inches deep when reeled faster. Floats at rest. Indestructible metal, celluloid colored.

Grass Frog—White and Green.
Field Mouse—White and Gray.
Doodle Bug—White and Red.
Bull Frog—Yellow and Green.
Water Bug—Gray and Brown.
Nite Bug—Black and Red.
Length 3⅛". Weight ¾ oz. Each **85c.**

The Handle is the Case

Dewey's Getum Rod and Reel—(4 ft.) Wt. 12oz. is compact and light. Folds to fit your pocket. Equipped with single action self-oiling aluminum reel, phosphor bronze bearings, complete outfit $4.00.

Rod only, with reel seat for multiplier, $2.50.

Dewey's Getum Fly Rod and Reel, built on the same principle, light, flexible, well-balanced and strong. Length 9 ft. 6 in. (Incased 26") Weight complete, 15 oz. Complete outfit $6.00.

Getum Landing Net, open length 38" (Incased 22") Weight 10 oz. Each $3.50.

"Durabilt" Aluminum Tackle Boxes

Aluminum, brass and nickel silver. Small, roomy, light, durable. Spill-proof lock. Water tight and rust proof.

Durabilt No. 220—Tackle Box has ten compartments. Swinging tray is readily removed from pivot hook. Size 2½x4¾x11¾, each $3.25.

Durabilt No. 221—Combination Box holds 24 snelled flies, 25 eyed flies, eight chambers for dry flies, bass bugs, spinners, etc. Size 4x8x1⅛". Weight 7 oz. Each $2.75.

Durabilt No. 222—Fly Box same as above except: snelled Fly space used for 25 additional eyed flies, each, $2.75.

Durabilt No. 223—Fly Box accommodates 100 eyed flies. Size 4x8x1⅛". Wt. 7½ oz. Each $2.75

Send for Your Copy of Complete Catalog

OUTING MFG. CO.

Manufacturers of "Good Outing Goods"

558 E. Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Ind.

When Game Was Tame

Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

After Turkey—Bagged a Deer

C. E. AUSTIN

The hunting story contest will close with the April issue

I was camping near the Catarac, about two miles below the Kansas City Club House in Carter county, Mo. One afternoon (in season) I started up Catarac Hollow on a still hunt for turkey, having seen signs a few days before while out squirrel hunting, and after entering the mouth of the hollow had walked upward perhaps a half mile when I saw a deer get up out of a pine top that had probably been felled a year or two before. I was standing still at the time and perhaps had not been seen by the deer, which began to climb the mountain in leisurely manner. I drew the double-barrelled No. 10 to my shoulder, at the same time gave sound to a low whistle at which the deer stopped broadside. The gun was loaded with BB shot and I knew I was taking a chance at a kill. I discharged both barrels intending to hit the deer "below the waist-line," and at the report of the gun the deer fell, but was immediately on its feet and out of range going up the mountain before I could reload. I walked over to where the deer had stood and examined the ground. Yes, there was blood in profusion and I followed the trail easily, but not being an expert in woodcraft would lose it occasionally. At last I gained the summit of the mountain and found the trail as it crossed a tie road. I followed on for what I supposed three miles, when the trail turned down the side of the mountain towards the river, and when about a fourth the way down saw where the deer had stumbled. A hundred yards further down the deer had seemed to have "summersaulted," and a short distance further I found him in a heap with his neck broken.

Well! Here I was with a dead deer, how far from camp I did not know, nor did I know in what direction to go. Besides, night was falling and I knew it would be a dark one, there being clouds in the sky. To leave the deer and go in search of camp was out of the question, for if I found camp I would be unable to retrace my steps with help to get the deer, and if I left it until morning and then came back there would be no deer, for the woods were full of wolves and other animals that would make short work of devouring my kill. I then decided to camp right there until morning. I "yelled" vigorously a few times to attract the attention of any person who might be within the sound of my voice, but received no answer. I then gathered a quantity of pine knots for a fire, which I soon had blazing brightly, and dragging the carcass a short distance made a bed of leaves and using the deer for a pillow lay down and went to sleep after a time. I had the gun at my side. And now something happened that is past my "ken." I was awakened with a feeling that something was near me. I raised to a sitting posture carefully and scrutinized the surrounding darkness (my fire had burned down to a bunch of coals), and presently discovered two bright spots shining off to my left front. Not knowing what other method to pursue I raised the gun to my shoulder and called out: "If you are human, speak; I am going to shoot." As I spoke an old, long, black hound came from behind an adjacent stump and came into the dim firelight wagging his tail. "Hello, Joe," I called as he came forward. I and Joe had been squirrel hunting on several occasions, and were no strangers. I was certainly pleased to have his company on this occasion. I built up the fire again and was about to resume my nap when I thought I heard the sound of hunter's horn in the distance. Joe's master was a neighbor of mine, and I knew was also a coon hunter. I satisfied myself that the sound came from his horn, and I again set up a series of Ozark yells in answer but received no answering shout. Then I coaxed Joe up to me and fondled him until I got a good twist on his tail which I yanked lustily causing him to give a mighty howl which I knew was heard by his master, and which I knew would bring that person down to where we were, for he thought much of his hound. Presently he and another man saw the light from my fire, which I had again replenished, and were with me. His first question was:

"Well; what are you doing here at this time of night?"

"Lost," I replied, and as night overtook me decided to remain here until morning; but am glad you came."

After talking for a few moments about his luck of the night he suggested that we go home.

"All right," I said; "but what shall we do with this deer?"

He had not yet seen the deer, for he had been intent upon warming his feet and fingers. I pointed to the deer, and he was much surprised. He and the other fellow took the entrails from my kill, cut a substantial pole to which they swung the deer, put it on their shoulders and proceeded homeward, which, to my surprise, was less than a half mile away.

Yes, we had venison for a few days, and I was called upon to answer many silly questions regarding getting lost within a half mile of home, but their jests were kindly given, and besides, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was the only one in the neighborhood who killed a deer that season.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Trout Fly Patterns

(Continued from page 22)

MOLE:
Wings, wood duck or medium-gray starling or duck (in this *dry* fly they are set with tips pointing in an exaggerated forward position); body, gray or yellow-brown fur lightly dressed and tightly wound; legs, purple-brown (dyed) palmer hackle; tail, three or four whisks of same.

MONTREAL:
Wings, brown and black mottled (turkey tail-feather); body, maroon or dark claret mohair (dyed) ribbed with gold; legs, dark claret or crimson hackle; tail, scarlet ibis or gray mottled (mallard).

This is called *Dark Montreal.* With wings, gray mottled (mallard); body, scarlet silk ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, claret hackle; tail, scarlet ibis or gray mallard; the pattern is called *Light Montreal.*

NEVERSINK:
Wings, gray and black mottled; body, light yellow; legs, yellow (dyed) hackle; tail, black hackle.

PARAMCHENE BELLE:
Wings, white with scarlet outside strip; body, yellow silk or mohair ribbed with silver tinsel and with or without ball of peacock herl at head and tip; legs, scarlet hackle; tail, white and scarlet strips.

Originated by H. P. Wells and his guide John Danforth, to suggest native-trout fin, and famous on Canada and Maine waters, fished wet, usually deeply sunk. (Why not use the fin?)

PINK LADY (LA BRANCHE'S):
Wings, silvery gray (starling or duck); body, pink floss-silk ribbed with flat gold tinsel; legs, light red or ginger hackle; tail, three whisks of same. (Tied as a dry fly.)

Invented by Mr. George La Branche, the inspiration being the success achieved with a King of the Water whose scarlet body had faded from wetting which caused the dye to run.

PRIME GNAT (MARSTON'S FANCY):
Wings, dark gray; body, brown fur; legs, brown hackle.

Said to have been the creation of W. C. Prime, distinguished American editor and citizen, author of the angling classic, "I Go A-Fishing." Similar pattern named also after Mr. R. B. Marston, the famous veteran editor of the London Fishing Gazette.

PROFESSOR:
Wings, gray mottled (mallard); body, yellow ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, brown hackle; tail, scarlet ibis.

Named after John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Edinburgh, the story being that once when "Christopher North" had run short of flies, he improvised the original of this pattern by winding buttercup petals around the hook for the body, and using bits of a leaf to serve for wings.

QUAKER:
Wings, oriole wing-feather or gray; body, gray; legs, honey-yellow hackle.

QUEEN OF THE WATER:
Wings, gray mottled (mallard); body, orange; legs, brown hackle wound the entire length of body.

(To be continued)

1925 Edition

with Articles by these Noted Sportsmen—Authors

Sheridan R. Jones
Angling editor of Outdoor Recreation

Van Campen Heilner
Int'l authority on salt-water angling.

Wisconsin "Cal" Johnson
Famous outdoors-man and angling authority

Ozark Ripley
Famous authority on bass-fishing.

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SUCH noted sportsman-authors as Sheridan Jones, Van Campen Heilner, "Cal" Johnson and Ozark Ripley—each an authority in his particular kind of fishing—have contributed to this year's *"Fishing—What Baits and When."*

It's a book every fellow will want—and can have for the asking.

Jones, Johnson and Ripley give you first-hand information about bait casting and fly rod angling—what baits to use, when and under what conditions to use them, how to fly cast, how to bait cast. Heilner gives expert advice on salt water angling equipment, its use and care.

The 1925 edition of this book—120 pages—is interestingly illustrated with prize-winning photos from our annual Fish-Photo Contest. It is a book to be prized—to be kept for reference. Beginners will find it helpful to better fishing—old timers will be keen for it.

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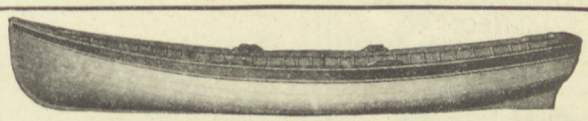

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KIDNEY row boats have a reputation for "standing up" under severest conditions. The Kidney Special, built especially for Detachable Motors, is one of the speediest outboard motor boats on the market. It draws very little water and is built to withstand the hardest motor vibration. ***Don't choose your boat until you've investigated the Kidney.***

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Highest Grade Barbless Flies $2.25 Doz.

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Internationally known philosopher, poet, writer, sportsman and angling authority.

Dr. Van Dyke has given the Jamison Barbless Hook one of the hardest and most thorough tests possible, covering several weeks fishing in wild turbulent waters for "sea trout", which are brook trout that have gone to sea and returned to fresh water. His letter follows:

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September 26, 1924.

Mr. W. J. Jamison,

Dear Sir:—This summer, after the Salmon season had closed, I had a fine chance to try out your flies with barbless hooks on the "sea trout" of our salmon river in Canada. We caught them by the hundreds, running from one to four pounds, and fighting strongly in the swift foaming waters. *Not one that was fairly hooked got away.* Moreover, when the young salmon-parr grabbed the fly that was not meant for them, as they always tried to do, we could shake the greedy little beggars off without harming or even touching them. In short, "that hump" did the business. It is an excellent invention.

Very sincerely yours,

Henry van Dyke

Of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Jamison Barbless Hook

Patented in U. S. A. 1924. Patented in Great Britain, 1924.

The smooth tapering patented wedge point of the Jamison Barbless Hook gives a much quicker and deeper penetration than is possible with any barbed hook. They instantly go all the way in and stay in, because they do not cut or tear the flesh and the "hump" holds them in place. For this reason you catch as many and often more fish with our barbless than you would with a barbed hook, and at the same time you greatly benefit your own fishing by saving all of the many small fish that would be killed by barbs or handling, as they can be shaken off unhandled and uninjured, to live and propagate.

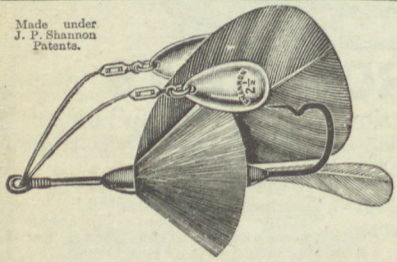
No Extra Skill Required
Money Back If Not Satisfied

Send for testimonial letters from prominent authorities and list of Barbless Hook Trout and Bass Flies, Baits and Hooks for Fly Tying and Bait Fishing. **Ask Your Dealer.**

Secretary of clubs should write for dating for our **Free Barbless Hook Fishing Films.**

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.
Dept. W, 739 S. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Made under J. P. Shannon Patents.



Barbless Hook Shannon Twin Spinners, Red, Yellow, White, or Black Fly—each 85c.

Where Your Treasure Lies

By T. W. NORCROSS

Forestry Department Edited by Harold Titus

WHEN you were a boy, with your own hands you built a hut or shack of wood picked up here and there, each piece an absolute "find" and the whole pile your personal treasure. Twenty-four nails to hold each board in place—it required all of that number—and sometimes an even dozen, one on top of the other for absolute security. But when the thing was done! You entered it with a thrill of pride and possession! With what boastfulness you showed it to the boys. You long trembled at entering with a candle in spite of the lure of penetrating its cozy darkness by flickering light. Why? You grew faint and your knees were weak at the mere thought of *FIRE* destroying this wonderful possession of yours.

When older grown, a house you built! With a little more knowledge but not too much wisdom you chose the plans, directed the work. This thing became yours, an expression of your taste in architecture, a symbol of your place in a material world. But when the thing was done! You entered it with a thrill of possession which this time you tried to conceal with a little grin of satisfaction. With a touch of pride you showed it to your friends and maybe you boasted a bit of superior plumbing or fixtures. But were you not watchful of electric wiring and observant of convenient hydrants? Why? Although well insured, still did not your knees loosen at the joints when you thought of *FIRE* destroying this wonderful possession of yours?

You have achieved so much and seen so much that it is a real effort to budge you out of your easy existence on the beaten paths but you must enter another possession of yours. It takes much effort to get you started, but you are coming, because you have another treasure to investigate, where yet another thrill awaits you. Hop into your machine and enter this—the greatest of your possessions. Chuck that superior manner—be yourself and as you pass the sign ——National Forest Boundary——the thrill that sweeps over you will not make you grin; it will almost make you shiver and tears will come to your eyes. For this immensity of forest before you, this vast expanse of quiet and peace belongs to you. *Peace* and *Quiet* in these hustling days! Are they not treasures?

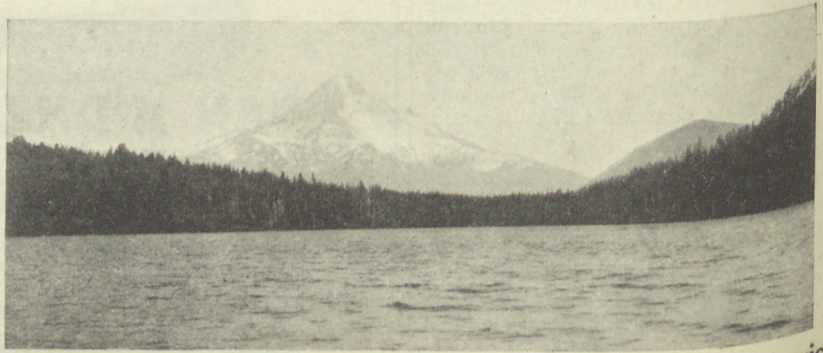
This is your first feeling. Take it easy, look around and remember that all this belongs to Uncle Sam. All this is yours. "Sounds good," you say. Well, find out what the forests are, what their value, service and needs. Learn what your privileges are and try to recover from the surprise. These Forests are your property.

Now, then, are you dreaming? Majesty like this does overcome one. Tonight you may camp by a little lazy creek; around the huge fireplace built in the open and specially designed for your comfort you may dream by the firelight and confess your hopes to the friendly stars. But right now journey on and learn for yourself a thing or two.

From this mountain you can survey the country spread before you. As far as you can see, glimpses of lakes, falls of sparkling water, stretches of green for grazing cattle; all yours and being managed for you, with joy in the service, by Uncle Sam's assistants in Forestry. Those streams abound in trout, those flowered mountain sides are for you a natural garden. But what is that shadowed blotch so desolate of trees so ugly to the sight? That spikey barren stretch that awes you, may well bring a spell of horror over your comfortable being because those gaunt spikes are the charred trunks of grand old trees that lost their lives by fire. Grim reminders are they of a match so carelessly thrown!

Help in time might have saved them. But how could you have reached them speedily without a path for travel? How can you rapidly clatter onward with your fighting tools and your gang of fighters if you have not first laid a road over which you may hasten?

Where in the world are you? You happen just now to be in your Cascade Forest but we may travel through 146 National Forests fully as beautiful if you wish to journey through 28 States besides Alaska and Porto Rico. Some of these Forests boast of glaciers and snow-capped peaks, big game for the hunter or vast ever-changing open spaces. The average



Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Forest contains about 1,100,000 acres—1,600 square miles you see. A goodly estate?

From the timber sales alone Uncle Sam takes into the Treasury for you over two million dollars annually and the demand for this timber is increasing so rapidly that within the coming few years the receipts will far exceed anything of the past. And what an immense use of the National Forests there is for the grazing of cattle and sheep. How important they are to the national food supply. But there are other resources too—water power, minerals and what not; these also are so linked to the national welfare that their development must be helped and not held back through lack of good transportation facilities.

Now you can probably see better than one could ever tell you just how pressing is the need for roads! If this estate of yours is to be well managed and properly cared for, must we not be able to get around in it? How can this be accomplished without proper roads? How can you hope to impress a prospective purchaser of your valuable timber unless it is made possible for him to view it? The logging of a great quantity of timber is dependent on transportation. In some sections the requirement is met by construction of railroads, as in the heavily timbered regions of Oregon and Washington. There are, however, very extensive regions where logging is dependent on roads. You, yourself, would have gone on this trip of investigation and pleasure far more readily had the lure of a good road called you. But with more extensive road improvements many inaccessible regions with untold recreational possibilities will be opened up for the pleasure of every citizen in our states.

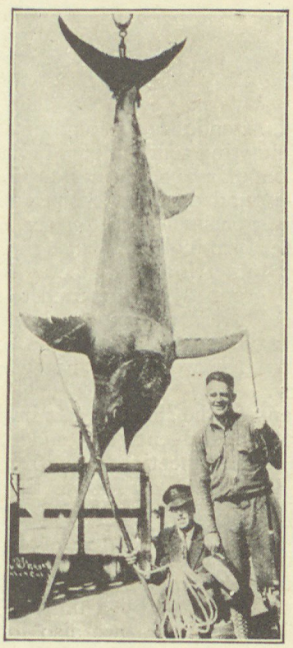
Would you explore still further? Would you penetrate the timber stands whose waving tops you glimpse from the mountain? Into these depths you shall travel as fast as roads and trails are built. Right now you will find many areas that you cannot enter and enjoy unless you are willing to bump along on rough steep roads so narrow that you are in constant fear of falling off. And even graeter is the area that cannot be reached except by trail or by fighting your way uphill and downhill, over dead and down timber or across rock slides. Possibly you are one of the relatively few that enjoys that sort of roughing it; the chances are good that you prefer the hurricane seat of a high powered, easy riding car.

The Forest Service has made a real study of its transportation needs and now estimates that the system should include some 40,652 miles. This sounds like a pretty extensive service, does it not? But consider the tremendous acreage to be served. The desired system will provide only one mile of road for over 5,500 acres; or expressed differently, in each township of 36 square miles or 23,040 acres, there will be 4.2 miles of road. And these will not be the wide, surfaced roads you are accustomed to travel on your Sunday afternoon spin; they will be good roads though and you will willingly cut your speed and watch your steering more closely if you can only get a chance to enter such an interesting and

(*Continued on page 49*)

ASHAWAY

"Haul Away—It's an Ashaway"



H. J. Mallen and his World's Record Broadbill Swordfish, weight 528 pounds, caught on an Ashaway Line.

Ashaway Original Cuttyhunk No. 24 Line Used by Mr. Mallen.

ANOTHER World's Record— 528 Pound Swordfish

TWELVE feet 6½ inches long, with a girth of 4 feet 10 inches and the pep and temper of a mad bull, in his savage rushes with his 4-foot sword he damaged the boat and propeller. The world's record swordfish.

But he couldn't get away from an ordinary Tuna Club standard 24-thread Ashaway Original Cuttyhunk Line. A line less than 1/16 inch in diameter but with more than 100 years of line-making integrity back of it.

Original and Best

Ashaway originated the Cuttyhunk Line many years ago. No imitation has ever equalled it. Other Ashaway salt-water leaders are: Joseph Jefferson—a waterproof variation of our Original Cuttyhunk; the Surfman's, the world's record surf-casting line.

Fresh-water Lines

Ashaway Lines for fresh-water fishing are equally superior in all ways. Leading favorites are: Swatiska First Quality Braided Silk Enamel, Speckled Beauty Filled Silk, Fairy Braided Enameled Oiled Silk Extra Strengh Waterproof Braided, Swastika Muscallonge.

Always Buy an Ashaway

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Ask for free Line Chart.

Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
Ashaway Rhode Island

Makers of Guaranteed Fishing Lines for All Uses for Over 100 Years.

Swastika Brand

FISHING TACKLE

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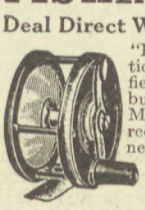


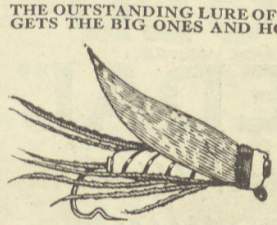
"Edward vom Hofe" on an article of TACKLE not only signifies that it is good TACKLE but that there is none better. Making Tackle since 1867 is a recommendation in itself. We never sacrifice quality to make a low price neither do we ever use quality as an excuse for a high price.

Catalog of 160 pages sent on request

Edward vom Hofe & Company
97 Fulton Street New York City

Peck's Barbless Hopper

THE OUTSTANDING LURE OF THE CENTURY GETS THE BIG ONES AND HOLDS 'EM, TOO



Bass and Trout Sizes—50c each. Three Assorted Patterns that will get fish anywhere. Postpaid $1.50.

Write for description of Peck's Barbless and Single Hook, Hook Nature Lures for Fly and Bait Casting.

E. H. PECKINPAUGH CO.
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

My Best Pal

Thousands of experienced outdoor lovers look upon their "Gold Medal" cots, tables, and chairs as their best pals—dependable, comfort-giving friends that make vacationing perfect whether at cottage or wayside camp.

They know what it means to relax in a comfortable chair, eat at a real table and awake fully refreshed after a wonderful night's sleep on a real cot. They find this same furniture useful the year around at home, either indoors or out.

Every piece of "Gold Medal" is good looking, light, sturdy, and folds compactly because of a special, time-tried construction that combines selected, seasoned wood, steel and canvas in exactly the right proportions.

FREE 40 PAGE BOOK
Handsomely Illustrated

Write for your copy of "Comfort for Home & Camp" which describes touring and camping equipment and home uses of "Gold Medal."

The popularity of "Gold Medal" leads many to believe that "Gold Medal" means a type or style of folding furniture—that *all* folding furniture is "Gold Medal." *But it's not.* "Gold Medal" is a trade marked, brand name put only on genuine "Gold Medal" furniture for your protection and assurance of highest, unvarying quality. Look for the name "Gold Medal"—insist upon the genuine.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
1753 Packard Avenue Racine, Wis.

"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG.
Folding—Furniture

FOR CAMP — FOR 33 YEARS THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD — FOR HOME

With The Trap Shooters

Edited by Jack Smith

Secretary Western Amateur Trapshooting Association

The attendance at some of the recent trap shooting tournaments indicates that this popular sport will be classed as a year-around pastime. A large crowd of hardy sportsmen were on the firing line at the Birmingham, Michigan, tournament, Jan. 7th and competed for a $100 trophy, recently contributed to the club. Harry Potter, the popular, newly elected, secretary had charge of the office and handled the work with noteworthy efficiency.

Many of the shooters left immediately after the last event to attend the annual banquet and meeting of the Detroit Pastime Gun Club. This meeting was attended by a large crowd of enthusiastic members. Dr. J. T. Wray, who has piloted the club through the most successful period of its existence, was re-elected President by a unanimous vote. The club members are also to be commended in the selection of Dave Larson to the Secretaryship. This young man has proved his ability as a successful manager of one of Detroit's large sporting goods stores and is very popular with a wide acquaintance among Detroit sportsmen. While the spirit of 1925 prevailed in the selection of young men to take charge of the active affairs of the club, the members cautiously elected a Board of Directors, composed of men who have had years of experience, to act as councillors. James Stark, Dean of the club, was elected to act as chairman, with Fred Pearse and Dr. Brown.

For many years Michigan has been one of the leading states in the trap shooting game. In point of average attendance at registered tournaments the Wolverines have been in third place for several years. However, the highest point of development has not been reached. The State organization, through the efforts of The Little Father of the Michigan Gun Club League, C. A. Galbraith, of Bay City, has increased its membership each year, but the time has arrived for a greater step forward if Michigan is to hold the place she deserves in the shooting game.

The Michigan Gun Club League must be strengthened by new members, more commodious club houses, a more active interest taken by the members in the affairs of the League and clubs and there is also a noticeable lack of competition at club shoots. Interest can be stimulated and super shooting ability developed only by competition. During the past five years numerous plans have been formulated with the idea in view of forming a league of clubs, each club to have a five man team in the field, but the movement has been a mis-fire, in the past, through the lack of a leader of sufficient ability to carry it to a successful conclusion.

With the birth of the New Year a young enthusiast has appeared on the shooting horizon, whom it is prophesied will introduce a plan and successfully manage a league of clubs, each club to have a five man team in the field. Frank Millenbach is the man of the hour and has been gathering data and preparing to launch an idea, which, if given the proper support, will result in a decided improvement in the sport.

Dates for the Grand Western Handicap, which will be held in Chicago this year, have not been definitely set. The last week in May or the first week in June will probably be chosen.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association was being held at Kansas City, at the time of our going to press. A complete report of the proceedings of that meeting will be given in our next issue.

The membership drive being staged by the W. A. T. A. has resulted in a flood of applications reaching Secretary Jack Smith at 4400 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Ill. To date Chicago leads all cities in affiliated members, 103 being enrolled in January. Coffeyville, Kansas City, Denver, Portland and Omaha follow in the order named. There is every indication of this Association having 1,000 members before the first registered tournament is held. A good many Eastern shooters have expressed their approval of the Western Association by applying for membership.

Frank Hughes, of Mobridge, South Dakota, led all shooters for high average last year with a percentage of .9830: W. H. Heer, of Guthrie, Okla., finished second with .9805; Frank Troeh, of Portland, Ore., was again near the top with .9772; for third place. The ten leading amateurs and professionals, with their averages, follow:

AMATEURS	
Frank Hughes, Mobridge, S. Dakota	.9830
W. H. Heer, Guthrie, Oklahoma	.9805
Frank M. Troeh, Portland, Oregon	.9772
Mark Arie, Champaign, Ill	.9743
William Lambert, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma	.9731
W. G. Warren, Huntington Park, California	.9725
A. B. Harris, Louisville, Kentucky	.9714
Phil R. Miller, Dallas, Texas	.9710
M. E. Dewire, Hamilton, Indiana	.9710
S. M. Crothers, Philadelphia, Pa	.9698
Average	.9743

PROFESSIONALS	
Guy Ward, Lake Charles, La	.9780
John Jahn, Spirit Lake, Iowa	.9757
Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Iowa	.9756
Art Killiam, St. Louis, Mo	.9754
L. H. Reid, Seattle, Wash	.9728
L. M. Hawkins, Pittsburg, Pa	.9725
Homer Clark, Alton, Ill	.9718
Ben Meents, Askum, Ill	.9712
J. R. Taylor, Newark, Ohio	.9707
Boyd Duncan, Lucy, Tenn	.9703
Average	.9733

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Where Your Treasure Lies—

(Continued from page 47)

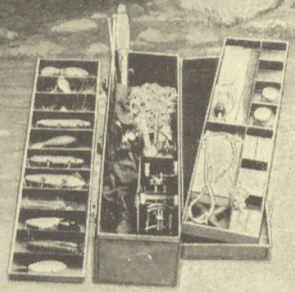
beautiful country. Right now the system is only a little over one-fifth finished. To be sure there are over twice as many miles of what someone has called wagon tracks; their life, it is hoped, is only temporary. And for the remaining quarter, there are no roads at all. The Forest Service estimates that to complete the desired system, some 195 million dollars must be spent. Looks like a hopeless task, does it not? But constant plugging and the never-say-die spirit will bring the desired reward and the returns will fully repay the effort.

When, with our roads we are able to open up still more of your property for development then shall we be able to give to your property the protection an owner always desires. You have viewed as well as you now can your immense estate. It is yours. You have felt that. When you travel you may boast a little with a few of these figures to back you and speak a little pridefully of your forests in these United States. You felt mighty little when you were within them, on leaving you begin to feel big till suddenly a feeling of apprehension assails you. Just as when building your home you cast about for a convenient hydrant in case of fire, now you seek a means of protection for this greater possession. Your most valued property may be in the heart of that forest. How then shall you protect it; how prevent the fires; how check them as soon as they start? Shall you allow fire fighters to travel for four or five days on foot before they reach fires which by the time of their arrival may be conflagrations, or shall you do all in your power to make broad the paths and wide the roads that all speed may be made in checking these fires?

What is more swift than lightning? And it is lightning that often starts these fires you dread. The best road you could have would be none too good were you speeding to the scene of action.

Would you permit a stranger to carelessly throw his lighted cigarette into the silken draperies of your home? Why then should he cast away a fiery stub upon the piney carpet of your larger possession. As in your own home you have provided yourself with every equipment for fighting a fire within its walls, so in this vast expanse of forest rapidly growing more valuable to *you* and *yours* and *theirs*, must you provide equipment that shall be capable of lessening distance, and penetrating the depths—*roads*.

A special question and answer service to readers of Outdoor America, will be announced in the April Issue.



"The taking of fish is not all of fishing"

A Kennedy Kit's a Comrade!

The 12-pound line that caught that 30-pound muskie—your prized Bassoreno—that jeweled reel—these must have protection.

Kennedy Kit is the answer. Waterproof, finished in brown baked enamel, that won't chip or rub off, it offers unfailing protection to hooks, lines, sinkers, bait and reels. The loop catch on the multiple change lock prevents spilling. When hunting—a perfect carrier for cartridges and other supplies. See it at any sporting goods house. The price is right.

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
208 Harrison Street, Van Wert, Ohio

TRADE Kennedy Kits MARK

"Weller's Classic" Minnow
ALIVE! WIGGLY!
A Juicy Looking Meal For Any GAME FISH
A BAIT-CASTER'S DELIGHT
The Only Bait made with a POSITIVE, LIFE-LIKE TAIL ACTION.
Duco Finished
ERWIN WELLER CO.
Sioux City, Ia.

HORRORS! It Has Two Bloody Tooth Marks on each side.
Makes any fighting fish mad.
SAY FELLOWS: Use Your Head, and this "Classic" Will Use It's Tail For You.
Equipped with Single Hook, One Treble, or with Two Treble Hooks. Finish: Piko, Chub, Red Devil (red head white body) and Blue Devil (blue head white body.)
Order direct if your dealer cannot supply. Price $1.50

Fishermen!
Have a look at our waterproof Silk and Irish Linen Fish Lines. Buy direct and save one-third. Red stamp brings you our 1925 Assorted Samples.
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Kampkook No. 4 is America's finest camp stove. Has 10½x19½ inch cooking surface, 10x19 inch warming shelf, folding adjustable wind-shield. Finished in baked olive drab enamel. Price in U. S. $10.50.

THE BEST CATCH—*Kampkook!*

Whip the streams. Land your speckled beauties—and then what? ***Kampkook*** 'em! For unsurpassed excellence in flavor and nutritious wholesomeness, try a ***Kampkook'd*** trout—fresh from the brook.

If your luck's been bad, substitute whatever your appetite demands. But you can't substitute for ***Kampkook.***

Reasons for Kampkook's Supremacy:

1. Convenient as a gas range and faster.
2. Going full blast in two minutes in any weather.
3. Makes a hot, clean, spreading blue flame from motor gas—no smoke, soot or odor.
4. Nothing to break, nothing loose— simple to operate.
5. Instantly detachable tank with built-in funnel, easily filled. Always cool. No chance for leaks—absolutely safe.
6. Burners will not burn out or clog.
7. Open iron grate—improves combustion.
8. Self-contained folding wind-shield.
9. Cool valves built in—can't lose them.
10. Sturdy folding legs—absolutely rigid.
11. Safe any place.
12. Good heater in damp, cool weather.
13. Folds like a suit case—ALL inside.
14. The original—the result of 29 years' manufacturing experience.

A model for every need, from $7.00 to $14.30. All of them ***original Kampkooks.*** At your sporting goods dealer.

Send for your copy of ***Kampkookery*** *—a wonderbook of camping hints for the motor camper—free.*

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE COMPANY, Inc.
838 Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Nature Takes a Hand

(Continued from page 17)

June, quick!" he ordered next, and June realizing urgency from David's tone and actions, managed obediently to scramble forward just as the boat dipped over the crest of the swift pull into the white rapid.

David had ten seconds to sweep the boat around into position so it would meet the white water head on and he managed it just in time to split the first white comber that smashed, quartering, into the bow.

Through the white roar below, David took his waterlogged craft with master hand as he sat, white faced, tight lipped against the pain, but clear headed, calm, and with strength in taut young muscles keyed to top pitch and responding with the resiliency of youth to the mind in control.

He knew every inch of that roaring, flood-deep snarl of wicked water, and he knew his own ability as a boatman and sat tight, to throw his strength against the steering oar at the precise split second that judgment told him would avoid one smash after another as the sluggish craft raced on to the pull of the swift currents.

The girls, wide eyed, too frightened to scream even, sat still on the middle seat, clinging to each other, hardly breathing while the flat bottomed river craft reared, leaped, plunged and fell flat down with mighty splash as the black rocks shot past, vanishing upstream in the roar of white water.

The whole plunge down through the rapid took not more than a minute, or minute and a half, of actual time but the girls lived through ages of fear and David's eyes were blinded with the sweat of grinding pain from his broken arm and a broken rib, to say nothing of bleeding cuts and throbbing bruises on his battered body, when the boat slid out of the white foam and slowed down to drifting speed on the current below the rapids.

Here he swept the bow around and sculled in against the flat edge of sandbar at the eddy edge on the north bank.

Struggling to his feet, he got out on the sand and pulled the bow up safely, then things went dark again and he crumpled down in a limp heap as June and Jule came over the side.

They went to work a little more quietly now as both realized that David had fainted again.

They got him straightened out, poured water on his face and followed out all the orthodox things to revive the fainting that they could remember having seen their elders do in times of stress such as this, and presently, in spite of these well meant ministrations David opened his eyes in time to hear June scream, "Oh Jule! Jule! His arm is broken! What shall we do! Oh, what shall we do!"

David, his sense of humor tickled a bit at June's wild state of mind in spite of his hurts, smiled and said, "Why, fix it of course! What else? A broken bone isn't killing, June, no matter how much it hurts."

"Well, what shall we do! Tell us, Davie, tell us what to do!" she answered.

"Get that little board there first," he said, pointing to the driftwood pile at the foot of the rapid where a broken wooden box floated in and lodged with other flotsam.

"Now tear up this handkerchief into strips and knot them together; now bind them around my arm and the board," he directed as he pulled the broken bones out straight and held them against the board that Jule kept in place along his arm.

The pain brought the sweat dripping and David went white around the mouth, but he calmly directed the binding process until his arm was flat and tightly held against the rough splint, enabling him to manage the broken member again.

"I guess I've got a smashed rib too, the way it feels," he said as a spasm of pain pulled him sidewise against the stab of nerves, where the loose end of rib bone grated against its solid part still in place.

Nature had taken a hand in the affairs of David and in one short minute had reduced him from a strong and hearty youth to a broken, pain-twisted wreck in the wilderness, a considerable distance from possible help, and responsible for two young ladies, who knew nothing to speak of about the ways of the wilds, or how to care for busted up humanity before competent help could step in and take over the management of things.

It was up to David.

"Well, girls, we can't go back upstream and I can't possibly row a boat when my arm is smashed so we'll have to go down stream to the south bridge and tie up there.

"Then we can walk up the road to town if nobody comes along, going in with a team, to give us a lift.

"I've got some broken bones that need attention, but they won't kill me if they are not set for a week, and we can get to town in a couple of hours without any one's help, so we've nothing to worry about.

"Let's get the water out of the boat and get started."

Under his direction, the twins helped to cant the rowboat up on its side and drain the water out, then with the one oar in place in the sculling notch in the stern, David shoved off, after taking the girls aboard, and the trip on down stream began.

Now that danger was no longer a factor, David found himself almost helpless from the stabs of pain caused by the broken rib if he tried to scull, so progress became a matter of down-stream drift until June said, "Let me scull, David, I know I can."

But she couldn't until David showed her, slowly and painfully, the trick of twisting the oar in the sculling notch to get side pressure and drive the boat ahead.

Presently June caught the knack of it and managed to help a bit and to steer under David's directions until the voyage ended at the south bridge where the road

crossed the river, giving all the farmers of the south country entry to the trading center of town.

Here the boat was tied up and the little company started bravely up the highway on their hot and, for David, painful pilgrimage toward help and permanent repairs.

Five minutes later Oll Tichnor came up with his team and buggy going into town, and he was promptly stopped by the twins who acquainted him with the situation. Their troubles were over, for Oll took them all aboard and hustled off to the doctor's, where David was given first aid by the man of medicine while June and Jule hovered about, getting in the way in their enthusiastic desire to be helpful.

Nor would they listen to David when he told them he could take care of himself nicely now.

During the period while David was more or less incapacitated, because of his slowly healing hurts, either June or Jule was at his elbow all the time, ready to help even with the smallest service.

"Let me, Davie, please!" was the way they met every move of this big boy they both loved with their hearts, nor could David deny them.

Permit—

a rare game fish of the Coral Shoals

(Continued from page 14)

sent to the National Museum a giant of the same species, taken at Jupiter Inlet. . . . weighing twenty-three pounds. It has since become evident that the species figured by Girard in the ichthyology of the United States and Mexican boundary, under the name *Doliodon carolinus*, is really *Trachynotus goreensis*, and that its occurrence in the Gulf of Mexico is not unusual . . . being known at Key West as the Permit."

I quote several items from Gregg:

"Permit or Pompano. This large Pompano, which attains a weight of twenty-five pounds, is not uncommon along the Keys."

(Report of Hugh M. Smith, U. S. Commission, 1895.)

"Key West Permit, or Permit of Key West, *Trachinotus goodei*."

(Evermann & Bean, report to U. S. Commission, 1896.)

"Permit, *Trachinotus goodei*, J. & E. This species is not very common about Key West. It reaches a weight of forty pounds."

All of which attests to rather sparse and contrary information about this singular fish. That he is a remarkably shy, elusive fish, and unequalled as to gameness, I can certainly testify. But I do not believe the permit of the coral shoals is a fish for all anglers to aspire to catch, even most of the bonefishermen. He is too hard to find, too difficult to catch. To the angler, however, who is forever yearning for the almost unattainable, I recommend the pursuit of the permit.

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For Dry Fly—2 weights—7½ feet	$0.60
For Wet Fly—3 weights—6 feet	.45

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Sizes 8 regular and 10 Long Shank	2.40 "
Sizes 6 regular and 8 Long Shank	3.00 "

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TROUSERS, Stocking Feet	23.75
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"JERSEY," No. 2315, Nickel Plated	$ 2.50
"MANCO," No. J314, Jeweled Nickel Plated	6.75
"CROWN SPECIAL," Jeweled Nickel Silver	8.75
"MEEK," Plain or Jeweled Bearings.	$30.00 to 38.00
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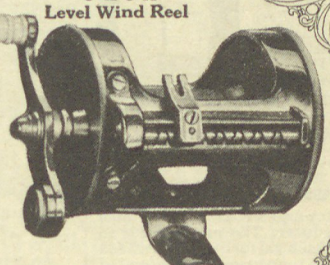
MILLS' SPECIAL Bonefish	30.00
J. VOM HOFE Surf	35.00
MILLS' SURF	35.00
MONARCH SURF	14.25

Okeh

Level Wind Reel



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Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance, the moment you put on a Director. Clothes fit and look better without a heavy waistline to pull the coat out of shape. Trousers won't sag and bulge—vest won't creep and wrinkle. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

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But best of all, Director gives more than temporary relief. *It actually dissolves excess fat away*. With every movement of the body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure to the abdomen. This continued kneading motion acts exactly as a massage in dissolving and scattering fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of Director permanently corrects

Partnership in Fish Culture

(Continued from page 29)

reau's nearest hatchery. This would mean an expansion of the work of the station personnel without entailing the heavy overhead expense involved in the maintenance of valuable buildings and equipment.

It has been demonstrated after many years of experience in bass culture that the fullest measure of success is not attainable by the use of small ponds. The returns are vastly greater in large ponds or lakes where the fish have the benefit of a natural environment. Under such conditions young bass may be held in the enclosures until they attain a length of 5 to 7 inches before the distributions are made, thus rendering them far more valuable for the stocking of streams and lakes.

The Bureau of Fisheries is in a position to inspect most of the sites which may be brought to its attention by associations or individuals. After the investigation of a site has been made all the conditions will be carefully considered and if it is found that the Bureau can not undertake the proposed work on a profitable basis it will be very glad to aid the owners of the property by advice and suggestions as to the most practicable manner of conducting fish-cultural work independently. It is realized that the greater the number of fish produced, whether in cooperation or under private management, the better the conditions will be from the standpoint of the public. The main factors to be considered are the conservation of fish life and the production of fish in increasing numbers.

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The eggs are viscid and as soon as fertilization is accomplished they become attached to the bottom of the nest. Some writers contend that the male fish assumes his vigil over the nest at this time, while the female moves on and deposits her remaining eggs in other nests. The average yield of eggs is from 8,000 to 10,000 per fish, the number and also the size depending upon the age and size of the parent fish. The incubation period is governed largely by the water temperature, but as a general thing it covers a period of from 10 days to 2 weeks.

During the time the eggs are incubating the parent fish take no food. The young remain on the nest for two or three days after hatching, the length of their stay depending on weather conditions. As soon as they attain sufficient strength the parent fish leads them around the shallow pond margins in search of food, and at the age of three weeks, when they are about an inch long, they are dispersed in the shallow waters among the aquatic plants. From that time on they pursue an independent existence.

As they must depend upon daphnia or other microscopic food during the early stages, it is very essential that they have wide range in order to secure a sufficient amount of such organisms for their sustenance. The importance of this fact in bass production can not be too strongly emphasized.

By close observation the Bureau of Fisheries has learned many strange and interesting things about various members of the finny tribe and incidentally about fishermen. The fishing fever seems to be an inseparable part of humanity. In primitive days mankind dwelt by the sea and was obliged to fish in order to gain sustenance. The characteristic acquired through that experience has never been bred out of man's nature, notwithstanding the many changes in his environment. If you feel the promptings of this instinct within you write to the Bureau of Fisheries, state fully the water area under your control, its source, the size of the ponds or lakes comprising it, and their summer temperature.

The Bureau will be glad to inform you how your property can be made more serviceable if there is any possibility of it. You will also be advised as to whether a partnership in fish-culture can be formed. You are invited to join the great fraternity of American fishermen and by taking advantage of your facilities and Uncle Sam's advice and experience assist in the work of restoring the fishing to its former high standard. It is just as much the function of the Bureau of Fisheries to advise people how to fish as it is to furnish them with fish produced in the Government hatcheries, and it is not beyond the realm of possibility that the greatest good will come from fish produced and protected by individuals and associations.

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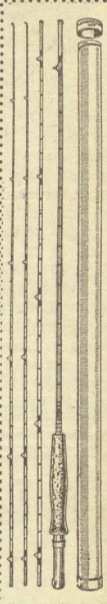

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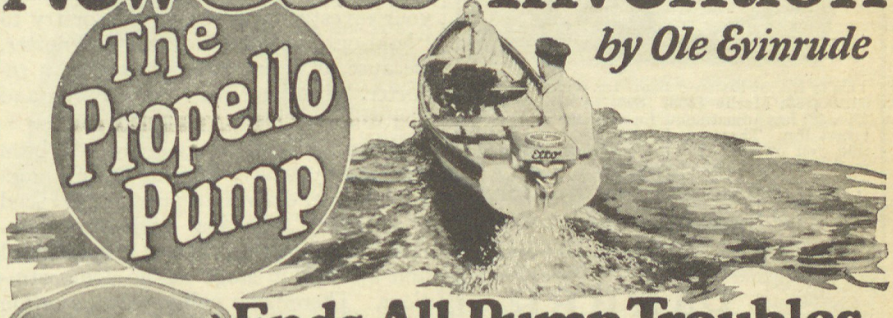

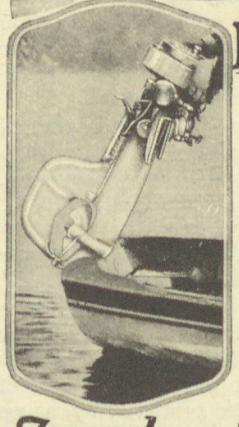

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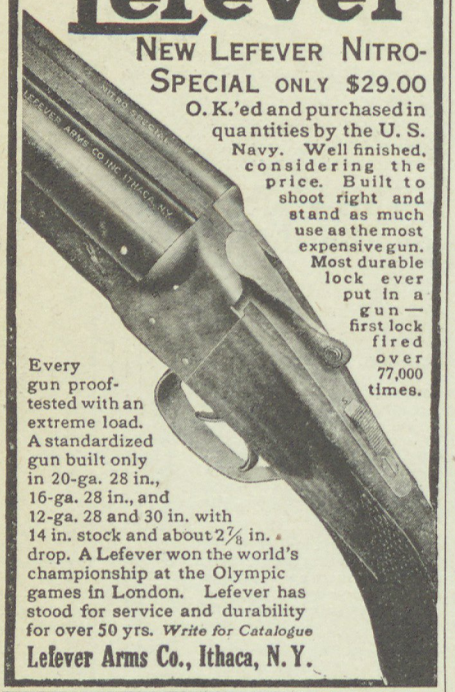

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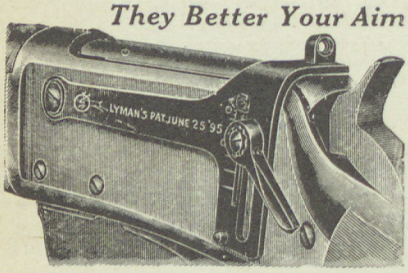

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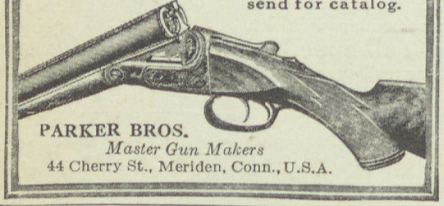

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Adopt a River

(*Continued from page 31*)

You may be surprised to learn the condition of the stream is due, not so much to neglect as to lack of leadership and lack of accurate knowledge on how to proceed to restore your river to its former beauty and usefulness.

Local conditions vary but public opinion remains the same and the only way you can mold public opinion is to arouse the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of the people.

The women of your community are your most valuable allies. The women, the mothers of your youngsters, are vitally and actively interested in anything that will benefit the health and recreational facilities of the children. We men may sit around and pat ourselves on the back for civic achievements but a careful scrutiny of each real achievement will show the fine hand, diplomacy and support of a woman.

Appoint investigating committees of citizens, judiciously chosen for their ability to determine exact conditions in your locality and for their knowledge of water and water pollution. Get all the constructive opinions you can. Make a record of all suggestions, then call another open meeting and discuss each suggestion carefully.

Take your newspapers into your confidence—you will find that newspaper men are mighty good sportsmen and just as anxious as you are to do something for your town and your river. Do not make your investigations mysterious or try to "hold out" information on the reporter. Because, if he is worth his salt as a reporter, he will get the story anyway and you will have lost a valuable friend.

When the preliminary steps have been taken and you have determined on a practical course, draw up a petition and send it to every municipal gathering place. Get the cooperation of the school board and arrange to stage public demonstrations. There is no public demonstration as effective as a children's parade—as the fathers and mothers are obviously interested in the youngsters' activities.

Find the key-man in your city council or state legislature. Every organization dealing with the public has a key-man. This man, either through his ability to acquire votes or his dominating personality, usually controls the actions of the group with which he is identified.

See that your petitions, bearing the names of every man and woman in your community, get to this man, personally. You will find that the moving finger of destiny is motivated primarily by, as we have mentioned before, public opinion. Because public opinion means votes and votes mean meat, drink and glory to the man in public life. If your key-man knows his constituents are sufficiently interested in their rivers to carry out the program outlined, depend upon it, he will immediately adopt your suggestions. He will act upon it not only from a standpoint of good politics and good business but perhaps he too was one of the boys who splashed around in the old swimming hole and wants to do it for his river.

Now, assuming that your community has completed the program and the plan is an assured success, you must not rest on your laurels as there are other towns on your river. These other towns are busily engaged in dumping their refuse into the stream and unless they are brought to see the light, all your work will have gone for nothing and your river will still be polluted.

Again there is but one solution: That is to carefully pick a committee and call on the mayor, city council, and business men of the communities immediately above and below yours on your river. Tell them the story and get them to repeat the program in their towns. Leave them with plans to interest the next two towns and so on, until every community on the stream is taking steps to do its share toward the ultimate millennium—a country of clean, beautiful rivers and lakes.

This is no idealistic, half-baked idea, but a concrete, carefully worked out, practical plan that has been put to the test in Iowa, Indiana and other states, and their achievements speak for themselves.

This means work and lots of it, but it is worth it.

You watched the boys march gaily in to that seething Hell, the front line trenches of France—perhaps you marched yourself—or daily you read reports of them being blown to bits and gassed like rats in a trap. The sound of marching feet, rifles glistening in the sun and the blare of brass bands caused an emotion to surge through your soul and instinctively you swept off your hat in deference to a bit of cotton bunting, symbolic of all that America stands for —"Old Glory."

The brass bands are gone and many of the boys who gladly, eagerly, plunged into an inferno surpassing the classic imagination of Dante, lie beneath the poppies of France.

Those boys loved your river. You owe it to them and to the boys who will follow in our footsteps to adopt their river. To restore the old fishing grounds and the old swimming hole. To make a creditable asset of a dangerous liability.

* * *

If there is no chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America in your community, address a letter to National Headquarters, Department E, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois, and complete information on how to form one will be sent you by return mail.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Congressional Classic

(*Continued from page 34*)

range of subjects, sufficient indeed, had they been adopted, to have almost completely remade the document.

Two proposals out of the 400 met with the favor of Congress and were submitted. Perhaps as a matter of history they are interesting enough to mention.

In 1810, at the second session of the Eleventh Congress, by a vote of 26 to 1 in the Senate and 87 to 3 in the House, there was passed a resolution to amend the Constitution so as to provide:

"If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive, or retain any title of nobility or honor or shall without the consent of Congress accept and retain any present, pension, office, or emolument of any kind whatever from any emperor, king, prince, or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the United States and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them or either of them."

This amendment was ratified by 12 States and received the approval of the Senate of South Carolina, but it was not acted upon by the House. Had that State ratified, it would have been the law. There is nothing in the debates about it to indicate what caused its suggestion, nor does contemporary literature shed any light upon the question.

The second amendment to be submitted in this period was what is known as the Corwin amendment, designed to prohibit any amendment abolishing slavery.

When the Thirty-sixth Congress convened for its second session in December, 1860, the clouds of the war of secession were easily discernible and alarm was universal. President Buchanan in his message recommended the submission of some constitutional amendments in the hope that they might avert civil strife. The House of Representatives created a special committee of 33 on conciliation. Of this Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, was made chairman. This committee, after long consideration, agreed upon a report which embodied measures intended to be conciliatory in character. These were the subject of animated, indeed, intensely angry, debate.

One part of the report was a proposed amendment to the Constitution which would forever make it impossible for Congress to interfere with slavery in the States. Mr. Corwin offered a substitute for the committee proposal. It was at first rejected in the House, but upon a reconsideration received the required two-thirds, the vote being—ayes 133, noes 65. In the Senate it received exactly the required two-thirds, the vote being 24 to 12, and so it went to the legislatures on March 12, 1861, two days before the end of the session, in the following words:

"No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws thereof."

To be concluded in the April issue.

Takedown, Repeating, Hammerless. 24-in. Octagonal barrel. Flat top sporting rear and bright metal blade front sights. For .22 short, long and long rifle cartridges. Weight 5¾ lbs.

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Hunting With Murderers

(*Continued from page 24*)

or came to a stand, a sharp cry rounded the others up to a back, the hunters rode up, leisurely dismounted, gave the reins to the trusties, and enjoined upon them to mark down the fallen birds, and especially the flying covey.

Who can describe the tense though suppressed excitement that thrills the hunter as he comes up behind the eager but self-restrained dogs, whether they be trailing or creeping up step by step, or frozen into statues as rigid as bronze!

Some men may appear cool and composed, without any access of fervor, but I do not envy them. I have had the experience a thousand times, and there is to me always a delicious sensation that creeps up my back, courses through my blood, stirs my heart and brain, that I would not part with for any man's cold aplomb. One feels it but cannot in words make it the possession of others.

And then the crowning sensation! I have hunted quail for far more than half a century and I never expect to be and do not want to be without the climacteric thrill that comes, when almost from under your very feet comes a burst of whirring wings, that would almost startle a marble statue, and all the air vibrates with a whirr of fuss and feathers that has no counterpart in nature. Of all the thrills of small game hunting it is incomparable. I have known men to forget to shoot until too late. Almost always other kinds of birds get up separately, but here is a conclamatory whirr that comes like the explosion of a shrapnel, or ardent lovers' synchronous kisses, and it is quite as thrilling as the latter except to the immediate participants.

The Judge and the Banker were together. The twenty did fine and constant execution, but the Banker had a wicked eye and a wicked gun, one of those game destroying, devilish repeating devices, which ought to be forever barred. On several occasions five birds on the rise of a covey fell to his gun and he would smile triumphantly as much as to say "Beat it if you can."

The Judge said: "I would rather bring down two birds with my twenty than ten with your twelve bore gatling and I warn you that if you ever get into my court nothing but the recollection of the faultless performance of Old Joe today can save you from condign punishment and that without benefit of clergy." The Banker sadly said: "Judge, I have not consorted much with the clergy but I have kinder looked forward to one performing at my funeral as a sort of badge of respectability and I hope you will not bar that ceremony."

We met at the trysting place and found a most elaborate warm lunch, sent from Headquarters. Any menu would have been eaten with avidity by tired hunters, but this assortment would have appealed to the jaded appetite of a veteran epicure.

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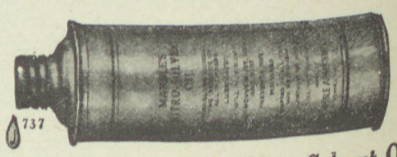

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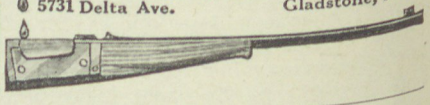

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Just as we halted a convict showed where he had marked down some birds but we refused to be enticed from the basket. Two of our trusting trusties asked for our guns to go and shoot them. The Banker promptly complied. The Judge became absorbed in something else. When asked if he feared that he would incur some risk, he said: "No, really I think not, but then you know it would be taking a chance and while I am not overly careful about my health, I have some regard for the Bench and if that fellow had shot me down with my own gun, as he easily could have done, I would go down to posterity as the greatest fool judge that ever sat upon the Bench and that would be a reflection on the judiciary, for I know some awful fool judges who in lucid intervals might suicide with advantage to the Bench."

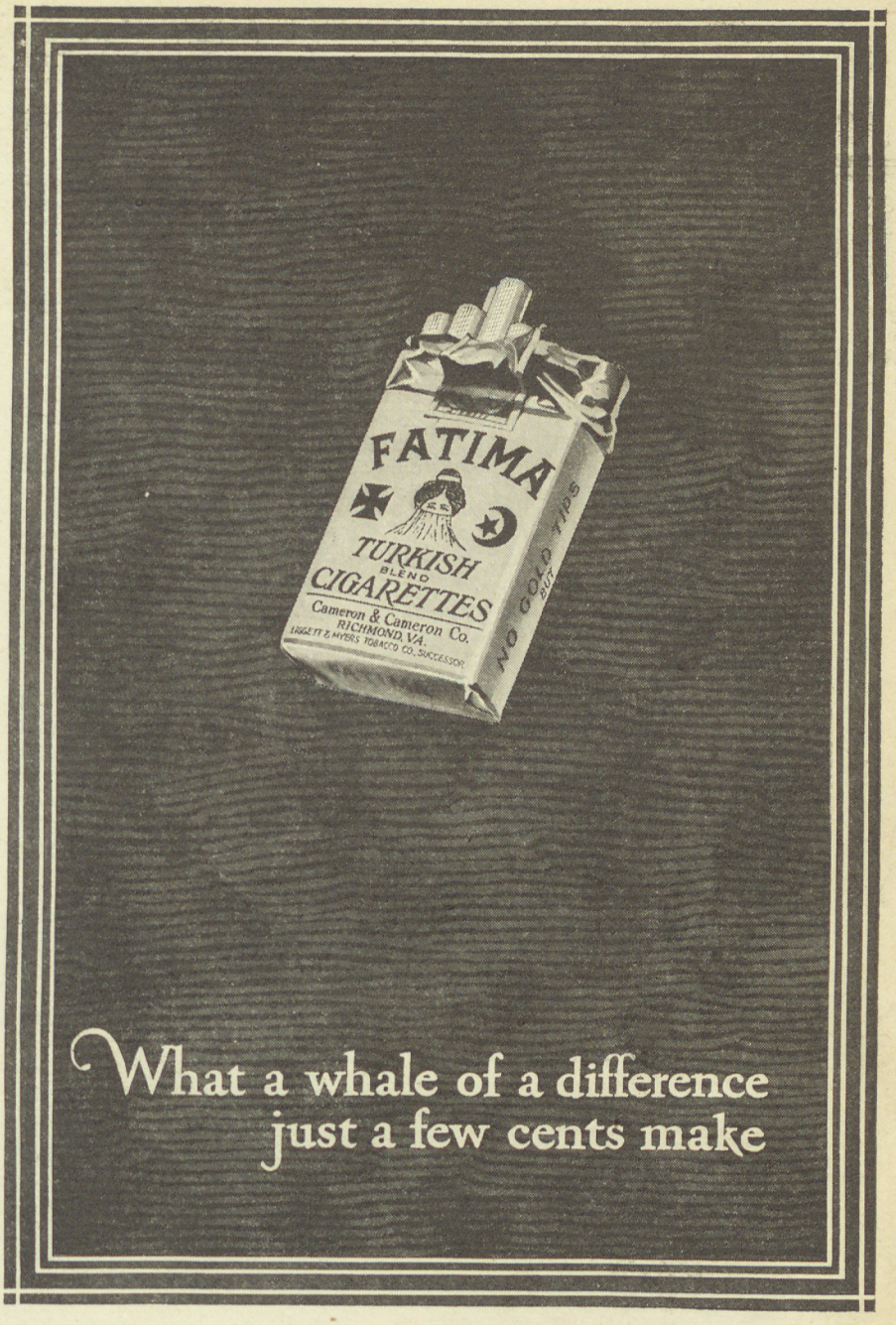
The luncheon was interspersed with hunting reminiscences. The Ex-Judge told of a wonderful point where his dog Kent of Kenson, by King of Kent, was retrieving a bird. Just as he was going over a twelve rail fence with the bird in his mouth he became rigidly poised on the top rail when careful inspection showed that he was setting a quail in a tree overhead.

The Superintendent who had convoyed the lunch put in: "I don't know much about pointers, setters, droppers and the like, but when the talk is of dogs I think of a hound. Old Joe Slack of Grenada believed in hounds. One night his pack had jumped a wily old red fox. They stopped up his den and so he took straight away for about twenty miles. The hunters could not keep the pace and unsaddled, built a fire, put in some sweet potatoes to roast and lounged and yarned, waiting for the dogs to come limping in. One laid down by the fire and jerked and moaned and gave a bark in his sleep. Old Joe said: 'Boys, listen to that dog. He is dreaming. He thinks he is running a fox. That is sub-conscious mentality. He is thinking and therefore has a mind and consequently a soul which is immortal. As he is the best dog in the world, he will go to Dog-Heaven.' Some one said: 'Joe, what kind of Heaven is that?' Joe weighed the question as he always did a hard point in law and then with solemn gravity replied: 'Dog-Heaven is a great big enclosure with pools of pot likker and corn bread scattered all over it and thickets full of lame rabbits.'"

The conversation went back to bird dogs. The Judge launched forth in praise of the pointer. The Banker backed up the setter.

The Ex-Judge, a retiring man who was given to self-effacement, modestly suggested that there were dogs and dogs, and that while he put bird hunting and the working of the dogs as the most attractive of all, yet there was much to be said for other breeds and more strenuous hunting, and thus delivered himself:

"We may brag about bird dogs picking up a scent, but they are not in it with a hound. A bloodhound will easily strike



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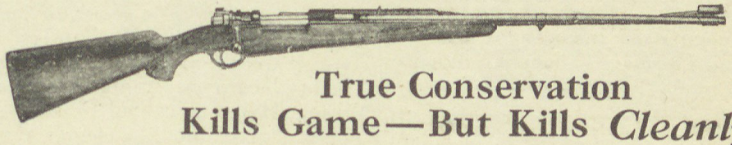

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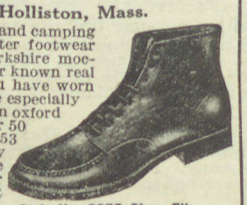

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the scent of a man that is 36 hours old, but the best of all is the 'pot lik'er hound' which is descendent from the bloodhound, crossed on the red bone fox hound. He is called a red bone because his bones are as red as those of a fox squirrel. This dog was brought into Mississippi from Virginia by the first settlers in this country and was used for hunting bear, deer, wolves, bob-cat, panthers, 'possum and coons, and when trained, was used for hunting criminals.

"The pure bred bloodhound is good natured and rarely attacks a human being. They will trail him and when they catch up will ring right around and bay him, but they will not take hold unless he tries to get away and then they will catch him by the clothes and not bite unless he attacks them. The pot likker hound is fiercer and therefore is a great dog for vicious animals. They have been known to stay by a bear all night long until the hunters could come up. He has the coldest nose of all dogs except the bloodhound. He is a smooth dog and has not the heavy wrinkles or rolls of skin which the bloodhound has about the neck and head. He is very smart and easily trained so that he will run nothing but a bear and will not turn aside from the bear he is trailing even if another bear crosses the track. When he strikes a bear trail he knows he has got to fight and even the bristles rise up along his back the same as in a fight with another dog; and his voice changes and becomes deep, determined and vicious and the hunters, if within hearing, know at once by his tone that he is on the trail of a bear.

"The dog that has the best nose for finding the scent is called a strike dog, and most always is not as fast as the leader. The pack has the same confidence in him that the hunter has and when they hear his voice they go to him and then the strongest and fastest dog, known as the leader, takes up the trail and leads the pack. I have seen a strike dog scratch leaves out of a bear track to get the scent. A strike dog sticks to his trail to the end, no matter how fast or wide the other dogs run. Should the other dogs get bothered or lose the trail they will swing back to the strike dog, pick up the trail and go right on. They are very sensible and know how to take care of themselves. When they get up to a bear, they will bay and nip him and jump back for the bear whirls and woe to the dog that is in reach of his paw. The greatest white bear hunters of this country were Bob Bobo and John Smith. The best negro bear hunters were Charley Wilson, Holt Collier and Frank Dawsey. The last two hunted bear with President Roosevelt on the Sunflower river.

"Wilson is reputed to have killed 100 bear in one winter about 1881. At that time and prior thereto some planters had negro hunters who procured much of the meat for plantation purposes."

The Judge, always deferential when off the bench, said: "Solomon said, 'Of making books there is no end' and I find that making talk is much like it. Please let me remind you that we are out for a hunt and can swap lies at home." The mounts were brought up and we were off. It was remarked that the Judge always quietly removed his shells before

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handing his gun to his gun bearer. He said the greatest prayer ever uttered was "Lead us not into temptation" and he felt temporarily responsible for that poor darkey's immortal soul.

My particular guide philosopher and friend was Ernest, a "lifer." As we spent many hours together, we became very confidential. I asked him how he became enmeshed in the law and he said he was convicted for killing his father but it was unjust for it was an accident as he was not trying to kill him, but a woman who had vamped him and broken up his home.

That recalled a letter which President Roosevelt showed me from one of his Rough Riders which said:

"Dear Col.:

You always thought well of me and I want to keep your good opinion. You may have seen in the paper about my killing my wife and I want you as my friend to know that I was not shooting at her, 'but at another lady.'"

As we rode through the plantation we saw at one time about 70 double ploughs drawn by sleek, powerful mules coming all abreast across a field and armed guards standing at each turn row. These were all negro convicts. The Superintendent explained that the men ploughing were called men under the gun and that the guards were trusties whose good behavior had won for them this confidence. He said that they had rarely connived at escapes and that such an attempt would bring sure death.

There were 12 camps with separate headquarters and places of confinement, the whites and the women being in separate camps. White convicts, especially burglars, were more desperate and dangerous than the negroes, and a very much smaller percentage of them were trusties. The wardens and assistants were white but over all of the camps there were not more than 80 white employees including bookkeepers, etc.

He said that he did not curse a convict for it was not only bad discipline but was cowardly to curse a helpless man and that he did not tolerate it on the part of his subordinates and that a violation of this rule was equivalent to an instanter resignation.

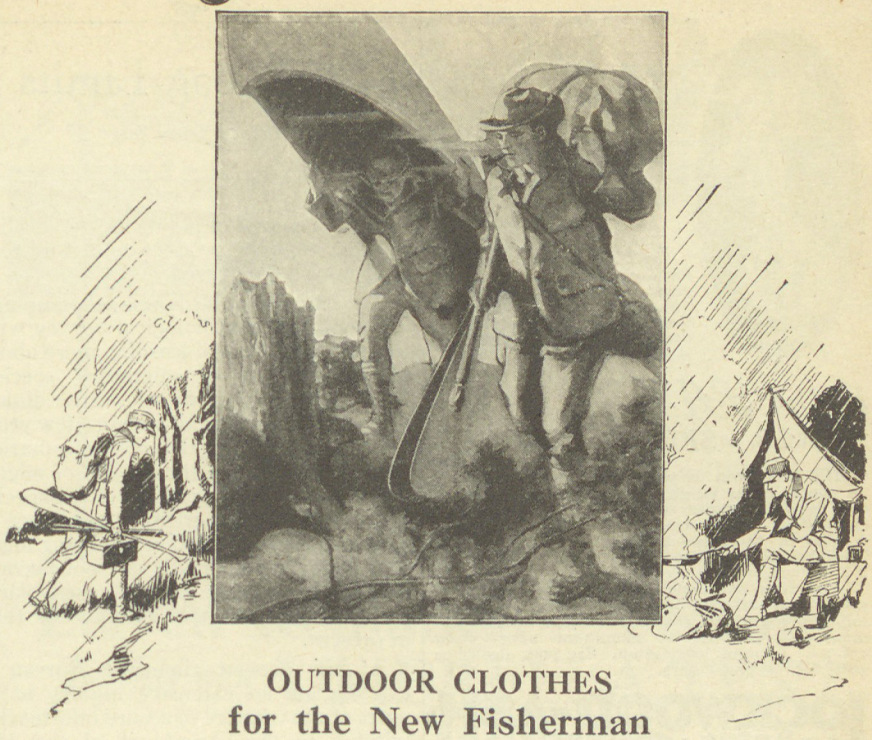
These people, on account of strict but wholesome diet, working in the open air, having artesian water and screened houses, enjoyed exceptional health. We noticed that at all the camps the bedding was hung out in the sun.

We could not but compare these wholesome conditions with the narrow, vermin-infested prisons of many states.

The hunt lasted three days. We killed up to the limit, but being law abiding and having in our keeping the reputation of a Federal Judge, we did not exceed it. We feasted on quail, the daily allowance not exceeding four per person.

No outing was ever more successful and enjoyable. The varied incidents, if adequately treated, would go far beyond the space permissible in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

We left amid most urgent and hospitable invitations to return, and have nothing but pleasing memories of our term at the penitentiary.



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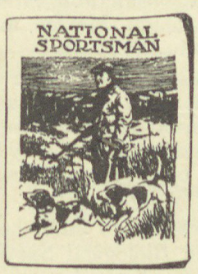

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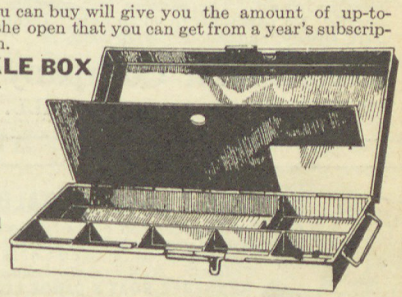

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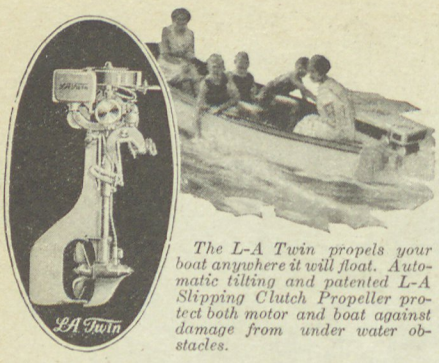

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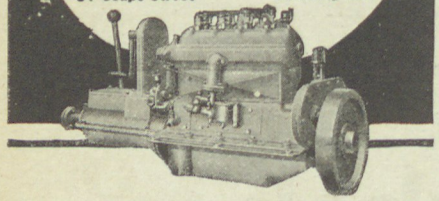

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Duck Bag Limits

Continued from page 27

favorable species of plants for the locality in order that the production of wild fowl food may be increased.

The banding of birds was taken up and developed by the Biological Survey with the distinct object of learning more about the movements of migratory species. This work is proving of extraordinary interest and value, and within a few years a vast amount of definite information will be available on the subject of migration routes and other habits of the species that will be of the greatest assistance in their protection. Studies are being made of breeding areas, since it will soon become of vital importance that all such places shall be more carefully safeguarded than at present.

At the present time the Bureau is carrying on an extensive inquiry in all parts of the country to secure information relating to the abundance of the wild fowl at the present time and relating to their abundance during a number of preceding years, with a view to determining whether further restrictions are needed at this time on the number of birds to be killed. This inquiry is still in progress. When the Migratory Bird Treaty Act Advisory Board met in Washington on December 10 a report of progress was made to it. An understanding was reached that when the information had been accumulated covering the present season the information and recommendations to cover proposed changes in the regulations would be transmitted to the Board through the Secretary of Agriculture for its advice. This is the regular course followed by the Bureau in matters pertaining to changes in the migratory bird regulations. Action without a proper investigation to determine the necessity for it would inevitably result in discrediting the standing of the Bureau. The conservation of migratory wild fowl as well as of all other game can be successful only as it is based on thoroughgoing scientific investigation. The migratory birds of the United States can only be maintained through a knowledge of conditions not only in all parts of this country but also to a considerable extent as to conditions in Canada, Mexico, and some other countries to the south.

The matter of limiting the number of migratory wild fowl to be shot in any season is not necessarily dependent on a daily bag limit. The same objects may be secured by rest days or other methods of limitation.

It is scarcely necessary to state here that the staff of the Biological Survey consists largely of naturalists who are intensely interested in the maintenance of our wild life of all kinds. The work of the Bureau is very largely devoted to conservation and to the maintenance of a proper breeding stock of migratory wild fowl throughout the country so far as conditions will permit. With our keen desire for the maintenance of an abundant

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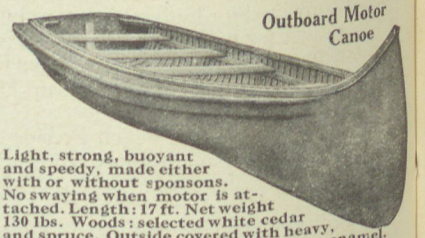

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Light, strong, buoyant and speedy, made either with or without sponsons. No swaying when motor is attached. Length: 17 ft. Net weight 130 lbs. Woods: selected white cedar and spruce. Outside covered with heavy, closely woven canvas, finished in green enamel.

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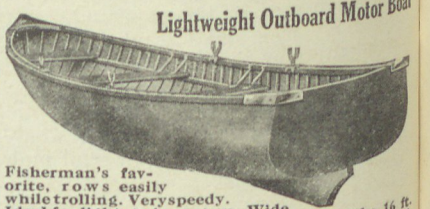

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breeding stock of migratory wild fowl, we also believe in the utilization of the surplus each year by sportsmen. That this is also the desire of the Izaak Walton League I judge from statements contained from time to time in OUTDOOR AMERICA, which has a great mission in building up cooperation with Federal and state authorities in maintaining our migratory wild fowl as well as other forms of wild life.

A Letter from Reuben H. Donnelley Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Will H. Dilg, President,
Izaak Walton League,
Chicago, Illinois.
My dear Mr. Dilg:

If you desire, you may hold my resignation in abeyance until after I have a talk with Mr. Scott. I do not want to do anything that would hurt him, but I still feel very strongly in regard to the resolution passed by your convention. I again assert, and I feel morally certain that I can prove, that the resolution favoring this reduction was passed without mature investigation or deliberation by the majority of those voting on it; that seventy-five percent or more of the men who voted in favor of it, while they are undoubtedly sportsmen, are not duck hunters and they were hurrahed into approving it by radicals and enthusiasts who talked loud and wrapped the flag of conservation around them; and they, individually, do not know and have not studied conditions and the results that would come from putting such a law into effect.

There are, of course, less ducks in the country than there were fifty years ago, and there are more now than there will be fifty years from now, not primarily because of the fact that a few ducks more or less are shot, but because of the fact that fifty years from now there will be less places for the ducks to inhabit and less food for them to eat. Something like forty-five years ago, I shot ducks within a hundred yards of the present site of Pullman and made several good big bags. I have shot jack snipe in almost every acre where Pullman now stands. How much of a bag do you think could be made there now if a man were to spend his life on the job? As the country grows and becomes more settled, there are, of course, going to be less ducks as a whole, and anyone who thinks there are not ought to have his head examined.

The stopping of the spring shooting has conserved ducks so that in their natural haunts there are as many or more ducks than there were twenty-five years ago, and as many as the territory will sustain. One of the places I have reference to is certain portions of the Illinois River. On the other hand, some thirty years ago I could have taken you to certain portions of the old Kankakee swamps where there were myriads of ducks. Today there are few, if any, because the land has been drained and is now farm land and there is no place for the ducks to live.

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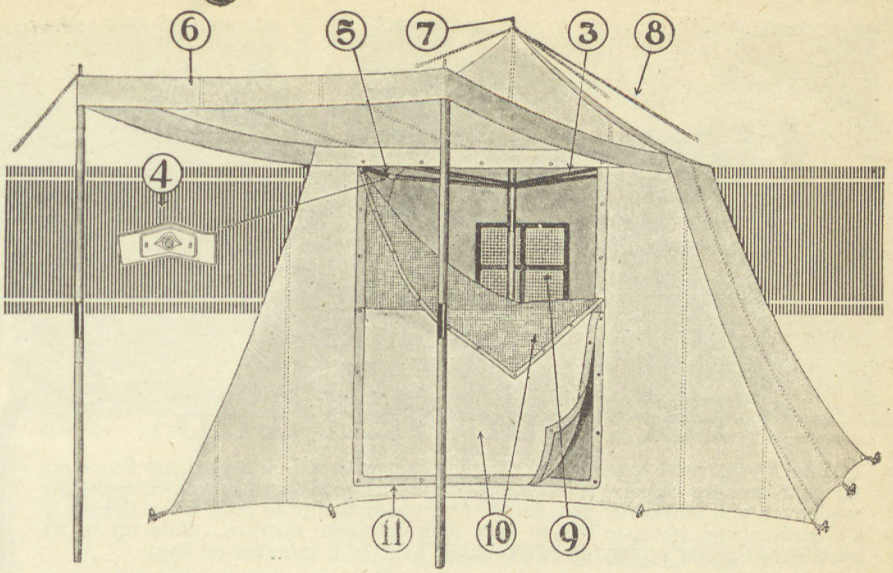

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ENJOY your camping trip this summer! Take a RED HEAD BRAND UMBRELLA TENT with you. Practical comfort, convenience, dependable protection are assured by 11 remarkable features—features that invite comparison! Read them!

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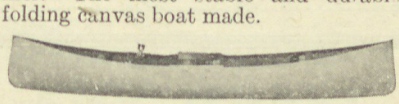

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NATURAL FOODS FOR ATTRACTING WILD DUCKS

You can have a thousand wild ducks on your waters to every hundred that come there now by providing plenty of their favorite foods. Only freezing waters can drive them out of a good feeding ground.

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Thirty different duck coaxers for Spring planting. They are natural Wild Aquatic foods which are very hardy and guaranteed to grow and produce results. Liberal discount on early orders. Write describing waters and conditions and receive free expert planting advice, Literature and Prices.

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For Your Next Trip

START your next touring and camping trip with a Coleman Camp Stove on your running board. Then you'll be sure of good-tasting, well-cooked food whenever and wherever you stop. Everybody wants to cook when there's a Coleman along, because it's so easy and simple to operate. Sets up in 30 seconds! Speeds up to full-tilt cooking heat in 2 minutes or less.

Model No. 9 (shown above) is the new moderate priced Coleman Camp Stove—a dandy little cooker with Coleman quality in every inch of it. Just suits "modern gypsies", whether for a night's fishing trip or a three-months' camping tour. Has the famous Coleman patented *Hot-Blast Starter, Built-in Pump and Funnel, Strap Steel Legs, Big Flame-Spreading Burners, Folding Wind Baffle, Detachable Fuel Tank.* Folds up like a suit case. Uses common motor gas for fuel. U. S. Price only $9.00.

The Quick-Lite Lantern

Handiest light for tourists and campers. Lights up the whole camp. Brighter than 20 old style oil lanterns. Makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasoline. Can't spill fuel. Won't blow out—wind-proof and storm-proof mica globe. Price in the U. S. $7.50.

The regular Model No. 2 Coleman is acknowleged by out-door experts as the finest camp stove made. Has all the original Coleman features built right into it, including an Oven that bakes or roasts anything or acts as a Drum Heater and heats your tent or cabin. U. S. Price only $12.50.

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L. B. SCHOONOVER, Lieut. of Police for the New York Central R. R. says: "The Ithaca Auto and Burglar Gun is giving every satisfaction." His detectives use it as the best protection against box-car thieves. It's the best home protector.
Price $37.50

Ithaca double guns for game $37.50 to $700. Ithaca single barrel trap guns $100 to $700
Catalog free
ITHACA GUN CO., Box 14 Ithaca, N. Y.

Cutting down the limit to ten ducks a day would not increase the total number of ducks in any way. While it might theoretically have a tendency to increase the number, they would die of starvation and disease because there will be more ducks than there are places for them to feed and live. Nature always takes care of a balance of this kind.

What would happen would be that you would drive the larger and wealthier duck clubs out of existence. I know it is the fashion these days to take a swat at the so-called millionaire duck clubs, but let me say that a number of these clubs—in fact practically all of them—are doing more to preserve the game than the Government of the United States and the Izaak Walton League put together, and they will continue to do so if given a chance. Can you imagine a club, which at the present time is spending thousands of dollars a year conserving wild fowl and which costs each member a large amount of money, continuing to exist and provide feeding and resting grounds if the members are able to shoot only ten ducks a day, which any place might be a good bag some days but on good days would be a matter of a few minutes shooting? Do you think that the expense and the time necessary to reach the grounds would appeal to them? What would happen would be that a number of these clubs would go broke, close up, and in all probability in a great many cases the land would be drained, sold for farm land and the proceeds divided, which a number of them could do now, as far as the monetary consideration is concerned, to advantage.

The members of these clubs are not the ones who over-shoot the limit and break the laws. They believe in the laws and try to enforce them. The ones who break the laws are the local pot-hunters. I do not want to disparage the work of the Government game wardens. Most of them are conscientious men and are doing good work, but there are not enough of them to take care of the pot-hunters who are the worst offenders, and the state wardens, who are generally neighbors and friends of these people, pay little or no attention to them.

Grand Island Lodge, a club to which I belong, is situated on the Illinois River. We own an island consisting of some five thousand acres. There is one large lake, known as Jack Lake, which with Crane Lake, further down the river, are the two great resting places for the ducks for that entire country. We not only keep Jack Lake, but two smaller lakes on our grounds as sanctuaries for the

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ducks and a gun is never fired either on the lakes or around the shores of these lakes. Ducks and geese for miles around use them for resting places. They have learned that they are safe in any of these three lakes. In addition to this, the club also plants food and feeds the ducks. As far as this portion of the Illinois River is concerned, there are as many, if not more, ducks than there were twenty-five years ago when this club was started. Even in this wonderful duck country, the scarcity of food is very apparent and is getting to be a very serious question, as there is no longer any great amount of wild rice and other forms of duck food, which has been routed out by the carp. Were it not for the feeding which the clubs do and the fact that the ducks themselves are learning to go to adjacent grain fields to feed, they would soon die, not from the gun, but from starvation.

Preserving wild fowl for coming generations, which seems to be the slogan of the Izaak Walton League, is not a question of cutting down the limit from what it is now, but is a question of preserving territory where the fowl can live, providing them with food, and enforcing the laws which we now have.

I have gone into this with you at some length because I, unfortunately, will not be in the country in April so I cannot attend the next convention of the League. I can assure you that if I were here, I would be very glad to attend and argue this matter out with some of your theorists.

Yours very truly,
REUBEN H. DONNELLEY.

A Letter From R. C. Rhodes
Slater, Missouri

Slater, Mo.

My opinion on Duck Bag Limits.
Should the bag limit be raised? No.
Should the bag limit be lowered? Yes.
What is an ideal bag limit? Not over ten.

Why? Dozens of reasons. First, ten birds should be enough for any one in one day. Second, Ducks are getting fewer every year.

Are they easy or harder to approach? We have no lakes and do our hunting from blinds built on sand bars, using decoys. They are much harder to decoy than they used to be, it may be because there are so many less birds.

Should we establish more feeding grounds? I do not know. The birds we get through here are all fat in the fall.

Should we establish more sanctuaries? Yes.

Should the season be lengthened or shortened? That's a hard question for the middle zone, as it depends on the season when the ducks come through here, they do not stay. We could stand a shorter season.

Should the laws be more rigidly enforced? Yes.

Yours truly,
R. C. Rhodes.

Mile-High Motor Tent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
TELESCOPE FRAME

Camping With New "Mile-High" Motor Tent (Umbrella Type Improved) Near Montauk Light House, Long Island, N. Y.—Summer of 1924.

New "Mile-High" Motor Tent Big Favorite at Sea Level

The "Mile-High" Motor Tent is equally satisfactory at sea level or among the highest mountains. Seasoned campers from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the snow-bound North to Panama prefer the "Mile-High," whether for one-day trips or for an entire summer.

The new patented telescoping steel center pole and eaves rods make setting-up easy. Drive four corner stakes, insert eaves rods in pockets, raise telescoping steel center pole, and the "Mile-High" goes up like an umbrella. So simple a 10-year-old can set it up. No ropes.

The "Mile-High" is made of specially woven O. D. material, water-proofed by "Shuredry" process. Top or roof is made of two separate thicknesses of material—most other tents have single top. There are two windows—most tents have but one. Heavy bobbinet screens on windows and door, and storm flaps on each—wind-, rain- and bug-proof. Three-inch strips of canvas reinforce fasteners for side wings. Awning extends down on each side of tent 18 inches.

The "Mile-High" Motor Tent is made in two sizes—8x8' and 10x10'; 8' high at center; 5' square at eaves; lots of head room; has sewed-in floor; steel stakes; bag for stakes and telescoped poles included; packs in small space, rolled or folded—40½ in. length over all.

Our tents handled by all progressive dealers. Or send name of your dealer and we will fill your order from factory at same price.

The New "Arab"

The "Arab" is made in the same style and shape and of the same high-grade water-proofed material as the "Mile-High." It is 9½ x 9½ ft. in size, 7 ft. 3 in. high at center, jointed pole and metal eaves rods. Economies in certain details enable us to offer the "Arab" at the attractive price of **$35.00**

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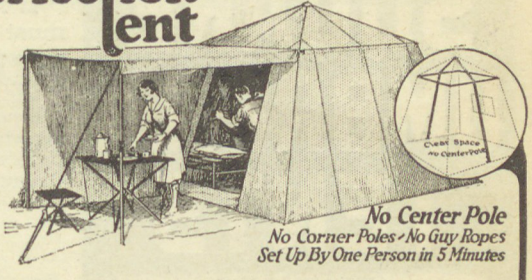
1631 Arapahoe Street **Denver, Colorado**

The new Stoll Clear Space Perfection Tent



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The arch is made of light pressed steel—jointed for folding and quick, rigid connections with an automatic tension take-up on each side which tightens the tent smoothly all around looking tent we have ever made. The best and smoothest

No Center Pole
No Corner Poles - No Guy Ropes
Set Up By One Person in 5 Minutes

Biggest Tent Value Ever Offered

Notice extra wide hips of this tent—standing room all around. Thoroly waterproofed and will not rub off on clothes. No odor. Mildew-proof. Sewed in floor and screened windows keep out insects. Extra large windows, door and wind-break awning. Elimination of center pole appears to give one third more room. Rolls into 10" x 42" light bundle. Be sure to see this tent before you buy. Four sizes to accommodate parties of 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 people.

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Big new Stoll catalog gives details and prices, full line Stoll tents—also folding steel spring beds (guaranteed sagless)—waterproof mattresses—folding tables, chairs and stools—waterproof carry-all bags, luggage carriers, etc. Write—

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The Best Tents are Made of

"Can-Va-SEK is the best waterproofing I have seen. It IS waterproof and mildewproof. When the fabric is in the hot sun it does not get greasy and in cold weather it does not crack—like paraffined cloth does."
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Really enjoy Camp this year with a

Burch Nifty Umbrella Auto Tent

Here is touring comfort—a tent made of Burch Olive Drab Balloon Cloth, size 10x10 feet, with every inch inside standing room. It rolls compactly for easy carrying on your running board.
Isn't it just the tent you'll need this summer? Thousands who know how to camp are using them out here in the West.
And the price is right.

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Insure yourself the utmost in camp convenience by choosing a **Brooks** Square Umbrella Tent, the Original and only Genuine Square Umbrella Tent made.

Four Years of Unqualified Success

Brooks Book of Road Maps and Camp Equipment Sent Free. Write us for name of your nearest dealer.

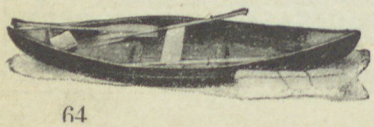
BROOKS TENT & AWNING CO., 1653 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo.

More Ducks Come

only by providing natural feeding grounds. Plant their favorite foods in the ponds, lakes and rivers near you. Ducks will not only come, but stay with you next fall.

TERRELL'S WILD RICE is large selected seed. Also *Wild Celery, Duck Potato,* etc. Germination guaranteed. Planted with wonderful success in U. S. and Canada. Hundreds of others have developed feeding grounds under our supervision—28 years' practical experience. *Plenty of seed now ready for shipment.* Liberal discount this month. Your order *now* will avoid possible disappointment later. Write today for free planting information.

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM 17 L. Blk. OSHKOSH, WIS.



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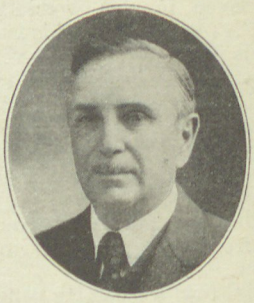
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. 433 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Michigan

Kansas State Division Sponsors bill to Establish Forestry, Fish and Game Commission



A. L. Scott, Pres. Kansas Division

At a continuation of their regular state convention last November, the Kansas State Division of the Izaak Walton League adopted a resolution to draw up and present to the state legislature a bill providing for the establishment of a forestry, fish and game commission.

In a recent communication from State President A. L. Scott he states that the bill will be considered at this session of the state body.

The bill is as follows:

AN ACT PROVIDING FOR THE CREATION AND ESTABLISHMENT OF A FORESTRY, FISH AND GAME COMMISSION, PROVIDING FOR THE MEMBERSHIP THEREOF AND DEFINING THE POWERS AND DUTIES OF THE COMMISSION.

BE IT ENACTED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF KANSAS:

Section 1. There is hereby created a State Forestry, Fish and Game Commission of the State of Kansas; said Commission shall be composed of the Governor, Attorney General and State Fish and Game Warden and two additional members who shall be appointed as hereinafter provided.

Section 2. The Governor, Attorney General and State Fish and Game Warden shall be ex-official members of said Commission; the two additional members thereof shall be appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and every four years thereafter, two citizens shall be appointed members of said Commission; said two appointed members of the Commission shall hold their office for the term of four years or until their successors shall be appointed and qualified, and said two appointed members of said Commission shall serve without salary.

Section 3. The two appointed members of said Commission shall each possess practical knowledge of and be well versed in matters pertaining to the natural wild life of this State.

Section 4. The Commission hereby created shall have power to acquire, in the name of the State, title, by purchase, by donation or bequest, by the exercise of the right of eminent domain through condemnation proceedings, to lands, to lands and waters, to waters and water

rights for the purpose of establishing, keeping and maintaining the same as a public forestry, fish and game preserve; to provide for building and constructing reservoirs or lakes and dams for impounding water on such public forestry, fish and game preserves; to provide for the planting of forest trees on such public forestry, fish and game preserves; to provide for the establishment, keeping and maintaining of fish hatcheries and game farms for the propagation of fish and game within and upon such forestry, fish and game preserves; to provide for keeping, maintaining and improving said public forestry, fish and game preserves; to establish such public forestry, fish and game preserves at such place or places within this State as shall, in the judgment of the Commission, be most suitable to carry out the intent and purpose of this act; to supervise building and construction work of all kinds, of the planting of forest trees, and all improvements of said public preserves and generally shall have the power to do any and all things necessary and proper to carry out the intent and purpose of this act.

Section 5. All costs and expenses incurred by and incident to acquiring title to lands, lands and waters, waters and water rights, and for keeping, improving and maintaining same for the uses and purposes herein provided shall be paid for out of the surplus funds of the fish and game department, provided, however, that in no event shall the total of such cost and expense exceed the surplus money in the State Fish and Game Warden's fund.

Section 6. The Auditor of the State is hereby authorized and empowered to draw his warrants on the treasurer of the State for the purposes and uses herein specified, upon duly itemized and verified vouchers approved by the State Fish and Game Warden, the ex-officio secretary of the Commission.

Section 7. The Governor of the State of Kansas shall be ex-officio chairman of said Commission and the Fish and Game Warden shall be ex-officio secretary of said Commission.

Section 8. It shall be the duty of the Commission to provide for the policing of said public forestry, fish and game preserves, to make necessary rules and regulations for the use of such public preserves, and at all times to exercise general supervision over the same and the use of such public preserves by the public shall be subject to the rules and regulations prescribed by the Commission.

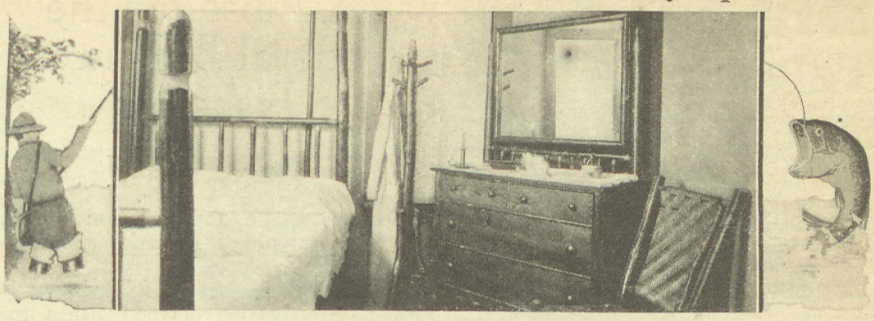
Section 9. The members of the Commission shall serve without salary but their necessary traveling and hotel expenses incurred in the discharge of their duties as Commissioners shall be allowed and paid as other expenses incurred under this act, provided, however, such traveling and hotel expenses shall not exceed $1,500 per annum for each appointive Commissioner.

Section 10. This act is supplemental and amendatory to Chapter 168 Laws of 1911.

Section 11. All acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

Section 12. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the official State paper.

Here's Pleasant Dreams for the Weary Sportsman



After a late supper, with the weariness of a sweltering day on the water still upon you, hop into a Rustic Hickory bed and see what happens!

Comfort raised to the nth degree!

The tang of the open night, mingled with the woodsey smell of Rustic Hickory, and you sleep as you never slept before!

The perfect end of a perfect day!

And at the first buzz of the alarm in the morning you are up and ready in record time to tackle the bacon and wheat cakes in a Rustic Hickory chair at a Rustic Hickory table. *That's living, men!*

We've made Rustic Hickory Furniture, and nothing else, for over twenty years; and our boss has got a summer home chuck-full of it. Takes his own medicine.

There's solid comfort, natural beauty, and ever-lasting durability in every piece.

Send for our complete catalog and pictorial booklet showing Rustic Hickory in actual use throughout America. Give us the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

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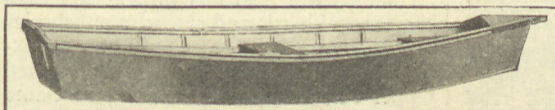

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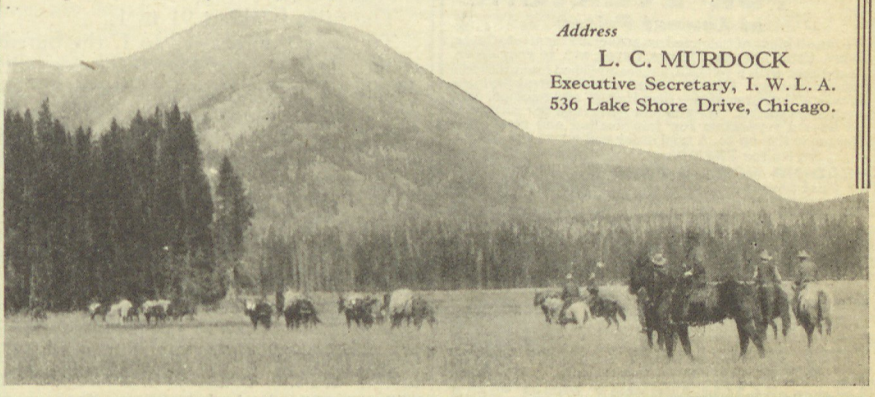

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3 ft. long open — 12 in. long closed — FIVE SECTIONS — 8-power Lenses

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YES ABSOLUTELY FREE! Handsome leatherette covered Carrying Case light, strong, complete with strap. Case is 12 in. long, 2 1-2 in. in diameter. Protects from dust and damage. Handy for farmers, auto tourists and hikers.

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Send me 3 ft. Ferry Wonder Telescope and Free Carrying Case. I will pay postman $1.85 plus postage on arrival. If I am **not satisfied** you will refund my money.

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Catalog of Things You Want Sent Free

A Raise for the Federal Bureau of Fisheries

By R. J. CORSON

I believe the appropriation for the Federal Bureau of Fisheries should be increased.

Its work comprises the following activities: Propagation of food fishes and their distribution to suitable waters; inquiry into the causes of decrease of food fishes in the lakes, rivers and coast waters of the United States; study of the waters of the coast and interior in the interest of fish culture; investigation of the fishing grounds of the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts with view to determining their food resources and the development of the commercial fisheries; the collection and compilation of the statistics of the fisheries; study of the methods and mechanical devices of the fisheries; preservation of fishery products and the development of uses for the little used or neglected products.

The bureau also has jurisdiction over the fur seal herds and the salmon fisheries of Alaska and will be called upon for extensive work in the recently established Upper Mississippi River Fish and Game Refuge.

The fairest method to determine the proper annual sum to be placed at the disposal of the bureau in carrying on the extensive work laid upon it by the law, is to compare it with the Department of Agriculture, since these two federal agencies are concerned in the same fundamental problem—that of a national food supply.

Our food comes from three general sources: the farm, the stock ranch and the fisheries. The first two come under the department of agriculture and the last to the bureau of fisheries.

A study of the products in these three classes of industry together with governmental statistics on the quantity of food consumed annually per capita reveals the fact that the farmer and the stock raiser feed us three hundred and sixty days of the year and the fisherman five days.

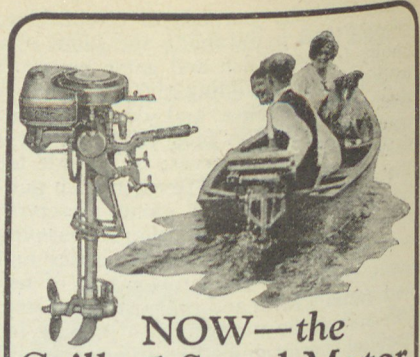
The ratio today therefore stands at 72 to 1.

The figures in the 1925-26 Federal Budget indicate that the Department of Agriculture receives $140,092,750. The appropriation of the Bureau of Fisheries is $1,535,000.

The ratio is about 91 to 1.

To make the ratio 72 to 1, the bureau should have at least $410,000 more, with which to perform more adequately the great duties enumerated above. As an instance of the strangulation now suffered, it is to be noted that there is but $35,000 in the 1925-26 appropriation for scientific investigation to cover a coast line of about 17,000 miles with fishing grounds extending far to sea and about 110,000 square miles of inland water.

The near future must witness a considerable expansion of the fisheries. It is conservatively estimated that the population of the country will be at the 150,000,000 mark in twenty-five years



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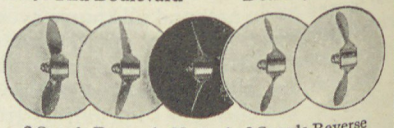
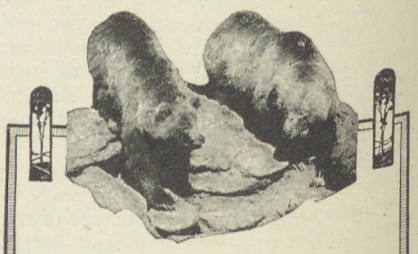


2 Speeds Forward—Neutral—2 Speeds Reverse
Note Change in Pitch of Blades



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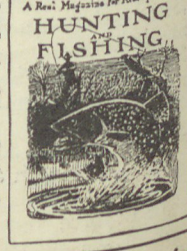

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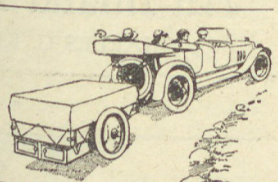

Send today for details and full particulars of the most wonderful vacation you ever spent. Let us tell you all about the "Auto-Kamp" Trailer, what it will do—where you can take it. Let us answer your questions about its equipment, sleeping capacity, and price of various models. Hundreds of letters of praise from actual users of this real trailer and real camp. Spring is here. Write us today and plan your summer trip now.

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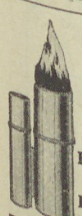

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and that 38,000,000 acres more of farm land must be brought under cultivation. There are but approximately 162,000,000 acres, good, bad and indifferent, to fall back upon. The number of acres of land of all descriptions per capita has fallen from 25 in 1900 to 18 in 1920 and will be down to about 12 in 1955. Actual necessity will drive us to the waters, principally to the sea, for more and more food, and the sea, which now probably feeds us four out of the five days, will be called upon to increase its quota and the sea stands ready to do it.

Thousands of species, not now sought for food, are going through the cycle of birth, life, death and rebirth and we know little or nothing about them. They are the neglected or little used resources the bureau must investigate and cannot due to lack of funds.

Ask the bureau where the northern weakfish go in winter and the answer will be, "Nothing is known regarding the winter home of these fish."

Why not?

Because the bureau has not a vessel at its disposal in the Atlantic big enough to stay out all night.

The appropriation of the department of agriculture is not used in comparison with any thought that it is higher than it should be. No doubt the department could use more money to the advantage of the nation. Certainly, the bureau of fisheries, now on extremely low rations, should be given a substantial increase and kept at a fair ratio to the other department whose interest is in the national food supply.

And knowing full well the efforts the bureau is making in the interest of sport and recreation, every angler should lend his support to that end.

Cardinals

By F. L. SCOTT

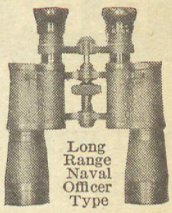
In the summer of 1922 I was on a fishing trip on the St. Francis River near Jonesboro, Arkansas, and was invited by two brothers who are located on the river about five miles from Lake City, Arkansas, to spend the night with them. I reached their place about noon of one very warm summer day and while sitting on their front porch noticed several Kentucky Cardinals (red birds) flitting through the bushes. One of the brothers said, "If you will be very quiet for a few minutes, I will call one of the Cardinals to the porch and you can see him eat from my hand." In a few minutes a male bird flew to the roof of the porch and back into the bushes several times, seeming to be very much frustrated at my presence, but after making several attempts to get to the porch, he finally lighted within a few feet of the gentleman who had some bread crumbs in his hand. You never heard such twittering in your life. In a few minutes his mate, evidently, a lady red bird, came and did likewise.

This gentleman tcld me it was his daily custom to feed these birds.

After spending the night with my friends, one of the brothers took me out the next morning on the St. Francis River, at this point is one of the finest bass streams in which I have ever fished.

"Would be cheap at $50"

Says Navy Man



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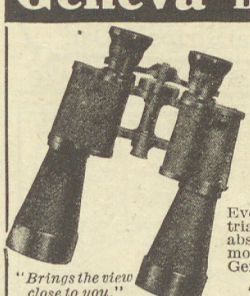

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A glass for every use and pocketbook.

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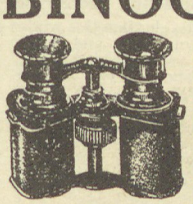

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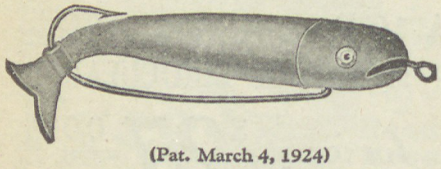

(Pat. March 4, 1924)

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RETAIL PRICE $1.25 EACH

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"A"—Red head and white body
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Or your order, accompanied by remittance of $1.25 each, will receive prompt attention.

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FISHING RODS
Write for Special Booklet describing
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Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

Al. Foss Pork Rind Minnows.
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Bass, Musky or Fly Rod
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JOHNSON'S SILVER MINNOW

Does not spin and gather the weeds, but wiggles itself through. Sterling Silver plated, highly polished. Bass size 65 cents. Muskie size 90 cents. Your dealer, or direct from
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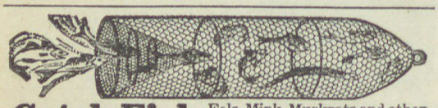
Spend some pleasant and profitable time this winter making and repairing your own tackle, and it sure will add to the fun next time you go fishing to play them on your own make. Send for free catalog.
FLIES TIED TO ORDER J. F. WILLMARTH, Roosevelt, N. Y.



Catch Fish Eels, Mink, Muskrats and other animals in large numbers with our new folding galvanized STEEL WIRE TRAP
It catches them like a fly trap catches flies. $1.00 box of bait Free to help us introduce them. Bargain catalog of Fishing Tackle and Booklet on our Famous Fish Bait sent Free.
WALTON SUPPLY CO. Dep. 113 St. Louis, Mo.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Illustrated by Feyerweather Babcock

Reuben Wood—A Pilgrimage

By JULIA W. WOLFE

On the shore of Cranberry Lake in the heart of the Adirondacks, amid Nature's solitude, there stands a granite memorial, striking and unique. This monument has carved upon its face in bold relief the words:

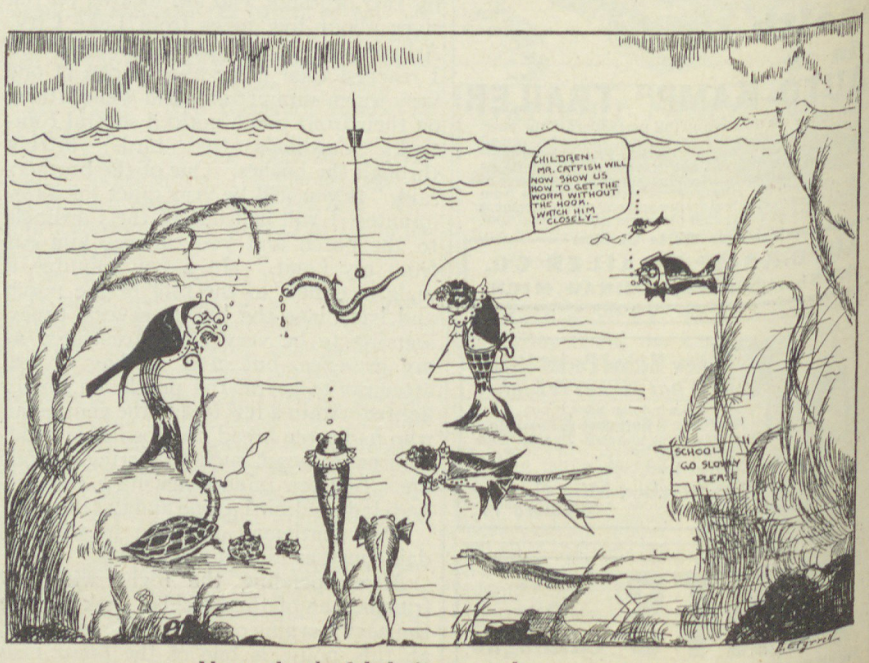
In Memory of
Reuben Wood
A Genial Gentleman and Great Fisherman
Who Was Fond of These Solitudes

Reuben Wood was born near Albany, in 1822, and lived to the age of sixty-two years. He was a lifelong friend of Seth Green, the father of fish culture in the State of New York. In 1883 he was appointed to take charge of the angling department of the American exhibit at the International Fishers' Exhibition in London, and took the first prize against the world for salmon casting and single-handed trout casting. He also distanced all English sportsmen who competed with him on their own streams in the size of his catches, although he used their flies and tackle, with which he was unfamiliar. Genial, whole-souled, simple-hearted and natural, all of his pupils were his devoted friends. They revered his memory as that of a father. Some of them he took with him on excursions to the Adirondacks and elsewhere, and one of them, Irving G. Vann, was later a judge of the Court of Appeals of New York, moved by gratitude and affection, in 1895, caused the above inscription to be carved to his memory upon the huge rock of Sucker Brook in Cranberry Lake. Mr. Wood used to clamber up this rock, which is about fifteen feet high, and, seated with his young friends, would tell delightful fishing stories and make suggestions for the sport during the following day. It was his habit to carefully observe about sundown the color of the flies upon the water, and he would select his cast for the next morning so as to imitate the prevailing color of the night before. Then, as now, Cranberry Lake was famous for its big trout.

The solitudes that Reuben Wood loved so well have been broken by camp and hotel, and are not as solitary as when he was accustomed to visit them. Yet the wilderness still surrounds his favorite camping spots and the trout are there in plenty as of yore.

A Big One—From An Inland Lake

By CHARLES G. KIDNEY



No wonder the fish don't seem to hang on any more.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

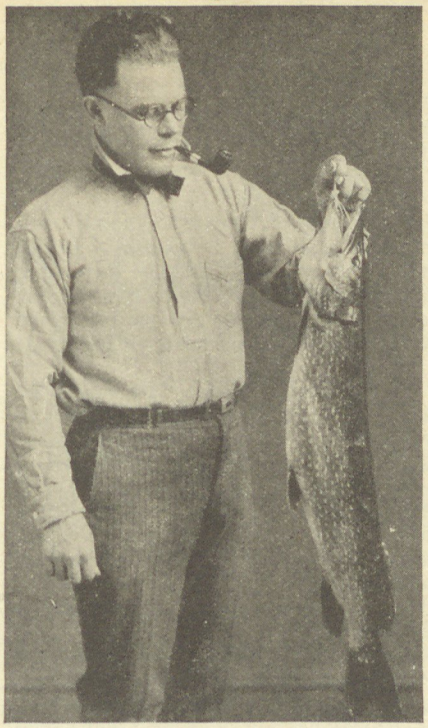
This time the big one didn't get away. No, this isn't a story of Alaskan waters, or of the picturesque Canadian lakes. It is the most unique group of inland lakes that it has ever been my privilege to visit.

Located midway between Chicago and Cleveland, on main traveled roads, accessible from all directions, lies a county which is known as the "County of a Hundred Lakes." There are over one hundred lakes, not to mention the innumerable ponds of an acre or less in area in Steuben County, the northeastern county of Indiana. This is perhaps the greatest number of lakes in any upland county of similar area in the United States. There is very little waste land. The lake shores are usually forrested with oak, hickory, maple, elm, and walnut, with many willow and poplar at the very edge of the water.

So readily accessible is this county with its wonderful natural resources that it is proving the ideal summer resort for people of limited means, for it lies within one day's drive from Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Cleveland or Detroit.

At some of the lakes are to be found all of the attractions of the most exclusive summer resorts, dancing pavilions, slides, tennis courts, launches and fine hotels, while only a mile or two away you come upon beautiful lakes, seemingly hidden among the hills, almost unvisited by tourists and sportsmen. I found some of these lakes fairly teeming with fish—bass, pickerel and pike, like the one in the picture. Blue-gills and perch abound in all of the lakes, and in Lower Crooked Lake, I landed eight of the prettiest big-mouth bass that I have ever seen. They ran from one and a half to three and a half pounds, and every one a scrapper. The lake is bordered by reeds and cat-tails, and in the spring and fall these bronze beauties lie in wait along the shore line for minnows and frogs. Nothing seems to please them more than to see a nice white pork chunk with a bit of scarlet yarn spat the water near them. They leap right into the air, and, too, they have a most uncanny ability in locating lily stems and hidden snags to hook the line on and help take the joy out of life for the fisherman.

The Great Northern Pike is more choicy in his diet, and usually prefers his food alive; but I fooled one old seer with an artificial perch minnow. It was a dismal, gloomy day in the spring, following a day or two of drizzling rain. We had turned in early the night before and were on the lake in the morning just as the sun was struggling through the clouds. A rather high riffle cut the surface of the lake, and in spite of a few shivers I began to whip the shore line. A sheltered little cove caught my eye, and with the wind in my favor, I dropped the lure right into the center of the cove. Luckily, I was thumbing the reel firmly (I still stick to my old Peerless, free style reel) as I whipped up the slack in changing hands. Wow—something struck. It was just like running over a pig with a Ford. When the old boy hit that bait, I think he turned a complete somersault, for the reel handle jerked out of my hand with the first surge, and then he made right straight for deep water while I was reeling in like mad to take up the slack. At about twenty-five feet on the other side he came up against the line again, and before I could get him stopped he had gained as far again. Then the fight really began. It was nip and tuck. What that old pike didn't know about the game wasn't much, and he kept me so busy that I believe I was nearly as tired as he was, when all of a sudden he stopped in the midst of a charge, and allowed himself to be led up to the side of the boat like a well trained dog. I was dragging him up carelessly while I admired his beauty and my partner was jnst about to slip him into the landing net when,—swish—splash, he was off once more for deep water. My reel was spinning and my line paying out like it was his first charge, but his strength was spent. The next time I took no chances, and held him with a tight line with his head up a little and kept him moving fairly rapidly through the water until we had him safely in the boat. He weighed fourteen pounds. The natives told me of several that had been caught there weighing more, one they said weighed twenty-two pounds; but I didn't see that one. Anyhow fourteen was enough, and you can bet your hip-boots that no Northern lake can tempt me for my fall fishing. Not when I can be out and after them in less than a day.



Mr. Kidney and his prize.

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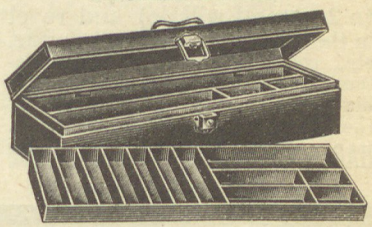

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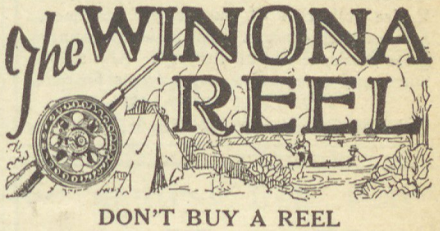

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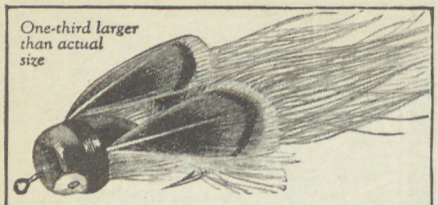

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Have You Done Your Part for the Elk?

The Village by the Sea—

By HARRY S. HENDRICKS

At the age of twelve my family migrated to California in search of health and adventure. I admit the adventure part was more attractive to the boy but we found both as one always does when the path of adventure leads to the great out doors.

The Village by the Sea. Here was to be the scene of my fishing memories that has never dimmed, the little village lay snuggled near the foot hills on one side and an ever dashing surf broke on the other, a little wharf extended into the sea where a coast steamer made port twice a week, weather permitting. This was the only touch with the outside world and this wharf soon became the mecca of many fishing trips.

One day in February, a time when fish were supposed to be in deep water, I was on the wharf when I observed some distance away a school of whales; they would rise to the surface and dive. Their sleek bodies would glisten in the sun and coming up again would send a stream of water high into the air. As I watched they came nearer and from time to time the water would show a silver flash of a smelt as it would break water, vainly trying to escape the onrushing whale. Here were fish and plenty of them. Little time was lost in getting tackle, and armed with a long throw line and a few clams for bait I was back, rigging up. I put a heavy lead on the end of the line and two hooks above, baited with clam. I cast out. No time was lost in waiting, for no sooner than the lead splashed a smelt struck and hand over hand I retrieved my line with a struggling fish on the end. I had hardly pulled in ten feet when strike, again, and another was added to the line. No time was lost in bringing this pair to the dock. Again I baited and cast, and zip, another fish. By this time they were breaking water all around and had attracted the attention of others and soon I had plenty of help but there was plenty of fish and no empty stringers left the dock.

At other times the fishing excursions would lead to the rocky point that jutted into the sea above the village and here the rock bass and sea perch were waiting for the lure. For this fishing a heavier line was used with a lighter lead to the hooks, so in case a rock bass would decide to take the hook home with him to think it over, a sharp tug would leave him the hook and the old line would still be in your service. On these trips a part of the equipment would be a bar some four or five feet long, flat on one end and a hook on the other for the purpose of getting abaloneys off the rocks. These are shell fish that cling to the rocks by suction and are dislocated with the flat end of the bar and turned on their backs with the hook end and are helpless on their backs but can give one's fingers quite a pinch if they decide they would rather hang on to the rock a while longer than be used for bait or be carved up into steaks.

Again a short distance below the village, when the tide was low, the old clam bed would have our attention and with forks the sand would be punctured until a clam was struck and out it would come to help fill the waiting sack. While one doesn't get the thrill in taking these from the deep blue, baked clams, clam chowder, clam soup and clams any way, any style, sure make a meal for a hungry boy.

A Letter

Mr. Harold T. Pulsifer,
Care OUTDOOR AMERICA,
Chicago, Illinois.
Dear Sir:

Am sure you will be pleased to learn the results of barbless hooks in the prize fishing contest of our local I. W. L. A. Chapter, the Sioux City Rod & Reel Club, for 1924. All fish caught on barbless hooks were entered in this contest in open competition with barbed hooks and the result of the fly rod bass class is as follows:

1st Prize—5 lb. Bass—caught on barbed hook. 2nd Prize—3 lbs. 12 oz. Bass—caught on No. 4 plain barbless.

3rd Prize—3 lbs. 5½ oz. Bass—caught on No. 4 plain barbless.

4th Prize—3 lbs. 4½ oz. Bass—caught on No. 6 Jamison barbless.

5th Prize—3 lbs. 3½ oz. Bass—caught on No. 6 Jamison barbless.

Also the 5th largest bass caught in the casting rod class was landed on a plain barbless hook and the writer managed to land a 7 lb. Northern Pike on his quarter ounce tournament casting rod (6 ft. 4 oz.) with a plain barbless hook, which took fourth place in the pike class. Another of our converts out in Nebraska recently sent me a picture of a 5 lb. bass which he landed on the fly rod and barbless hook.

These results are very gratifying to me as I got many a horse laugh when I started preaching barbless hooks around here. The nice part of it is that I have yet to see the first angler, who has given them a fair trial, that did not become a thorough convert. The big trouble is to get them to give the barbless a fair trial as they look at it as something impossible to land a fish on a barbless hook. However the results of our fishing contest this year will show that it can be done and I am expecting the barbless hook to grow in popularity in this vicinity by leaps and bounds from now on.

With best wishes and success to you in your fight for the barbless hook, I am

Yours very truly,
L. B. SAMPLE.

A PERFECT JOY FOR AMATEUR OR EXPERT SHORTROD CASTING OR TROLLING
NEW LOUIS RHEAD HALF OUNCE WEIGHTED NATURE LURES — TRY ONE
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SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST OF FLOATING LURES. LOUIS RHEAD, AMITYVILLE, N. Y.

American Forestry Week

All Izaak Walton League Chapters are urged to take part in American Forestry Week, to be proclaimed by President Coolidge April 27 to May 3.

Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois, will be national chairman of the event, and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge vice-chairman. The object of the week is to create national interest in forest conservation. Details will be carried by all newspapers.

A Record Muskie

(*Continued from page 25*)

Knowing that there could be no second attempt to net the beauty, Walker, his heart in his mouth, forgot his buck fever and leaped into action anew. By this time the huge fish was performing all sorts of gymnastics on top of the water, but was too large to leap clear of it. "No pressure, but a taut line," Walker kept muttering to himself as he played the game, attempting time and time again to work the giant near enough to net.

"Ordinarily I would have played it longer," he said, "but with only a small hook in the corner of its mouth, I could not afford to allow the fish time to put real pressure on that little piece of steel."

It was not a question of tiring the fish out, but of working it up to the boat, and slipping the net under it. "Good luck made the attempt possible," he said, "and further good luck made me successful, and in just one hour and a half, its tail and half its body hanging from the net, I swept the muskie over the side of the boat."

But even then, the catch was not perfected, and for three or four minutes there was a battle royal in that little boat, until the fish was entirely subdued.

Old fisherman that he was, he turned to his oars, but there were no oars. In the fracas, they had slipped overboard, and the fisherman who had caught single handed one of the largest muskalonges ever hooked, was forced to sit on his catch, while he paddled toward shore with his hands.

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Mr. M. A. Bergfeld,
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536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Bergfeld:

Outdoor America has been a consistent payer on the Gun Bluer in the past, and will be on the new rate, I am quite sure. We expect to keep the ad in your magazine right along.

You can see from the enclosed figures, showing returns received from Outdoor America, that we are making gains every month, and any advertiser must realize that an ad to pay must be run continuously —then some people must read an ad twice before they buy, others three times, and so on. It is therefore absolutely necessary to run them steadily. If an advertiser should let the ad go after running it for some time, he is not getting as much for his money as if he had kept it running, notwithstanding the money he thinks he saved by not running the ad.

Yours very sincerely,
NEW METHOD GUN BLUING COMPANY
WGS/K (Signed) Wright G. Scroxton.

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The Book of the Black Bass

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THIS scientific volume, replete with color illustrations, contains in its 550 pages, complete information on the types, habits and various methods of catching the black bass—"inch for inch, pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

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Also at stud: Int. Ch. Horsford Harbor, Fee $100.00; Horsford Haphazard, Fee $100.00; Ch. Winnebago Whirlwind, Fee $75.00; Ch. Birchwood Ranger of Winnebago, Fee $50.00; Southwick Don, $35.00.

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By ANDREW BROOKS

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536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois
(There is no charge of any kind for this service)

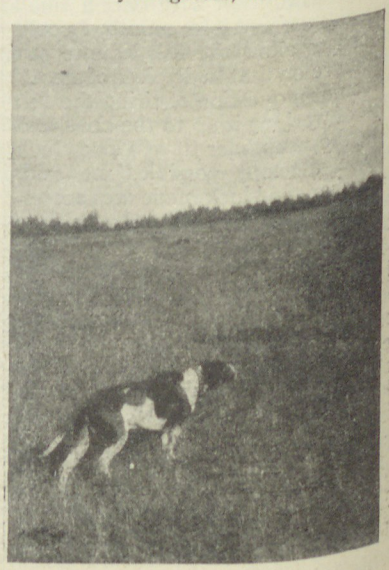
The best teachers in colleges or even ordinary preparatory schools are the ones who pay most attention to the different dispositions of their pupils, and regard every one of them as separate individuals who must have different treatment to effectively bring out the best that is in them.

The best trainers of dogs are those that look on the bunch of youngsters in their hands in the same manner and regard each as different. The most successful amateur and professional trainers not only are on the lookout for different dispositions, but pay as much attention to developing dispositions as they do to the hunting and respective instincts of their dogs.

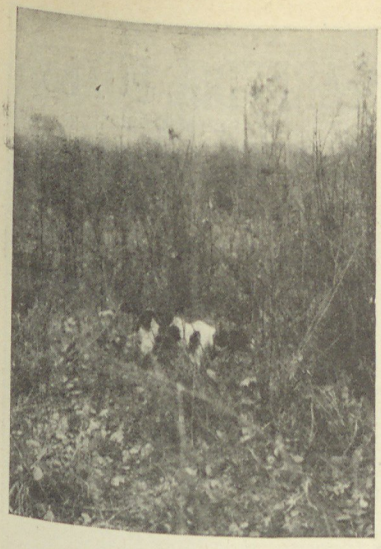
Worlds of troubles with sporting dogs would be avoided if everybody paid more heed to dispositions. Thoughtlessly, amateurs spoil many dogs by their own direct work—spoil them while they are sensitive youngsters, without giving a thought to what all this will do or how it will react in the work later on.

How many timid dogs would there be if, when they were puppies, a little common sense had been used. If you take a small child that is over-sensitive, timid, full of fear, and let it have a rough type of instructor, it will always be timid—the affliction aggravated, if anything. Get a timid puppy and put it in a kennel right away, as so often is done, with a bunch of dogs, and they will make life miserable for him. They will tantalize him; they will bully him, at the feed trough and in attempts to play; they will cause the affliction to be greater all the time. Such a youngster is never half fed, and if kept under these conditions, will never amount to much.

The timid dog is some trouble, but usually he is a development of man. Some people talk unnecessarily harsh to young dogs; some cannot be made to believe that a dog will mind as a puppy unless, with a whip in hand, they have the animal cringing before them. All this goes to make timid youngsters, whose timidity is



Durch's "Chester"



Roxie.

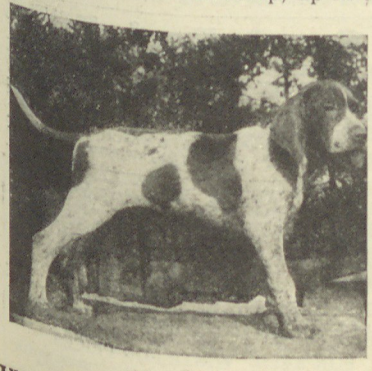
the first step to gun-shyness.

A bully pup, that is, a rugged chap, when hurled on to other puppies of a litter by some fool boy or master, simply through the love of wanting to see a stronger animal ruin a weaker one, spells ruination to many a bright prospect.

The sensible kennel man or trainer never has timid dogs, though some will be shipped to his care, upon which, for weeks, he cannot place a hand. He picks out that dog instantly. He realizes that it would be futile to kennel it with others, if it is ever to progress as a real potential individual in field work. He makes a study of it—a vital study to discover the cause of its timidity; and the very next thing, gains its confidence, though it takes ever so long to do it, and requires a vast amount of extra work.

Years ago, I was given a lesson in handling timid youngsters, by my erstwhile boss, Ozark Ripley, which I will never forget. A big pointer bitch was sent to the kennels, the most exasperatingly timid creature I had ever seen. I could not put a hand on her. If I looked at her, she fled to a corner, whining and absolutely in fear of me. I had been cautioned against using any rough methods with her, but while keeping her near me under no circumstances was I to pet her or speak to her in a loud voice.

Somewhat annoyed by her refusal to come to me, while I was brushing another dog, in a fiery moment I threw a large dog brush at her. In a jiffy, she jumped that high kennel fence and hastened for parts unknown. It was three weeks before we found her, and then it was forty miles away in a lumber camp, up in the



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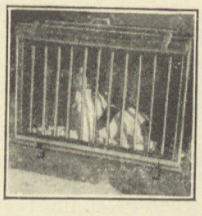

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ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIELS and BEAGLE HOUND PUPS

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F.R. McReynolds, Prop., 619 W. Sycamore St., Kokomo Ind.

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs

"Character plus Appearance"

You can pay more but you *can't* get a better dog.

SUN BEAM FARM STRONG HEART KENNELS

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It Sells Dogs, Too!

Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sirs:

I am quite satisfied with the results that I have been obtaining from my advertisement in your publication; and, in fact, so much so that I desire to increase my advertisement to the regular four-inch space, and I am willing to sign a contract with you for the coming year on this basis.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) T. W. Price, Owner,
Strongheart Kennels

TWP:F

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Sturdy Northern stock sired by a brother of "Strongheart" with over thirty Champions in pedigree.

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Ashland, Wisconsin

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Lou Holliday's Super-Airedales
30 Pedigreed Female Pups, $10.00 and $15.00

Five select registered brood bitches, priced on application at half their value. For nearly a decade my strain of airedales has been recognized by leading authorities as superior in intelligence & natural hunting ability.
LOU HOLLIDAY, Victor, Mont.

Everybody interested in Bird Dogs should read

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The only weekly sport paper published west of the Mississippi. 16 pages. Every Saturday. Price $2.00 per year.

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Setters, Pointers, Collies, Shepherds, Fox Terriers, Bulls. Puppies two to three months old. Purebred, True Types. Any of these Kinds, Males $12; Females, $7.
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Safest dog for children. Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists.

JEFFERSON WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
WAUSEON, OHIO
"A Jefferson White is a Collie of a Type"

CHADOKOIN KENNELS

Springer spaniel puppies. Three to four months old, from imported, trained, show winning stock—liver and white, in color, nicely marked and ticked. For references and further details, address
E. D. PUTNAM, Forestville, N. Y.

HOUNDS and HUNTING

A monthly magazine devoted to the
BEAGLE HOUND
Field trials, shows reviewed, Health and disease column, hunting stories, articles on training and care of your hound.
HOUNDS and HUNTING
247 Main Street, Decatur, Ill.
Sample 20c., yearly $1.50

You can raise **POLICE DOGS**

An extremely profitable side line on a country place, farm or suburb.
Full Information and Outline Free
Palisade Kennels, 147 W. 42, New York

Why Not spend Spring, Summer and Fall gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth $1 to $7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price-list. Send 10c (not stamps) for my illustrated prospectus before sending butterflies.

MR. SINCLAIR, Dealer in Insects, Box 1424, Dept. 75, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Coonhounds and Combination Hunters
for coon, opossum, skunk, squirrel. Rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Catalog ten cents.
SAM STEPHENSON Covington, Tennessee

Have You Done Your Part for the Elk?

A perfect back.

pineries. I sure had to pay the penalty for my ill temper, for the boss made me handle no other dog for two weeks. She was entirely given over to my care. I fed her alone. I had to exercise her alone, and she slept in my room for quite a while. Somehow I got to liking her, and by next fall she was one of the fondest pointers I ever saw. Yes, it was the pointer bitch, Grace Van Gull, and the boss knew what she needed. I had to like her.

There are the surly dogs that have been given their own way. They work according to their own sweet will, when they want to; and they obey when they want to. For instance, Fad. This chap was a big dog, about sixty-five pounds. At that time and until his death, the boss handled all the string of the late Charles A. Pratt, George Gould's close hunting companion. We knew we had a terror in Fad, when he first arrived. The boss liked him because he was so big and strong, and most of all because he could stand such an amount of hot weather. Fad would go for hours without water, but when he got to it, he filled up like a camel, and for a half hour was distended out of all ordinary proportions. But he was a nasty sucker, and the least touch of a whip on him, or the sound of an angry voice when he committed an error, caused him to tuck his tail between his legs and run home. His greatest faults were stealing another dog's points or breaking shot when the other dog made a point.

Everything in the world was tried on this dog, but without success. I sometimes would run home after him and punish him severely. But it had no beneficial effect.

Late one day, old Fad broke another dog's point and the boss purposely chased him home. It was close to sunset. He went back after the dog, brought him out to where he had committed the fault, and, without reprimanding him in the least, drove a picket pin in the ground and chained the dog to it. Fad had to stay there all night, and to the very last day of my acquaintance with the big fellow I never saw him a single time revert to sulking again.

Think these little recitals over and you can readily see how studying a dog's disposition counts for a whole lot. Until you do, you cannot apply canine psychology to training, which is by long odds the most essential thing, and one that far surpasses the whip in effectiveness, or the modern force collar.

Any time you fail to make headway by regular methods with an over-timid or over-bold dog, sit down for a whole hour and give yourself over to studying the dog's disposition, how it was developed; and the proper corrective for his faults will come to mind quicker than you ever imagined it possible.

"TARNEDGE FOXES"

ESTABLISHED 1910
Oldest Ranch in the U. S.

49 Prize Winners
74 Breeders

Highest ratio of prize winners in the world.

Two Grand Show Champions; Eight Sweepstakes Champions; Twenty-Two Blue Ribbons.

Breeding ordinary stock is profitable. Breeding this grade is several times more profitable.

Descriptive Catalog

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SILVER FOXES

BEFORE YOU BUY
WRITE FOR MY FREE FOLDER
"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"
WESTERN RESERVE SILVER FOX RANCH
Ashtabula Ohio

BOB WHITE QUAIL

NATIVE EASTERN also MEXICAN BOBS WILD raised on large islands producing superior breeders. By express from my quail farms, Pascagoula, Miss., OCT., NOV., also next March and April.

M. E. BOGLE
Huntsville Texas

BOB WHITE QUAIL

MARCH AND APRIL DELIVERY
SNAKE KING
BROWNSVILLE TEXAS

RAISE BELGIAN HARES

New Zealand Reds — Chinchillas — Flemish Giants
MAKE BIG MONEY—We Supply Stock and pay you following prices for all you raise: Belgian Hares $2 each—New Zealands $3 each—Chinchillas $4 each—Flemish Giants $5 each. 32-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of **Fur Farming** magazine, tells how to raise skunk, mink, fox, etc., for big profits, all for 10c. Address
OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Box 48, Holmes Park, Missouri

Squab Book FREE

Squabs selling at highest prices ever known. Greatest market for 20 years. Make money breeding them. Raised in one month. We ship everywhere our famous breeding stock and supplies. Established 24 years. Write now for big illustrated free book, How to Make Money Breeding Squabs.
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
216 H St., Melrose High., Mass.

Make Money Raising Squabs

Highest market ever known. Breeders shipped everywhere. Homers, Carneaux, White Kings a specialty. All other breeds. Send stamp for catalog and prices.
Allston Squab Co., 32 N. Beacon St., Allston, Mass.

BLACK SILVER FOXES, MINK & RACCOON
FOR SALE. WRITE FOR PRICES.
Coats Black Silver Fox Co., Inc. ESTHERVILLE IOWA

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Officials at the Indiana Convention. Reading from left to right—J. W. Hamilton, J. B. Schick, State Treasurer; Dr. Karl T. Brown, State President; L. C. Murdock, National Executive Secretary; Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Will H. Dilg, National President; Dr. E. R. Zimmerman, First State Vice-Pres., O. F. Raymond, former State Secretary and C. F. Bowden, State Secretary.

The Indiana State Convention

Conservation, as exemplified by activities of the Izaak Walton League of America, advanced years in one gigantic stride at the Indiana State Division convention, held at Muncie, January 10th.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Commissioner of baseball and an ardent Waltonian, and Will H. Dilg, president of the National League, furnished a fitting climax to an already active day of striking events, when both spoke at a Waltonian banquet, attended by 600 ardent outdoor fans.

Two hundred delegates representing sixty-five chapters attended the convention and never has a Walton assembly hall seen more spirit and interest nor more perfect cooperation than was evident at all meetings.

Dr. Karl Brown, nationally known as a conservationist, was re-elected president of the Division, Charles F. Bowden, president of the Muncie chapter, secretary; J. B. Shick, LaPorte, treasurer; Dr. E. R. Zimmerman, Elkhart, 1st vice president; Harry Schultz, Logansport, 2nd vice president and Dr. G. C. Repass, Anderson, 3rd vice president. Directors elected were: C. L. DeWitt, Elkhart, Harry C. Moore, Terre Haute, John F. Frederick, Kokomo, Gus Condo, Marion, B. T. Billman, Sullivan, C. A. Wilding, Fort Wayne, M. L. Gochenour, Warsaw, Lewis Schlesslman, Lafayette and W. A. Guthrie, Indianapolis.

Richard Lieber, Director of Conservation in Indiana, called upon the Izaak Walton League to increase its efforts.

George N. Mannfeld, superintendent of fish and game of the Conservation Department of the state, explained the workings of his department and expressed a desire to cooperate with the league.

The convention endorsed legislation that would place a bounty of 1 cent on red squirrels; license house cats, amend Sunday Blue Law to permit fishing on Sunday, a lake level bill providing procedure for artificial drainage, place bag limit on water fowl at 10 and make season conform with federal migratory bird law, make closed season on mussel hunting from April 1 to July 1 and license such hunting, making it unlawful to fish from a boat while it is propelled by motive power, provide for purchase of necessary lands for state parks—one in LaGrange county to be known as Pigeon Lake Park, and the other in Kosciusko, Marshall, and Fulton counties to be known as the Tippecanoe River Park; establish a forestry commission; make mandatory a sentence for second conviction for possession of a seine, etc., cut bag limit on quail from 15 to 10, amend law on squirrel hunting, limiting the season and prohibiting the sale; increase the minimum length of pickerel to 15 inches, of large mouth bass to 12 inches, and of small mouth bass to 10 inches; cut bag limit on blue gills from 50 to 25 and of bass from 12 to 6; make closed season for fishing from January 1 to June 15, and a bill on pollution.

The Pantlind Hotel was the scene of the evening banquet.

The versatile baseball king touched a responsive chord in the hearts of his audience, when he said, "I don't want the small boy of today to look at me in later years as a fellow who cheated him out of his heritage — the Outdoors —."

As Mr. Dilg arose to answer the call of Toastmaster Hilgeman, Judge Landis jumped to his feet and embraced him, kissing him on the forehead. The crowd showed its approval with a wave of cheering.

"You cannot hope, or you can not pray —and save," Mr. Dilg said as the tumult subsided, "but if you hope, pray, and work, you can save outdoor America."

Resorts
Camps
Hotels
Guides
Property

A Good Catch, Temagami Trout

TEMAGAMI *The Sportsman's PARADISE*

I guarantee three weeks good Trout fishing starting May 5th, before flies and mosquitoes come. Black Bass, Pike and Pickerel in season. Accommodation for 35 satisfied fishermen. Speckled Trout trips can be arranged. For further information, write

WILLIAM FRIDAY
TEMAGAMI - - - ONTARIO

!Right in Heart of the Superior National Forest!

GATEWAY LODGE

is on Hungry Jack Lake where the auto road **ends** and wilderness **begins**. Home cooking—Home comforts. SUPREME fishing, hunting, and nature lore. Gateway to U. S. and Canadian forested lake-land. CANOES, equipment, and guides reserved,—BOATS. Numerous trips for a day from Main Camp, or put your camp in a canoe and go for a week or more.

No Road Hogs! No Dust!
MAKE ARRANGEMENTS AND RESERVATION NOW
Write for Folder. Let's Get Acquainted.
GATEWAY LODGE GUNFLINT TRAIL
GAPEN & WEGG, PROPS. (now a graveled auto road)
GRAND MARAIS, MINN., MRS. JESS R. GAPEN, Hostess

FOR SALE Fully equipped resort and 80 acres on beautiful Ozark River (stocked with black bass). Near State Highway. 5 new cottages, furnished; large porches; cellar; canned fruits and vegetables. Restaurant; store and stock; 3 poultry houses; brooder house and equipment; 350 hens; garage; 2 large gardens; fruit, berries, grapes. Estimated 75,000 feet pine timber. Ideal climate. No mosquitos. Price reasonable.

CAMP WITBECK
Mountain View - Missouri

Big Game! Big Trout!
ALLAN RANCH

in Sun River Canyon of the Rocky Mountains. Black, Brown and Grizzly Bear; Elk; Black and Whitetail Deer. Feathered Game. Eastern Brook, Native, Rainbow and Dolly Varden Trout.

PACK TRAIN TRIPS HOUSE GUESTS

RALPH ALLAN, Licensed Guide and Outfitter
AUGUSTA MONTANA

All Kinds of Wild Duck Food Propagation—

Wild celery—sago pond weed—widgeon grass—and other kinds. Practically ever green. Best foods in the world. Correspondence solicited. If interested in shooting, there is no better place to go in North America.

WHITE'S GAME PRESERVE, Waterlily P. O.
CURRITUCK SOUND, N. C.

CHANNEL BASS—WEAKS—KING

Excellent Hotel. Best Virginia Cooking. Booklets. Fishing Season opens last of April, closes in October.

A. H. G. Mears, Wachapreague, Eastern Shore, Va.

RESORTS & CAMPS
HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

NOW is the ideal time to advertise for Resort and Camp guests. With the approach of spring comes the call of the outdoors, and members of the Izaak Walton League are making their vaction plans.

Reach them through the advertising columns of their own magazine—OUTDOOR AMERICA—with a net paid circulation of 110,000 copies.

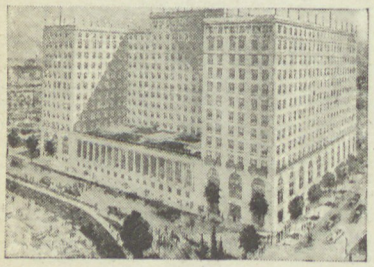
Advertising rates will be sent upon application. Address Resort & Camp Department, OUTDOOR AMERICA 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

SPORTSMEN!

When going through Chicago on your fishing or hunting trip—north, east, south or west—make your headquarters at

THE DRAKE

Upper Michigan Avenue facing Lake Michigan



or at

THE BLACKSTONE

South Michigan Avenue facing Grant Park

These two magnificent world-famed hotels are equi-near the center of the city's activities. They are connected by the Famous Boulevard Link, an important part of Chicago's "City Beautiful" Plan.

Booklet on request

THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers

Make Arrangements Now for a
SPRING BEAR HUNT
Where You Can Get the Grizzlys

Summer boarders. Permanent Camps. Summer pack trips into the Big-Game Country and Yellowstone Park. Excellent trout fishing. Fall hunting parties. Moose, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Deer and Bear. Sept. 15th to Nov. 15th. A guarantee of the best of outfit and service goes with all arrangements. References furnished.

RED ROCK RANCH REDMOND AND SIMPSON
Jackson's Hole, Wyo. P. O. Kelly, Wyo.
Address until April 20th
W. P. REDMOND, 3686 Albatross Avenue San Diego, California

BIG GAME HUNTERS

Now is the best time to sign up for the best reservations in 1925. For a spring bear hunt or for Elk, Mt. Sheep, Deer and Bear in the Fall.
Guarantee good shots at all game.
Twenty years experience hunting in Wyoming. Best of reference.

Lawrence W. Nordquist, Cody, Wyo.

GOOD SPORT IN THE SOUTH

Near Georgetown, South Carolina

Wild turkey, ducks, quail, and other game in the Sautee River section. A remarkable location for visiting sportsmen. Accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. Also an attractive winter home and plantation for sale. For full particulars and reservations address

F. E. Johnston, P.O. Box 533, Georgetown, South Carolina

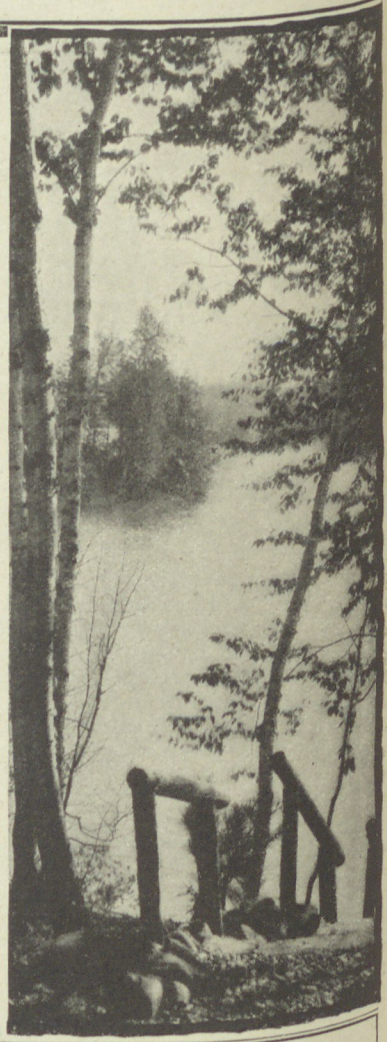
Own a LOG CABIN or Cottage on a Lake
In Northern Wisconsin

Where Nature still holds her magic sway. We have reasonably priced property—from 100-foot lots up to thousand-acre tracts vacant or with cabins or cottages complete, ready for occupancy.

THE SITE: You have your choice of many beautiful spots on lakes and rivers, as near or as far from civilization as you wish. Desirable locations for hunting and fishing camps, where you can slip away and enjoy peace and quiet. Your children and grandchildren will thank you for saving them a part of the olden-time woods.

THE CABIN: We can plan, build and furnish a cabin or cottage camp complete, build to your plans, or simply supply materials as desired. Now is the time to get set for next summer. A card will bring you a circular describing some of our building sites. Send for it today so you can start planning your permanent summer camp.

LAKES & WOODS REALTY CO.
MERCER, WISCONSIN



Camp Champlain
Open May 1st to Dec. 1st

You'll find fighting fish all along our 40 miles of forest waterways.

Special Salmon and Speckled Trout Fishing in May

You want to go camping this spring and summer? Make your reservation now and be sure of a real place to go. Pickerel, bass, pike and lunge. Fishing can't be beat. Also moose, deer, bear, ducks, partridge and rabbits in season. Write

E. L. HUGHES - Trout Mills, Ontario

Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 43)

serve for wild fowl. For several years a large number of sheldrakes have been coming here every winter and remain until late spring. They feed on the fish and I spend lots of time watching them sporting in the water.

Yours very truly,
WALTER T. MILLINGTON, JR.,
Presidio, Texas.

Walter has a record to be proud of. We should like to hear more about the ducks down there on the faraway Rio Grande, Walter. Come again.

Presidio, Texas.

North McAlester, Okla.

Hello, Everybody:

Gee, but it is cold, too cold to go hunting, so I guess I will come in and sit around the fireplace with all of you. Oh! I forgot there ain't any fireplace, so let's get busy and put a roof and a fireplace on and in this shack of ours, and then get a couple of poppers and pop some corn.

I am very fond of hunting, but I'm afraid I am a little chicken-hearted, too; when a little rabbit jumps up and runs, I just let him run. For the life of me, I just can't kill a small rabbit, and, as everyone knows, they are the best. One time, while attending boarding school, a bunch of us went rabbit hunting. We had to do a lot of persuading to get to go, and as none of us had a gun we got our sticks that we play tin-can golf with. They are shaped most like a golf stick, only it is a limb of a tree, good and stout. Well, we went about a mile from the building and ran across a lot of rabbit tracks going all in the same way; after a time we came to a place where they disappeared. Someone had laid a lot of big pipes along the road, and the snow had covered them up. The rabbits had made a hole in the snow and were in the pipe; after a little poking around we found the other end of the pipe (several of them were together real close), and we dug the snow away, tied a sack across the end and went down to the other end, where we had stuffed our coats in to keep the rabbits from getting away, and got a good long pole, tied some of our caps on it, and pushed the rabbits out into the sack. My, of all the kicking that went on in that sack! We took them out, one at a time, and killed them. We got ten out of that pipe, went along a little farther, and did the same thing, only didn't have such good luck; we just got four out of it. We jumped several rabbits and ran two of them down; we would relay each other and keep the rabbit going. Well, when we got back to school we got a great welcome. Sixteen rabbits in three hours wasn't bad for five girls—Er—, I mean boys.

I'm fourteen years old, in the 9th, would a lot rather hunt than study. Hope I get a welcome around that fireplace when we get it built; I don't think it fair, just because I had the misfortune of being made a girl, to be turned out.

Just me,
MIKE.

We'll have to hand it to the girls for one thing, fellows. They aren't afraid to come in to the fire and give us a good story. But as long as they can tell them like this one, they are more than welcome, aren't they? Keep coming, Mike. That's a hint for the rest of our outdoor girls, too.

Hiles, Wisconsin.

Dear Boys:

I intend to send several of the letters of my experiences afield and astream. The one I will tell you this time is about a coon hunt.

It was about this time last year, and I had gone out to a boy friend's farm to spend the week end.

On the second night I had been out there, my friend's cousin, who was a man, came out. He asked us if we wanted to go coon hunting. Maybe you boys think we didn't?

We started about seven o'clock in the evening. After we had walked about three hours following the hounds, we got on the trail of a coon. The dogs were trailing as fast as they could and it kept us running. About every four or five yards I would stumble over a rock and fall down. More than once I ran into a tree. Once I ran over a bluff about five feet high, and fell into a patch of thorny blackberry vines. We ran the coon till twelve o'clock, and then he got away from us. In a half hour we started another and ran him for seven hours, but finally lost him.

The car was about five miles back, and we started towards it. When we got home it was eight o'clock in the morning.

I hope there is going to be a crowd sitting around the fire before long.

Your friend,
DICK AARON.

You Tell Em Mr. Peeples

(Continued from page 11)

quail, rabbits: anything. Whatever you wanted, that's what he'd point."

"I suppose the Cap'n sold him for considerable," I said, casting a somewhat eager eye at my berth, for I saw other people casting eager eyes at theirs.

"No, sir," said Mr. Peeples, "he couldn't. That dog wouldn't point game for anybody but the Cap'n. If anybody else came up to where he was pointing, he'd just look in some other direction and wag his tail until the Cap'n come up. He wouldn't look at the game until the Cap'n came along. He'd just walk back and forth, looking around as much as saying, 'well, it's a nice day,' as long as you stayed there. And when the Cap'n would come—"

And here Mr. Peeples stepped out into the aisle again. He put his right arm out behind him and started to wag it, looking up at the chandelier. Suddenly he wheeled—and pointed the conductor!

"The most extraordinary dog in the world," said Mr. Peeples to me in a hoarse whisper as he started to make up Lower 4.

Classified Advertisements

For additional classified advertisements, see the following pages (78 and 79).

Boats and Engines

BOATS that always go are propelled by Ford engines. Ford engine booklet free to water sports. Harry Rider, 201D East Avenue, South Norwalk, Conn. (3-3)

MAKE 16-foot rowboat. Construction blueprint, 30c. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich.

WHOLESALE prices on rowboat motors; save $25; brand new, finest makes. Sportsman's Wholesale Exchange, Lapeer, Michigan. (3-5)

ROWBOATS—Easily made. Literature free. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich. (3-4)

Books and Publications

MUSKRAT farming now considered a profitable enterprise. Up-to-date information on fencing, farming, general care and marketing. Cloth bound, $1.75 postpaid. Earl Hummel, 1111 Seminary St., Kalamazoo, Mich. (3-5)

25 CENTS brings "How to Hunt Pearls in Shallow Streams" and sample pearls. Pearls bought. Investigate that stream. O'Sullivan, O'Neill, Nebraska. (3-5)

BOOKS for fur farmers and sportsmen. Catalogue free. Write. Barney Golden, Box 1641, Washington, D. C.

Camping Equipment

NATIONAL Camp Outfits are complete and moderately priced. Catalog free. The National Distributors, Chicago, Ill., 5749 N. Artesian, Ave. (3-5)

Coins and Curios

YOU'LL get profit and pleasure collecting old coins. Send 10c for genuine old coin and large coin catalog. This is just a get-acquainted-offer. Send today. You'll be delighted with it. B. Max Mehl, Numismatist, Dept. O, Mehl Building, Fort Worth, Texas. Largest Coin Firm in U. S. (4-4)

CALIFORNIA gold, quarter size, 27c; $.50 size, 53c; dollar size, $1.10. 1,000,000 German marks and catalogue, 10c. Norman Shultz, Colorado Springs, Colo. (6-5)

RARE Antiques—Guns, pistols, ancient Indian stone implements, miscellaneous relics. Send for lists. G. R. Moore "The Relic Man," 615 N. Pearl St., Janesville, Wis. (3-4)

50,000 COINS, medals, paper money, old pistols, swords, daggers, Indian relics. Catalog free. Nagy, 33D South 18th, Philadelphia.

50 OLD coins, all different, $1.00. Price list old coins, bills and stamps free. Merten Denney, Box 315, Dallas, Texas. (3-5)

GENUINE Roman coin, 1,600 years old, 25c. Durso, Dept. 113, 25 Mulberry, New York City.

22 DIFFERENT foreign coins, 50c postpaid. Otto Oddehon, Independence, Missouri.

Dogs

Airedales

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions; write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-3)

SELECTED champion bred Airedales. Reasonably priced. Snowy Mountain Kennels, Lewistown, Montana.

THOROUGHBRED Airedales. Real guards. Floral Hill bred. At stud fee, $20.00. Floral Hill Kennels, New London, Wisconsin. (3-5)

REGISTERED male Airedale pups for sale, 10 mo. old, $12. Chas. Leeper, Clarksville, La.

Chesapeakes and Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels—Keen nose, leg length and weight, make this breed the superior of any spaniel now on the market. Fast, powerful swimmers, rapid ground workers. Not a new discovery. "Old Patsey" made good here years ago. Retrieve duck, grouse, chicken, pheasant. Wonderful intelligence, easy trained, easy handled. Largest, finest kennel in America. Genuine curly-coated rat-tail strain. Eight prize winners imported in three years (a record). Puppies from experienced workers, also youngsters and trained dogs on hand always. Little long in distance, mighty long on quality. Percy K. Swan, Chico, Calif. (3-3)

CHESAPEAKES for Sale. Puppies and young stock. Also a very good brood matron. Due in season soon. Best of breeding. Satisfaction guaranteed. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-3)

ANOTHER fine litter of my registered Chesapeake Bay Pups; males, $20; females, $15; no pups shipped C. O. D.; write for particulars. John A. Padrnos, R. 2, Redfield, So. Dakota.

FOR Sale—Genuine Irish water spaniel pups. Dr. N. B. Smith, Billings, Mont. (3-3)

(See Pages 78 and 79 for additional classified advertisements.)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 10c a word per insertion, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1.

All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the first of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 77.

Dogs

Chesapeakes and Spaniels—Cont'd

FOR Sale—Chesapeake and Springer Spaniel puppies. Best blood lines obtainable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Ia. (3-5)

NOTICE—I offer my reliable Chesapeake Bay dog for sale. Registered and guaranteed. Also young dogs and pups. Ross Stobbart, Chariton, Iowa.

SPRINGER Spaniel at stud. Chief of Iowa. A. K. C. 449530. Liver & White. 55 lbs. A real duck dog. Write for terms and photo. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa.

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. Sire, International Champion Horsford Harbour. Priced to sell. Dr. Newby, Plattesville, Wis. (2-4)

HIGH class Cocker Spaniels. Pedigreed. E. Roberts, Sinclairville, N. Y.

Hounds

BEAGLE Puppies, whelped Dec. 26th. Sire, Imported English Henchman. Bench winner, Dam, 13-inch Hard Driving Little hound, from line of Field and Bench Winners. Puppies heavy boned, black saddles and blankets, $25.00 each. Walrond Kennels, 1213 Bellefontaine Ave., Kansas City, Missouri.

OAKGROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers high class coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds; choice puppies; youngsters nicely started on game, at $15 each. Highclass Pointers and Setters. 60 days' trial. Descriptive pricelist, 10 cents. (3-4)

ENGLISH Beagles. Registered and eligible registration American Kennel Club. Sires and dams are field trial and bench show winners. Old and young stock for sale. Two real ones at stud. Please state your wants in first letter. Money back guarantee. References. F. G. Klett, La Valle, Wis. (3-4)

SPECIAL Sale—$75.00 coon and oppossum hounds, $47.50. $50.00 females, now $35.00. High class rabbit dogs, males, $15.00 to $25.00; females, $12.50 to $15.00. Young hounds—parents good cooners, $15.00. Send draft for quick delivery. Trial. LePelley Bros., Mena, Ark.

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PEDIGREED American and English Hounds for coon, wolf, fox. Long eared. Bugle voice. Pups by "Tuff" ex "Miss Stepper," $10.00 each. Amos Fletcher, Trenton, Tenn.

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REGISTERED Irish Wolfhound pups for sale. Bear Valley Kennels, Zumbro Falls, Minn. (3-5)

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OZARK Mountain Tree Dogs on trial. Open and silent trailers. Floyd Parker, Japton, Ark.

Miscellaneous Dogs

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Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs—Cont'd

TRAINING shooting dogs exclusively in wonderful country for their development. Endorsed by most particular owners. J. B. Donaldson, Lucy, Tenn.

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Dogs

Police Dogs—Cont'd

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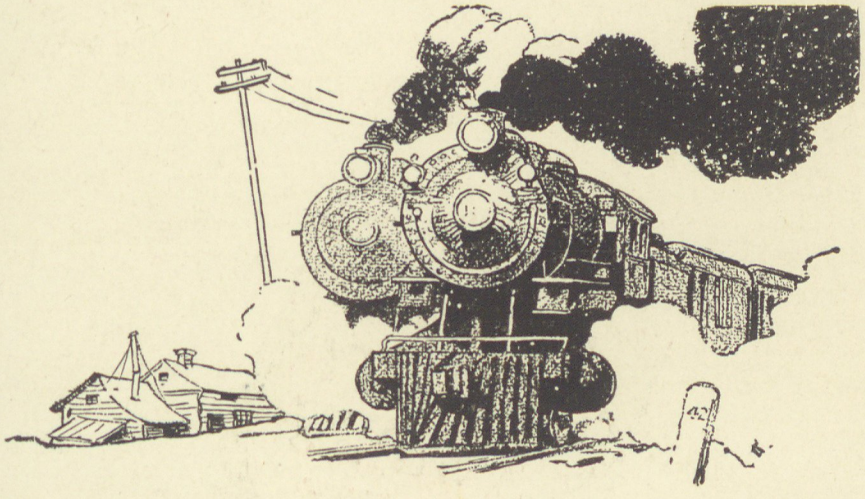

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